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May 30, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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E. Phillips Oppenheim - Frank Buck - William G. Shepherd
Harris Dickson - Walter Davenport - Gilbert Frankau

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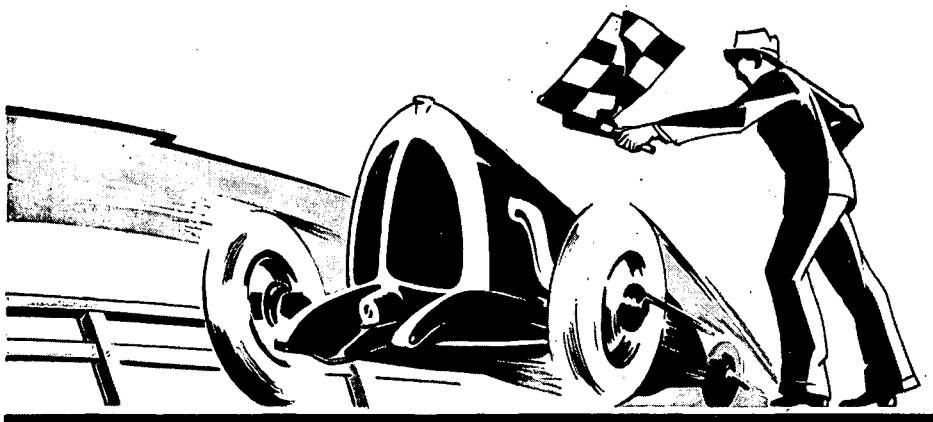

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For the past two decades, only the best of automotive engineering has survived. During this period, the preference for Champion Spark Plugs has constantly grown. They have been the choice, as original equipment, on the majority of motor cars of the world. They have likewise enjoyed the preference of the majority of individual motor car owners . . . Today, the new and improved Champions carry on, and are the ready means of making every engine a better performing engine. Install a set in your car now. Let their better performance and dependability demonstrate more clearly than words the reason why Champions excel and outsell throughout the world.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW CHAMPION *Spark plugs*

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

For seven consecutive years Champion equipped cars have won every major racing event both in America and Europe. In this period every AAA Champion and every Indianapolis 500-mile race winner used Champions to achieve their records.

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An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Michigan

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

THINGS THAT DRAW US INTO FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING

How they bring minds and hearts together—the experiences we go through! . . . For soldiers, their battles. For Mothers, their children. And for motorists . . . well, you know how car owners always like to talk about their cars.

Maybe people who drive the Oakland Eight and Pontiac Six are more friendly than the average—more anxious to share pleasure with others. Anyhow, they are telling a lot of pleasant experiences—A stubborn hill easily conquered at last . . . A tight situation avoided with a 40-mile burst in 'second' . . . A baby sleeping undisturbed over country roads . . . Not to mention the many kind words about brakes, and weatherproof windows, and fine upholstery . . .

After all, we can't be far wrong in our homely philosophy that the more we do for people the better they will like us.

Won't you try one of these fine cars—drive it or ride in it—and find out for yourself just what we have done to earn your confidence and friendship?

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

May 30, 1931

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Page 61—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! Some things you didn't know.

Page 62—Editorial

Next Week

"NINETY per cent of the girls who wait on table out in this neck of the woods," says Old Man Coffee, "are real people—good game girls not afraid to strike out on their own nor afraid of their luck." A good description, so far as it goes, of Lynda Clayton. But Lynda also had a quick brain in her beautiful head and when Tommy Beckwith was charged with murder she had a chance to use it. Old Man Coffee tells the story and shows how a little free-hand lying often helps to uncover the truth in "The Biscuit Shooter," by Alan LeMay.

—

MOVING eastward, we reach the country where hopeful Americans grow cotton, wonder about the Federal Farm Board and observe the current act in the greatest tragedy in American agriculture. Owen P. White, who traveled through the South recently and talked to cotton growers and buyers, pictures their plight in his article, "Cotton Poor."

WE TURN westward again and keep going until we reach Hollywood, where Rob Wagner takes us in hand and shows us what canny folks the movie actors are nowadays. Five years ago, he says, there was more sucker money loose in Movieland than in any other place on earth. Today there are famous film names on bank directorates, movie stars invest their time and money in all sorts of businesses—insurance, real estate, laundries, tailor shops, bakeries, whaling ships, and ranches (orange, pheasant and dude), to mention a few. Most of them are doing well and will not have to sell apples when the public tires of them. Mr. Wagner personally conducts the tour in "Anchors to Windward."

—

FROM Hollywood you cross the Pacific and go in search of white elephants with Frank Buck in Burma and Siam. During all the years Frank has been capturing wild animals for American collectors and zoos he has had standing orders for white elephants at any price he cared to name. But a curse is believed to fall on the man who permits a white elephant to leave the country and Mr. Buck has never succeeded in overcoming that fear. Moreover, he has seen the curse fulfilled and tells you about it in "The Dearest Beast."

—

WITH a play called "The Marriage Net," Sam Fisher naturally had to have a star who could cry good wet tears on a second's notice. How he found her is told so concisely that it just fits into one page: The Short Short Story "Weep, My Lady."

—

THERE is fiction, besides, by Lucian Cary, Walter Davenport, S. M. Avery, W. R. Burnett and Charles Brackett. W. B. Courtney tells the thrilling story of Hamilton Lee, the pilot who is half through his second million miles in the air and who learned to fly an airplane before he could drive an automobile; Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Mr. Work and playmates are aboard. Join us and see the world.

Any Week

THE finest example of clear, concise and compelling writing we've seen this month comes from Chandler, Oklahoma. It is signed by "Miss Frances Wright, Fifth Grade."

"Could you please have one of your artists draw a picture in your next ishue of Collier's, of a forest scene with pretty good-sized robins in it?"

—

AFTER reading various things we've had to say about the dismal condition of our war-veteran laws, Mr. J. Russell Dunlap of Lewes, Delaware, advises us that:

"The bit of money I had saved up for Poppy Day is now going to the poor widow down the street who has nobody to lobby for her in Congress and who lost out in the divvy."

—

MR. F. J. BISHOP of Longview, Texas, has garnered the idea somewhere that we are not opposed to the return of that picturesquely wicked institution, the saloon. And he finds it difficult to associate that with our yearnings for cleaner city and national government. Frankly, Mr. Bishop is in a nasty quandary.

"Don't you realize," he chides us, "that if you advocate decent city government and honest officials it will greatly delay if not make impossible the return of the saloon?"

If it weren't that we'd hate to add to Mr. Bishop's already overpowering mystification, we'd set him right by telling him that there's not a man nor woman in all the Anti-Saloon League or the W. C. T. U. who'll fight harder or longer against the saloon than we.

AND now comes Mr. George M. McCauley of San Diego, California, demanding to know (apropos Congress' method of government-running) "how long would Henry Ford, General Motors, General Electric and other big corporations permit their managers to spend all that money for so little accomplishment."

—

"AS I am always on the lookout for ways to pick up a bit of pin money," writes Mrs. Eugenia A. Mullins from Evansville, Illinois, "I will bet you even money that this state goes Democratic at the Presidential elections next year."

Next thing you know, Mrs. Mullins, you will be going in for games of chance or something.

—

MR. RUDOLPH A. EVERHARDT of Milwaukee frankly confesses that he hasn't any idea what "book writers" will be doing next. He informs us that it wouldn't surprise him a bit if somebody wrote that George Washington was really a British spy and that Senator Smoot was a Democrat at heart. Mr. Everhardt is firmly of the opinion that there ought to be a law.

—

"I AM a constant reader of Collier's and other similar periodicals," begins Mr. G. J. Foley of Savannah, Georgia. As if there were any!

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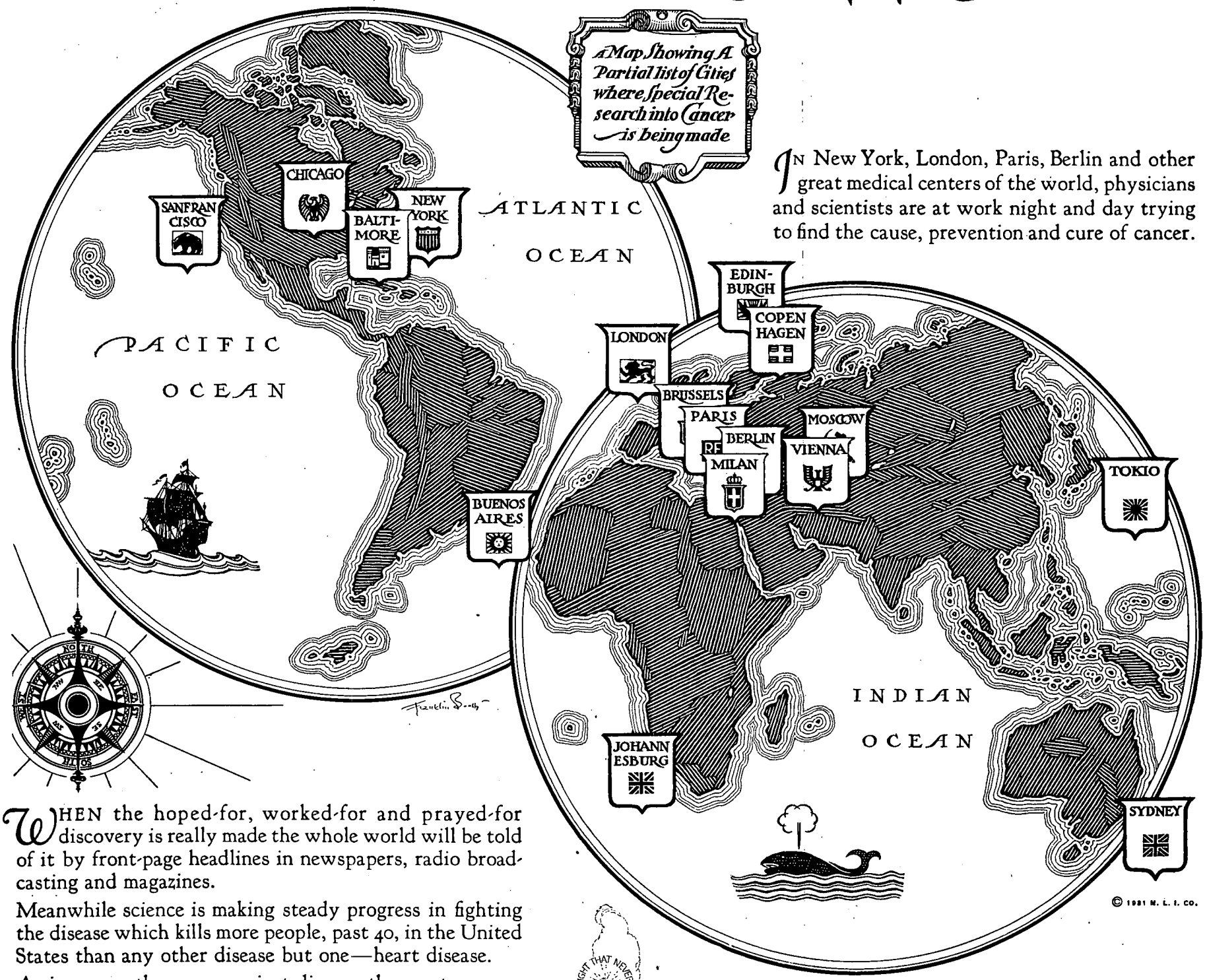
All Over the World



IN New York, London, Paris, Berlin and other great medical centers of the world, physicians and scientists are at work night and day trying to find the cause, prevention and cure of cancer.

WHEN the hoped-for, worked-for and prayed-for discovery is really made the whole world will be told of it by front-page headlines in newspapers, radio broadcasting and magazines.

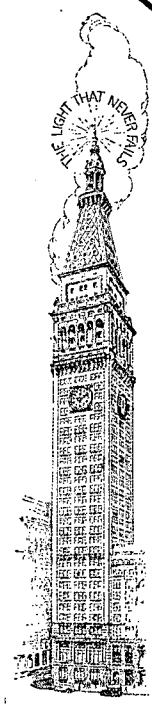
Meanwhile science is making steady progress in fighting the disease which kills more people, past 40, in the United States than any other disease but one—heart disease.

As in many other wars against disease, the great weapon at present is education—spreading the knowledge that cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and x-rays or removed by surgery. But there is no accepted proof that any drug, serum or local application can cure it.

Cancer itself is neither hereditary nor contagious. Its early development is usually painless.

But while cancer prowls, like a thief in the night, attacking and robbing the unwary, alert defense against it is saving thousands of lives. Complete health examinations, made in time to locate the presence of the enemy, are the best defense against cancer.

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps, strange growths, swellings, sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in appearance. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.



Quacks and charlatans, who claim to have discovered secret cancer "cures", prey upon the ignorance of their victims—and their victims lose precious time when every hour is of utmost value in preventing the growth of the disease.

Modern science appeals to intelligence. Many untimely deaths can be prevented by getting rid of cancerous growths. More especially is this true while they are local and confined to a small area.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Ask for Booklet 631-C which will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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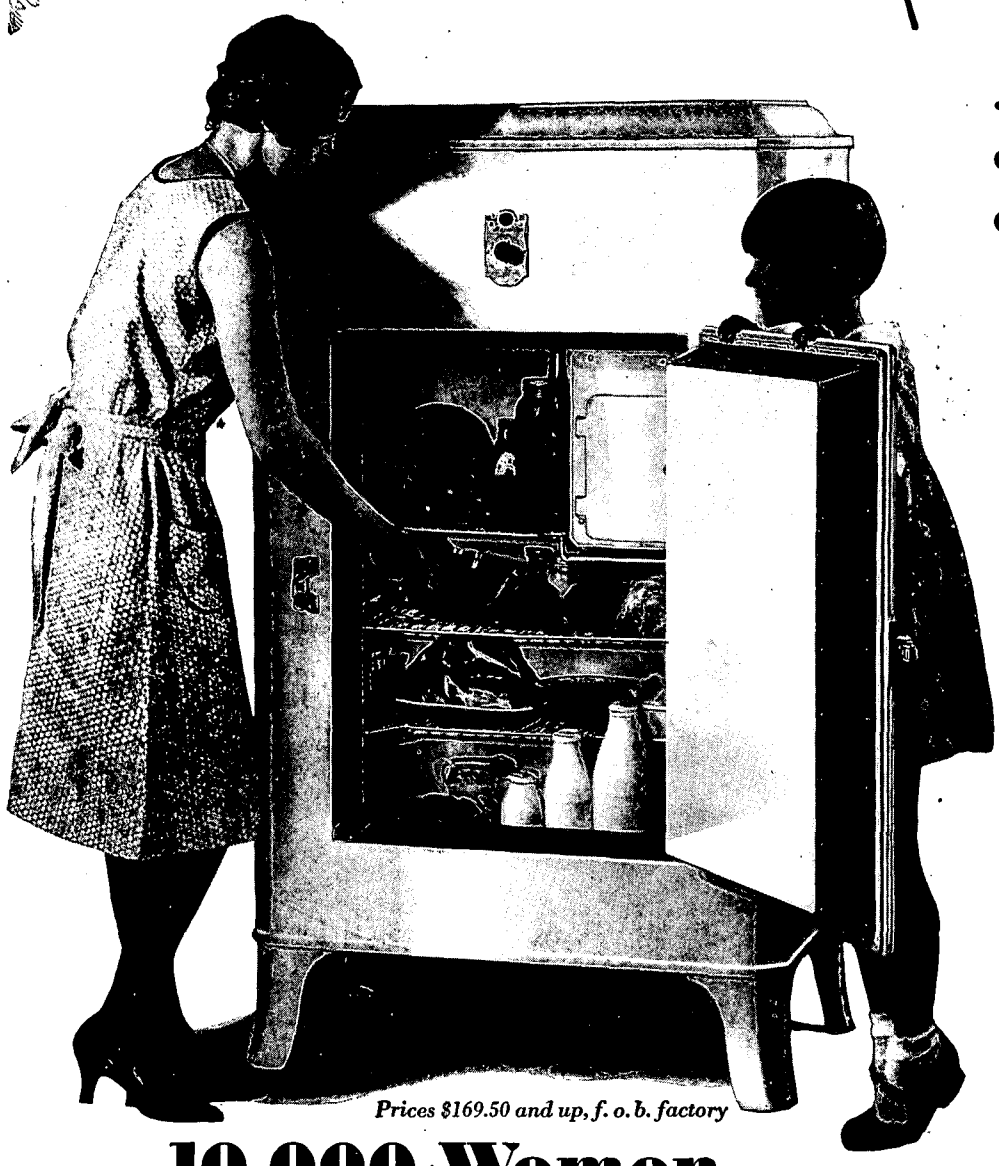
Majestic

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR ELECTRIC

30 AMAZING FEATURES plus a 3-YEAR GUARANTEE



Prices $169.50 and up, f. o. b. factory

10,000 Women

Personally Interviewed, told us they wanted these 30 advantages:

FLAT TOP can be used as extra pantry shelf. *New Beauty, Cabinet* by leading furniture stylists. *All Steel* welded construction, lifetime durability. *Air Circulation* is positive, refrigerator may be placed in recess or under shelves. *Broom-high Legs* for easy cleaning beneath.

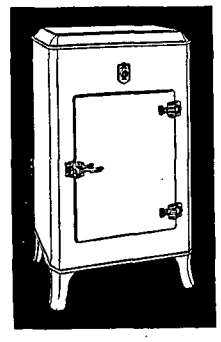
3-INCH INSULATION to keep cold in and heat out. *Self-contained,* no plumbing or wiring required. *Finger-tip Latch*—tip of little finger releases latch. *Latch Design* rounded and curved saves clothes and hands. *Satin-Chromium Hardware* permanent beauty of trimmings assured.

MASSIVE SINGLE DOOR opening either right or left. *Bakelite Facing* on door and food compartment edges is impervious to moisture. *Large Bearing Hinges* that cannot sag. *Temperature Regulator,* five cold adjustments. *Defrosting Switch* combined with temperature regulator—with reset knob on escutcheon plate.

PYROXALIN LACQUER, exterior finish, a new development, durable, non-chipping. *Double-Depth Tray* for frozen desserts. *Cube Tray Door,* self-closing, conceals ice cube trays. *Low Cost Operation*—thicker insulation, more efficient mechanism. 84 *Ice Cubes.*

SHELF SUPPORTS, rounded knobs cannot catch wiping cloths. *Trouble-Free,* no belts, gears, pistons or stuffing boxes. *Unit Above* concealed saves cleaning. *Quiet Operation* rotary compressor. *No Vibration* compressor and motor spring mounted.

CUT-BACK SHELF, extra room for tall bottles at the bottom. *Porcelain-on-Steel* interior with rounded corners for easy cleaning. *Constant Cold* 36° and 46°, perfect food preservation. *Glider-Bar Shelves*—dishes cannot catch and spill. *Sealed Unit* is safe, dirt-free—runs in continuous bath of oil.

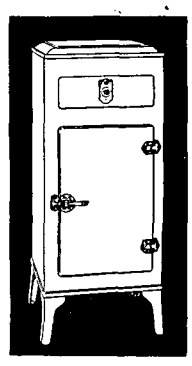


. . . built in factories which production experts acclaim the largest and most efficient refrigeration plants in the world

RIGHT from the start, Majestic radio fired public imagination and created new enthusiasm in broadcast programs. In no time at all Majestic was head and shoulders above the crowd, placed in this position because of public favor and public demand. Year after year this leadership has been maintained. More than two and a half millions of people who have bought Majestic radios feel that *any* product with Majestic's trademark is immediately stamped with a label of distinction that indicates quality of the highest type at the lowest possible prices.

So now Majestic refrigerator is firing public imagination and creating new enthusiasm with its new and amazing principles of operation, with its outstanding beauty, with its rugged, careful construction and with its startling new features offering everything that years of research in the entire refrigeration field have brought to light—all built into one outstanding refrigerator.

Not tomorrow, not next month, not three years from now, but TODAY Majestic stands back of its refrigerator with a three-year guarantee of the working perfection of its unit. You buy with assurance. Look at the Majestic refrigerator carefully, watch it operate. Let it tell you its own story.



GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE ARCTIC

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Any Two You Name

A story of love at first sight—which, as everyone knows, is perilous stuff

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE young man turned abruptly and entered his hotel, one of the more modest of a cluster of hotels in New York's mid-town section. He had almost walked beyond it. His thoughts were elsewhere. He crossed the lobby as deliberately and incuriously as if it had been deserted and got his key at the desk. The clerk said: "That's all, Mr. Craig. There's no mail." Well, naturally not. The young man was thinking of something else.

It was nearly midnight and the elevator boy had all the morning papers. The young man bought one of each. He got off at the fourteenth floor. It was the thirteenth, really. The hotel had skipped thirteen in the numbering because some people are superstitious about it. At the end of a long corridor he turned right towards No. 1419, pausing there an instant with his key in the lock. Through the door opposite he heard the penetrating ticking of a typewriter, rapidly and expertly driven. That had gone on until one-thirty last night.

He knew all about it because the chambermaid had described everybody living at this end of the corridor. The fat man in the suite at the end, No. 1417, gave big poker parties every Saturday afternoon and was very untidy. The couple in 1409 were not really married but they seemed very happy anyway. The chambermaid was human and lively, a curiously intellectual old soul who once in her native London had worked at Adelphi Terrace and claimed to have seen Barrie climbing down the fire escape to visit George Bernard Shaw. She disparaged Churchill and Stanley Baldwin and thought she was a Socialist. But she referred to herself always as Jackson. "That nice young lady who does the typing across in 1415 is not looking so well. She is an amanuensis for one of your great authors. You can hear his deep grumbling in there sometimes in the afternoon."

The young man's room was just as he had left it ten hours before, his flannel dressing-gown still on the floor where he had dropped it. That gave him a queer feeling of being alone. But he merely shrugged, slipped off his coat and waistcoat, picked up the dressing-gown. Then he stretched his considerable length on the bed and began to read the papers, everything—Hoover, Senator Caraway, slight bull rally, Mauretania sailing, Capone, Carnera, Katherine Cornell, the nation-wide search for Webb Coventry, who was suspected in the sensational Post shooting; everything he could find about that.

The tabloid with blunt vulgarity and a three-column head said: "Engineer-Sportsman Leaves Soulmate to Face Police Alone. Beautiful Stella Post Protects Lover with Silence. George Post Near Death in Polyclinic."

THERE was a long sob-sister account of Stella's ordeal and further imputation of cowardice to the missing Coventry. The young man threw down the paper. "Fool, perhaps, but not coward," he muttered. Last night he had dreamed he was Webb Coventry, running, dodging, pursued by a mob. He switched off the reading lamp and lay there in the dark with his eyes wide open.

The persistent clippity-clip-tap-clip-tap of that typewriter penetrated to his mind again. He realized he had been listening to it all the while and he felt the ticking of it in his head, somewhere above his eyes. The young man swore and glanced at his luminous-faced watch. Twenty-five to two. He reached for the phone to complain downstairs but changed his mind and ordered some chicken sandwiches and a glass of milk sent up. "All right, go up to the corner and get them then."

He took the tray a few minutes later at his door to prevent any knocking, waited a minute until the superciliously grinning night boy disappeared again around the turn of the corridor. Then he set the tray down carefully in front of No. 1415 and knocked gently on the door. As quickly and as silently as possible he returned to his own room and listened.

The young man realized that the typewriting had ceased. He heard the nice young lady's door open softly. There was a long pause and then a knock at his door. She stood there, holding the sandwiches and milk. "I would have known you did this even if I hadn't heard you. You see the chambermaid talks to me too, and I know you are brown-headed and gray-eyed and that you sleep late in the morning and don't work. You are the sort who would feel sorry for a girl who has to type until two in the morning."

"No, I just did it, hoping I could make you stop for a few minutes." He was wondering whether or not she was pretty. Her face was rather pale and her eyes so full of fatigue that he could not tell what color they were, only that they were dark and deep.

SHE had a trick of lifting her dark hair from her forehead with the back of her hand. There were tiny blue veins at her temples.

"Well, you can come over and share it with me if you wish. Don't put on your coat. What difference does it make?"

He followed her. "I'm not hungry but I'll smoke a cigarette. You're the first person I've talked to in days."

"Yes, you're lonely. I can see that. Well, so am I and I'm tired. I'm so tired that . . ."

He held the tray for her while she pushed the typewriter aside and gathered up sheets and sheets of man-

A dull report. Someone had taken a flashlight picture. He said: "I think I shall name it The Dance of Judas"

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uscript. He said: "Nobody's book is that important."

"No," she agreed. "But bread is. My employer pays for this room . . . just to have me near where he lives and convenient to take dictation whenever he wishes. So, you see, you're wrong."

"I didn't say anything."

"But you looked it, and thought it. No matter though." Her smile came quickly and then vanished. It was not exactly a face for smiling. "Please have one of these sandwiches. I can't eat them all. Tell me who you are and why you are loafing here."

"I'M NOT loafing. I'm waiting for one of our vice presidents to arrive from Chicago. Then we go to work on a building contract. My name is Craig. What's yours?" He glanced about the somewhat bare room—a few books, a picture of the girl very smartly dressed, as if to remind herself of better days. There was a pile of newspapers, the green sheet of a tabloid on top.

"I'm Jeanne Gray . . . twenty-four, white, unmarried, lonely, weary. . . . Oh, so tired!" She drooped in her armchair, put back her head and closed her eyes.

He saw that she might be pretty and that her throat was slender and lovely. Waiting for her to say something else, he picked up the paper. "Been reading about this Coventry and Post affair?"

"Who hasn't? What is there but the movies and the tabloids?"

"When you are alone, you mean?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. You'd better go back to your own room now. I want to go to bed. Isn't it funny in a hotel floor like this, just a few inches of plaster blocking us off into separate lives when we can almost hear one another breathe? But we can't hear one another think, can we?"

He didn't say anything, just sat there watching her. "I have never known a girl like you."

She laughed. That was the first time he had heard her laugh. She said: "They are all like me. They pose, take attitudes, go through all the silly motions. So do I when I am not too tired. Will you go home now or . . ." She kicked off one of her shoes. "Or I'll compromise you. I'm a dangerous woman." Then they both laughed.

They laughed and talked for another half hour. He stubbed out a cigarette and told her good night. At the door he said: "Breakfast is at nine, Miss Gray."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir. But nothing less than grapefruit, oatmeal, boiled eggs and coffee at the Randall grill. I warn you."

He closed her door softly. He closed his own door softly. His room seemed different, more pleasant. A pleasant room and bath is about all a man alone actually needs.

SHE was quite refreshed and very gay in the morning. She ate two four-minute eggs in the Randall grill. When she looked directly at him, he thought her eyes blue-black, like the spaces between stars, but when she looked away he remembered them as black-blue, like the last horizon. "Do you know what the chambermaid . . . Jackson, you know . . . said to me this morning, Mr. Craig? Well, Jackson said, 'I see you have changed your brand of cigarettes, Miss Gray. I see you now smoke the same kind as the gentleman across the hall.' And I detected a distinct disapproval in Jackson's voice."

They walked crosstown towards Broadway. At a street intersection a small newsboy flagged them with a morning extra. "George Post Reported Dying with Secret. Refuses to Accuse Former Friend Webb Coventry. Stella Post Grilled Again." The girl stopped and bought a copy. "I'm reading this life story of Stella Post by Anabel Rivers. What's the matter? Don't you approve of my reading tabloids?"

"I? Why, I hadn't even thought about it."

"Well, you looked funny. I just thought . . . it says they have a clue that Webb Coventry got away to South America. He's probably right here in town. They have no decent pictures. That's the trouble."

"Do you think Webb Coventry did it?"

"Of course. Everybody knows he did. He was in love with her. It was his pistol. And Stella Post admits it now. Besides, he was coward enough to run away and let her face it alone. So much for love in a pinch. I must leave you here." They were at the entrance to an office building. "I'm looking up some things for my boss' next chapter."

"Luncheon is at one," he said. "At Dinard's."

She pushed him away. "Oh, don't be ridiculous. You'd think we were married . . . in our first year. You're not apt to lose me when I live only four feet from your front door."

"I might. You can never tell when. I want to have as much of you as I can."

HE MET her quick, searching gaze. Yes, they were bluer than black. "All right then," she said. "At one."

He walked on aimlessly until he saw the sign of a business college in a second-floor window and he stopped and thought there on the corner for about ten minutes. Upstairs in the office of the business college he found a woman whose hair was of a shade of red such as never grew on human head. "How fast could a fellow learn to typewrite? I mean if he put everything into it."

The woman beamed. "I should think an intelligent young man such as yourself could acquire a fair ability in a week."

"A week?" He shook his head and went out of the office and down to the street. A short, square man in a brown hat came out of the corner cigar store and stood directly in his path.

"Well?"

The man moved aside but kept on staring, leaning close as if he were near-sighted. "Excuse me. I thought you were somebody I knew but you're not him. Just a resemblance."

The young man walked on again, pausing to examine the posters in front of one or two theaters. He passed by the hospital where George Post lay, staring up at the enigmatic windows. He considered the attraction of a picture show on a side street but decided against it and turned back east. He passed by the hospital again with slow steps and came finally to Broadway.

They had finished their luncheon and leaned slightly and unconsciously towards each other over their little coffee cups. Only one or two tables were still occupied and they did not have to worry about being overheard. Her hand lay relaxed, beautifully fragile he thought, on the table. "Why must I not ask you about yourself? It's a natural curiosity, isn't it?"

"Well, you haven't told me anything, either. You're waiting to start work on a building contract. Anybody might be waiting to start work on a building contract. But it's better like this. You are you and I'm whatever I am. I shall call you Stranger."

"Then I shall call you Strangest." He picked up her hand and turned it palm upwards. Her hand felt cool, like a flower cut in the morning. "I want to see what those typewriter keys have done to your fingers. Nothing, apparently."

"What they have done is inside." She withdrew her hand and turned both of his open on the table. "Hands tell a lot, don't you think?"

"You mean fortunes?"

"No, but this sort of thing." She touched the smooth, calloused places at the base of the fingers of his left hand. "Only a veteran golfer has those. And this one at the heel of your right hand might be tennis, or it might be made by a polo mallet."

He laughed and took his hands away. "I wouldn't put much stock in that sort of thing. I suppose we'd better go." He put a bill down on the check and rose.

"That was expensive," she said, glancing at the amount. "You ate most of it yourself and so it's your own fault. Perhaps you can afford it, Stranger."

HE DREW a lot of money from his inside coat pocket, several one-thousand-dollar bills. "So you see? Money no object. I'll take you to a matinée."

"No, thanks. I must work. His majesty will be in this afternoon."

"All right, then; dinner is at seven-thirty."

He went to the matinée alone. It was all about a great man who had a chance to be happy. But the man just stayed great.

Quite late that night they walked slowly together down the corridor on the fourteenth floor. They turned the corner and came to their rooms. She put her key into the lock of her door and he took out his key. Their hands touched the door knobs. She turned around. "Just think how I'll have to slave tomorrow to make up for all this."

He said: "Don't think of the loss. I wonder if you will understand when I tell you this could have been the un-

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happiest day of my life. Instead, it has been the happiest."

She shook her head. "No, I wouldn't understand. Good night, Stranger."

"Good night, Strangest . . . Strangest and . . ."

FOUR nights later at about the same time, in about the same way, and yet in a different way, they walked down the fourteenth-floor corridor towards their rooms again. Her fingers were laced into his. They had never talked about love, nor crossed each other's thresholds again, nor confided particularly. But there they were, her fingers.

Those were a usual four days in the world. France and Italy made some sort of naval compromise. The Secretary of Labor issued an optimistic employment bulletin. George Post, tougher than expected, had not died and probably would not. But he still refused to talk. Protecting his friend Coventry. Or, like a gangster, preferring his own revenge. Stella Post, still held, had a minor breakdown and her now famous life story by Anabel Rivers in the Gazette neared its lurid end. Webb Coventry had been seen, according to report, in Europe; at Palma; Majorca.

But none of that made any difference. It was more important that a girl now had color, life in her movements, and made many gestures when she talked, and also that the pile of pages to be typed grew higher and higher on her writing table. "Let it go," he told her. "We'll do something about that. Just now I need you." They had been merely two in the town for four days, doing just what everybody else does, a lot of simple things. And then he had told her that he loved her; and she, clinging to him, happily, had said: "You say it's chance? There's no such thing as chance. It's a cause-and-effect destiny, always. Take any two people in town you name. What were you saying, Stranger? I didn't hear you."

"I said I loved you."

"And I love you—*Webb Coventry.*"

After a time he said: "How did you know?" And after a longer time he said: "Why don't you telephone downstairs for the police?"

"Because I don't want to. I shouldn't love you, but I do. You loved that girl and you shot George Post. Why don't you go to her while you still have the chance? See? I'm giving you the chance to be a man."

"But I can't. Don't you understand? They can't prove anything against Stella without me. I've got to wait to see what happens to George."

They were in the corridor. "Come into my room," she said.

SHE picked up some piled-up manuscript and dropped it into a drawer, then sank limply upon the straight chair she used for typing. Her chin began to quiver and she bit hard upon her lower lip. Then she gave up the struggle and put her face in her hands. "Sorry to cave in like this. I didn't mean to. It is just that I would have liked to remember that the man I loved . . . was a man."

"Oh, my dear!" He moved to her side. "So this terrible, unreal tragedy is going to cost me you, too."

She looked up. She even smiled. "It was good while it lasted, Stranger." She said nothing more until he turned abruptly to leave her and then she called after him: "Good-by. Breakfast is in heaven."

He spent a sleepless night, thinking things over. In the morning he called a number: "Polyclinic Hospital? Ninth floor, please. Yes, the head floor nurse. Hello, I'm speaking for Post, Brett & Brett, Mr. George Post's law firm. We have a very important case paper calling for his signature. It will in no way disturb him. Is he well enough . . . if we send one of our young men up with it? No, five minutes will be plenty. Thank you."

It was not a plan he could think about. If it were done at all, it must be done quickly, casually; finished before people at the hospital had a chance to use their imaginations. He gave the first name that came into his head: the man from Post, Brett & Brett. He followed the crisply starched nurse through the echoing hallways of the ninth floor to a room. The nurse opened the door. George Post lay motionless on the bed with his back turned.

He walked around the bed and pulled a chair close up to it. "I've brought the Blackwell papers up for you to sign, Mr. Post."

George Post's long, always pale, vividly human face betrayed no surprise whatever. One of his eyelids drooped slightly. That was all. The nurse walked away. Then the man almost sat up in his bed. "Webb! Oh, I'm all right. I've been playing possum for two days for fear they'd make me talk before I'd thought of a story that will stick. What has Stella told them? How have you escaped, Webb?"

"Simply by doing everything usual and nothing unusual. I collected all my pictures first. There were only a few. All they had were press snaps and old things, no good for identification. But I can't stand it any more, George, even for you. Stella has accused me. She told them I was madly in love with her, blackened my name all over Christendom. George . . . ?"

George Post's answer to that unspoken question was to reach out from the bed and grip his friend's arm. "You only tolerated Stella for my sake, Webb. She wanted to make a romantic situation and you were nearest, that's all. It was when you were outside and I told her you cared more for my little finger than for her whole body that she . . . did this. But she's my wife, Webb. If you give yourself up, you'll have to testify. They might do something to her. Can't you give me just a day or two more to think?"

THEY wasted one of their precious minutes in silence. Then he said: "This means more to me, George, than just a reputation. I haven't time to tell you how much it does mean, what it costs me. I will wait until tomorrow noon. Then I'm going in." They heard the insistent rapping of the nurse at the outside door.

The telephone was ringing in the ninth-floor office. It seemed portentous. Webb left the elevator at the second floor and made his way to the other side of the hospital and down a back stairway. There was a receiving entrance in the rear and he used it to escape into the street. A short, square man in a brown suit, who was at once familiar, was standing in a doorway.

Webb Coventry waited only for the man to take one forward step and then

(*Continued on page 30*)

"Will you go home now or . . ." She kicked off one of her shoes. "I'll compromise you. I'm a dangerous woman"

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The bird of paradise sank his claws deeper into the body of the mina and pecked away viciously at his opponent's head

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

Discord in Paradise

By Frank Buck *with* Edward Anthony

The idea was to teach a bird of paradise to talk. The approach was psychological. The result, a free-for-all fight. Here Frank Buck, noted captor of wild animals, tells you about his troubles with his skittish feathered friends

EARLY in my career as a collector of live specimens for zoos, circuses and pet shops, I achieved quite a reputation for bringing back rare and unusual birds. Birds were my first love in the realm of wild creatures—in fact it was my bent for collecting them as a boy that led me to make a profession of scouring the world for wild life.

It is true that birds were not only my first love but also that, after thirty-odd years, they still hold the chief place in my affection and interest. And of all the birds, the most interesting to me are the members of that heavenly species which are known as birds of paradise.

Oddly enough, the paradise bird is—scientifically speaking—merely an ornamental crow. The two species are, so to speak, cousins. I suppose no experienced bird man ever looks at a paradise bird without marveling at the strange blood relationship between the most gorgeous of all feathered creatures and its humble, homely, commonplace relative.

On one occasion I was discussing this subject with Louis Roth of the famous Al G. Barnes Circus, which had just purchased from me a few spectacular paradise birds which I had recently brought back from New Guinea. Louis grew reminiscent on the subject of crows, recalling a "talking crow" which had been a very popular vaudeville feature some years before.

An Idea from Vaudeville

Of course a talking crow is not a great rarity. Many a farm boy has succeeded in training a tame crow to say a word or two. It was the thought of talking crows, however, that gave Roth the idea that he suddenly broached to me.

"Dammit, Frank!" he exclaimed. "Why not teach a paradise bird to talk?"

"Why not?" I parried flippantly.

But Louis persisted: "There's no limit to the amount of money a man could make out of it!" he declared. "Why, man alive, as a circus novelty for the freak shows, there's nothing to touch it! And it would go big in vaudeville while the circus was in winter quarters." (The movies had not yet submerged the two-a-day, which was still a highly lucrative field.)

I showed Louis some of the difficulties in the way of the proposed experiment, although he forced me to admit that his suggestion was not impossible. I pointed out that the paradise bird can only with difficulty be domesticated or tamed, that the bigger species are almost as wild and savage in the bird kingdom as the lion and tiger are in the realm of beasts.

"But tigers and lions can be tamed," Roth interrupted, triumphantly. "Why not this bird?"

It was a year later, at my compound in Katong, near Singapore, that Louis' suggestion came back to me as I was getting in shape another remarkable shipment of birds which I hoped to sell at good prices in Japan and America.

For days I found my mind recurring to the possibility of trying his experiment. Aside from the money to be made, I felt that the test would have a certain scientific value.

Finally, unable to dismiss the idea from my mind, I decided to try it out. I selected a splendid young specimen of the species known as the "greater bird of paradise," a creature of almost incredible loveliness, whose tongue is practically identical with that of the crow, and whose bill is the same shape and only slightly smaller in size.

My carefully conceived plan was to provide a feathered tutor for my pupil. For this purpose I took, not a parrot, but a hill mina, which is a much more adept talker than any parrot. It is a coal-black bird about the size of an American magpie. It is an inveterate mimic, and will repeat almost any word

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or sound which it hears frequently enough. I selected a young one, separating it from all my other birds so that the only sound or phrase it would hear would be the one I wanted it to learn.

I planned to get the mina letter-perfect in the phrase which later I hoped it would teach to the paradise bird. This must be a phrase which, coming from a bird, would amuse the average American audience, and I decided upon the following: "Hello, kid, how's business?"

Without much difficulty I got the mina, which I dubbed "Gabby," to repeat this phrase over and over. Each time Gabby would be rewarded by a bit of banana.

When Gabby was satisfactorily schooled, I brought in the paradise bird which I had selected for my experiment, placing the two in adjoining cages. The paradise bird had been named "The Earl of Dobo," his place of origin having been the jungle near Dobo, nondescript capital of the Aru Islands.

Side by side the two cages hung for weeks. Gabby chattered volubly all day long, and the Earl of Dobo could not fail to be impressed with the fact that every time anybody came into the room Gabby's vocal effort was rewarded by a tasty gift of some enticing dainty.

All visitors were instructed to go to the Earl's cage and repeat the phrase "Hello, kid, how's business?" At the same time they would hold out a tiny piece of rambutan, a jungle fruit which the paradise bird craves beyond any other delicacy. But as long as the Earl remained unresponsive, he got nothing but a look at the morsel.

It was a month or so before the Earl showed that the idea had penetrated his conceited skull. He indicated plainly enough that he wanted the rambutan and gradually he seemed to be learning that the way to get it was to make a noise like Gabby's refrain.

The next step—made a week later—was to put Gabby and the Earl in the same cage, a big square one measuring six feet on each side.

Once I got the Earl used to the idea of living with the mina, I busied myself with the job of trying to show him how to get an occasional morsel of rambutan.

A Hint to the Earl

I started with the word "hello," easiest of all words for talking birds to learn, as has been demonstrated time and again with parrots. I would get the Earl's attention by holding out three or four shelled rambutans. He would fix his eyes greedily on them, while I stood facing him, ambitiously repeating the word "hello" over and over.

For two months I worked steadily on this program; finally I was rewarded by hearing the Earl make a determined effort each time I came near his cage to make a noise like that of the mina. It was a long time before he achieved anything beyond a mere noise. But presently the noise separated itself into two syllables, and day by day these two syllables grew more and more to resemble "hell-o."

Each effort he made was rewarded by a morsel of rambutan, and the Earl soon connected cause and effect. At least once every hour somebody would approach the Earl's cage, holding out a tempting piece of rambutan.

But the Earl was greedy. Having obtained one bit of rambutan, he would stand over it, protectingly, while he spoke his piece again and secured a second morsel—and so on, until all the visible supply was in his possession.

The mina used to watch this performance from the back of the cage, trying to figure out why he never got any rambutan. It was not given him because the fruits were hard to secure and were not an indispensable part of his diet. But the mina could not quite make out why we were playing favorites. Of course he had too much respect for the Earl's fighting ability to do any open thieving—for the paradise bird is one of the most ruthless and powerful battlers in the bird world, and in his jungle home he frequently attacks smaller birds, which he kills by pecking their brains out with his sharp bill.

The Earl's vocal efforts required complete concentration. Talking was a difficult job for him, and when he started to say "Hell-o-kid" it required every faculty he possessed to accomplish his purpose.

It was his concentration that gave the mina a chance at the rambutan. Carefully watching the Earl, Gabby would come up from behind, landing quietly on the wire of the cage. He would so perch himself that he would be in an excellent position to lean over, and while the Earl's attention was on vocalization, Gabby would take a hasty peck at the rambutan between the Earl's feet.

The mina continued these raids with success for some time. He grew bolder and bolder, and I had a feeling that sometime his thefts would get him into trouble.

There came a day when the Earl's speech was practically perfect as far as the first three syllables were concerned, and he had begun to add a fourth syllable which was an oddly blurred mixture of all the sounds in the final phrase, "How's business?" I stood by his cage a full half-hour, encouraging him with a handful of rambutan to repeat his lesson.

Then the fun began. The mina had become very much excited by the sight of the growing pile of rambutan. Finally he flew over to the side of the cage where the Earl hovered over his fruit.

To my inexpressible delight the Earl gave me three "hello-kid-hozbzz" in a row—not perfect but understandable—when Gabby got his pillaging under way.

But in his haste to grab the rambutan the mina dropped the fruit to the floor of the cage. As he picked it up again and flew with it to the middle perch, the Earl of Dobo turned his attention from me to see what was going on. Quickly taking in the situation, he made for the thief, flying above and jumping down on him.

A Feathered Fury

The Earl of Dobo had murder in his heart. The paradise bird's favorite method of destroying a feathered rival is to get a good grip with his claws and peck the other fellow's brains out. Quickly I flung open the door of the cage and broke the Earl's grip on the less formidable Gabby, whose frightened cries could be heard all over the compound.

The Earl was furious when I loosed his hold on the poaching foe, pecking away at my hands by way of proving his displeasure. I placed the mina in a separate cage on the porch, where he soon recovered from his shock and could again be heard yelling, "Hello, kid, how's business?"

Then I resumed what proved to be a hopeless task. Standing in front of the Earl's cage, I would utter the word "hello" but its only effect was to send the bird into a blind fury. For weeks I tried to restore him to a more peaceful frame of mind—employing many rambutans—but my efforts were futile. As far as the hello situation was concerned, the Earl of Dobo had definitely said good-by to all that.

Nevertheless I had proved that a paradise bird can be taught to talk. Which was something of an achievement even if the monetary reward was snatched from me by the final turn of events.

So it goes in the profession of collecting birds and animals. You never know your luck. Some of your best finds disappoint you, either by dying before delivery or by developing peculiarities that prevent their being marketed for the purpose you have in mind. On the other hand, there are equally surprising developments on the other side of the ledger, and specimens which you have not regarded very highly deliver a handsome profit in some devious and unexpected way.

One of my unexpected profits came through the tragic death of a green barbet, a beautiful but quite common and ordinary specimen. I had picked the barbet up in the market place at Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States.

When I got back to my compound at Katong I placed the barbet in a wire cage which I hung from the limb of a small jungle cherry tree in the center of the lawn. In the past I had frequently placed bird cages in this and near-by trees, finding it an excellent means of keeping certain specimens bright and chipper.

One day as I passed the tree it struck me as odd that I could not see the bird. Standing under the cage I called to the bird. No response of any kind. Not a sound reached my ears to indicate that the cage was occupied. I reached up, placing one hand on the bottom of the cage and one on the side,

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The whirling lariat was spinning properly and I let fly

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A Bouquet for Uncle Basil

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Doris Montague

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

He shook his cane like a crotchety old colonel. "How much do you want?" he demanded. "How much will you take to let my son off?"

I ALWAYS feel a warm glow of gratitude when I think of my Uncle Basil. He did a wonderful thing for me. He did something that kept them from naming me Basil.

Grandfather Bennington was rich and consequently fond of having his own way. He was strict with his children, and was always prophesying that they would bring disgrace and dishonor on the fine old name; but when one of them did, it seemed to come as a distinct surprise.

They still speak in hushed tones of the night Uncle Basil broke the news that he had married an actress. Grandfather Bennington had never been what you could call controlled. Grandmother retired to her room and sent for the family doctor. All the children but Basil hastily packed bags and went to spend the week-end with friends. The servants tiptoed about in the neighborhood of the library, white-faced and fascinated.

UNCLE BASIL stood his ground in the library while Grandfather roared things about cheap little fortune-hunters and callow young fools.

"Sir," said Uncle Basil, "you are speaking of my wife."

"And of you, you young fool," shouted Grandfather Bennington, "and of how we're going to get you out of this. I'll see the girl. I'll have to pay her price—"

"Sir!" interrupted Basil, but Grandfather roared on:

"It's not for you but for the Bennington name. And every penny shall come out of your inheritance!" he added. He prided himself on being a shrewd business man.

Uncle Basil managed a somewhat sickly but decidedly contemptuous laugh. "She loves me," he said simply.

Grandfather Bennington went snorting and stomping from the room.

In the ornate parlor of a rather shabbily furnished rooming house, Phyllis Foster Bennington received an irate caller the next morning. Everyone who has ever seen her says she was a lovely girl. Not exactly beautiful, but with an insidious kind of charm that made you remember her. She was a slim, gray-eyed thing with a deep, clear voice. And she greeted Grandfather calmly and proudly.

He shook his cane like a crotchety old colonel.

"Come now," he demanded, "how much do you want? How much will you take to let my son off?"

"He wants to be let off?" Phyllis asked quietly.

"He doesn't know his own mind now, the young fool. Before a year is up—"

"You're sure of that?"

"Pah! When he finds himself cut off without a penny from today on—you don't want to starve, I suppose. And what can he do? He knows no trade, no profession. There's nothing he can turn his hand to. . . ."

Phyllis gasped.

"Oh, but you can't! You wouldn't! Whose fault is it if he's never been taught to support himself?"

"Nonsense. He won't have to—if he shows any sense."

"You love him very much, don't you?"

"Enough to want to buy him out of this insane entanglement."

"And you'd go to any length to make him happy and give him what he wants?"

"What he should have."

"And if it's the same thing?"

"Faugh! An end to this nonsense and down to business. How much?"

"What if we love each other?"

Grandfather wasn't subtle enough to sneer, but he achieved something between a snarl and a bark that gave her a general idea. Then he began to calm down. As I say, Grandfather liked to think of himself as a smart business man.

"HOW does ten thousand sound to you?" he asked her. "That's a lot of money. Now let's be sensible. You're an intelligent young woman. If you stay married to my son you get nothing. Divorce him and resume your own name and you get ten thousand dollars. What about it?"

Phyllis rose. She was a tall girl, and she probably looked six inches taller at that moment. Her gray eyes flashed fire as she looked down at my grandfather.

"Not a cent less than fifty thousand," she said in her clear, lovely voice. "And you'll pay all the expenses of the divorce."

Grandfather Bennington gulped twice. It was rather a stiff dose for the old gentleman to swallow, but he had gained his end.

"I'll pay it," he said. "You will leave for Reno within the hour."

Phyllis, looking out the window, only nodded.

THEY took Uncle Basil abroad for a year. They had him to themselves, and they saw to it that he met nice girls with plenty of background and money. Travel broadens one so, and romantic young men are susceptible. Phyllis went off to Reno, and in due time a check went off to Phyllis.

Yes, Basil is an old family name and I would have been right in line to get it. That's why I've always been so grateful to my uncle.

When his year was up, he came back from Europe and married a nice girl with money in her own name—money enough to live very happily and cozily in a gay cottage in the warm hills outside Sorrento overlooking the sea.

His bride was the former Miss Phyllis Foster.

You can do very nicely in Italy even in these days on the interest from fifty thousand.

I was lucky enough to come along a few months after my uncle's second marriage, and you will readily see why they didn't name me Basil.

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Easy, Son, Easy

Henri Mouquin at ninety-four savors the substance of life as once he savored the viands in the kitchens of his famous restaurants. He remains a boisterous philosopher, a judge of food, of women and of wines. This is not an interview with him. This is the man

By Walter Davenport

UNLESS that watch you got is so purty you cain't keep yo' eyes off it," said Mary, his housekeeper, "lay it back in yo' pocket. What that watch you got is got to say don't amount to nothin' here. What you lookin' at is goin'-away time; this here farm runs on meal-time. When he gets hungry it's noon and Mistuh Mouquin and noon will be here when he is hungry for his dinner, and that will be when he gets here. Rest yo' feet and don't be agitatin' yo' watch."

"All right," I said, "I'll look around. I'll stay within sight. Please call me when you see him coming."

"You deef?"

"A little."

"Dumb deef?"

"No."

"Nen I ain't got no call to holler at you," she said. "You won't need no screech whistle to tell you when he's here if you ain't dumb deef."

Whereat Mary, his housekeeper and cook, popped back into her little white cottage, a few steps from the big square house that is strictly American (of the General Grant period of architecture) on the outside and wholly Swiss inside. She was complaining querulously of folks who go litterin' all over creation, visitin' and traipsin' till they ain't nobody you ain't seen unless they's daid and gone, bless the Lawd.

Which gave me a little time to look around the beautiful clipped park of Arcachon, Henri Mouquin's farm at Magruder, Virginia, a few miles from Williamsburg, Yorktown and Jamestown.

It couldn't have been more than fifteen minutes before he arrived. Mary was right. Everything in that part of Virginia seemed to have arrived with him. Warning of his approach was broadcast by a terrible whining of the antique surrey in which he rode. What held it together was not apparent. With the squealed protests of the vehicle came the hoarse exhortations of John to the doleful nag in the shafts. John is a combination of valet, coachman, waiter and audience to his employer, who was sitting beside him.

"You, Mush," cried John to the horse, Marshal Ney, who was barely moving, "look out where you puttin' yo' feet. Look where you goin'. Seems like you ain't studyin' nothin' but wha's a wagon rut to juggle down in. Whoa, you."

The Master of Arcachon

From the wide and deep whiskers of the master of Arcachon—about all you could see of old Henri Mouquin's face—came a groan that would have checked the heart of a veteran night nurse. It was rather a series of groans linked together with a hiss. It was a strangled moan. It was a dying imprecation. It was a call to heaven and humanity for succor from a devilish tormentor. I have heard groans and lamentations of many kinds in many circumstances and places, but Henri Mouquin's is the most haunting. Upon first hearing it, I stepped back, thinking of course that the old gentleman was about to topple off the seat into the arms of the six Negroes who had appeared with startling suddenness. But nothing like that. He was in robust health for all of his great age, and amazingly strong and hearty.

The furor attending the arrival of Mr. Mouquin was exceeded somewhat by the excitement of helping him dismount from the high seat of the surrey. What had held him on was as mysterious to the stranger at Arcachon as what held the surrey together. As he was lowered to the ground by John (who was at the same time issuing a stream of orders to Marshal Ney, who had gone promptly to sleep on his feet) and assisted in the descent by two of the other boys, his groans were simply awful.

"Don't git too close up right off," Mary warned me. She had come out to add her voice to the uproar, specializing in threats to all and sundry on general principles. "Don't crowd up. Holler at him. Tell him who you is and then wait fo' jedgment."

Seizing a moment of relative calm, I announced myself from a distance of six or eight feet. The immediate response was a short, contrabass grunt. In two stumping strides he was beside me and one of his still powerful hands had me by the shoulder.

"Come in, come in," he bellowed. "Can you read?"

"Yes."

"We'll see. We'll see. Can you write?"

"Yes."

"Most people can't. But come in. Mary will feed you and I will give you a glass of— Do you drink?"

"Yes."

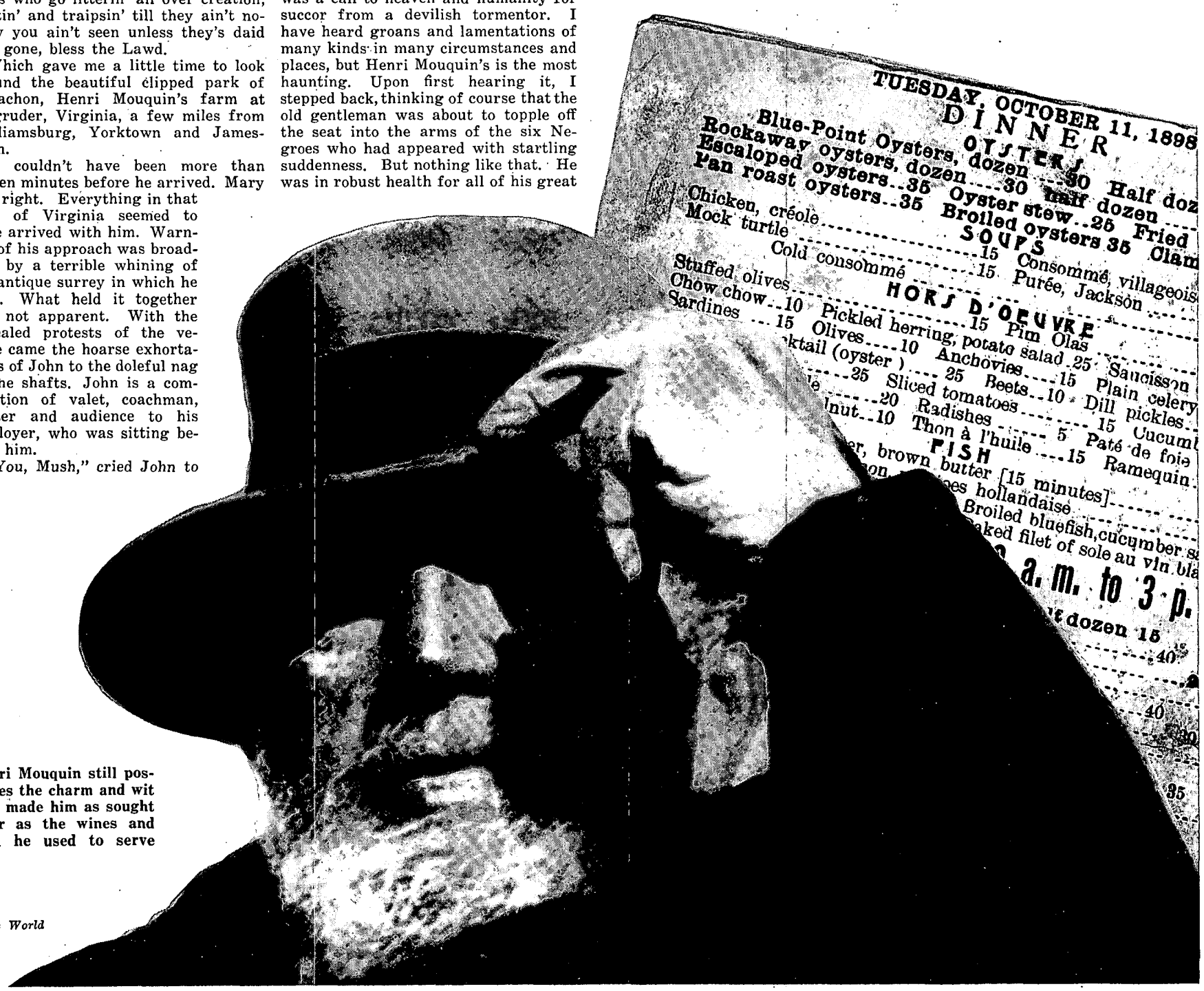
"I'll give you a glass of Chablis, 1909. Do you smoke?"

"Yes."

"Not in my house," he roared.

Holding fast to John and me, he entered the house, where John began to relieve him of a couple of yards of muffler that bound him from chest to chin.

(Continued on page 55)


TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1898
DINNER
OYSTERS
Blue-Point Oysters, dozen ...30 Half doz
Rockaway oysters, dozen ...30 Half dozen
Escaloped oysters..35 Oyster stew..25 Fried
Pan roast oysters..35 Broiled oysters 35 Clam
SOUPS
Chicken, créole ...15 Consommé, villageois
Mock turtle ...15 Purée, Jackson
Cold consommé ...15
HORS D'OEUVRE
Stuffed olives ...15 Pim Olas
Chow chow..10 Pickled herring, potato salad 25 Saucisson
Sardines ...15 Olives...10 Anchovies...15 Plain celery
...ktail (oyster) ...25 Beets..10 Dill pickles
...25 Sliced tomatoes ...15 Cucumb
...e ...20 Radishes ...5 Paté de foie
...lnut..10 Thon à l'huile ...15 Ramequin
FISH
...r, brown butter [15 minutes]
...on ...es hollandaise
Broiled bluefish,cucumber s
...aked filet of sole au vin bla
a. m. to 3 p.
...r dozen 15
...40
...40
...30
...35

Henri Mouquin still possesses the charm and wit that made him as sought after as the wines and food he used to serve

Wide World

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She heard muttered exclamations, the demand of a stranger as to their plans

Mademoiselle Anna Disappears

Peter Hames answers an ominous summons and meets a sinister crisis

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

'TIS a pleasant strip of land, though small," Paddy Collins, the wanderer, meditated, gazing out of the window of his friend's villa at La Turbie. "The whisky is agreeable, and the cost of living moderate. I'm thinking of taking up my abode in your vicinity, Peter."

Peter Hames shook his head.

"You are too restless, Paddy," he observed. "Leaving out the gambling, which you don't care much about, there's not enough here to interest you."

"Lord bless my soul!" the Irishman replied. "Five pretty good rows, two broken heads, a shot in my shoulder blade, a dozen very near drunks, and a lovely cousin found in the bosom of the mountains. What are you talking about, man? It's a place after my own heart."

"You're luckier than I," was his friend's gloomy comment.

Paddy Collins rose from his seat in the studio and went across to the easel.

"You spend too much of your time, Peter, slapping paint on those old canvases. You're a good nightbird all right when there's something calling, but that's all there is to you. You don't need to paint for your living, lad. You don't help anyone else in life by spoiling good, honest canvas like that. Come down with me now to the center of the world, and we'll take a couple of dry ones with Francis."

Peter Hames knocked out his pipe.

"You're not a flatterer, old chap," he observed.

"Though I've the tongue of an Irishman, I'm a truthful man," Paddy Collins avowed. "I'd sooner have one picture from that chap whose home you saved up in the mountains than a dozen of yours. Quit it, lad. Let's go and see the town."

"Against my will I am persuaded," was the regretful reply. "Wait until I take off this smock, and I'm with you. . . ."

They drove down to the Royalty Bar and, being early, found a table out in the sunshine. The Irishman leaned across toward his friend.

"Peter," he said, "you mind the little lass up in the mountains there?"

"I do indeed."

"Well, cousin or no cousin, I'm going to marry her. We're going to build up that farm into something worth while, spend a month or two a year there, and when we go away to jog around a bit, we'll leave it in charge of her father. What do you think of that for a scheme?"

"You're a lucky man, Paddy," his companion declared.

"And what's the matter with you that you can't find a girl of your own?" Paddy Collins demanded. "There's many of them about in these parts, and one I have seen—"

"That'll do, Paddy, old chap," his friend begged.

JUST then a waiter hurried out from the closed part of the bar.

"There's a lady who desires to speak with monsieur upon the telephone," he said, addressing Peter.

The latter hastened in, picked up the receiver, announced himself, and listened. The voice which answered him was the voice of a stranger.

"It is Monsieur Peter Hames?"

"Speaking."

"I speak for Mademoiselle Christian. She left word that I was to ring you up at your villa, at the Hôtel de Paris, the Royalty Bar, and afterward at the Café de Paris. Mademoiselle desires that you come to her at once."

"Certainly," Peter Hames agreed. "Where is she?"

The woman's voice became a little troubled.

"But monsieur — monsieur would know that."

"How the mischief could I know?" was the anxious rejoinder. "I have not seen Miss Christian for a week. If you are ringing up for her, you must know where she is. Tell me, and I will go there immediately."

The woman's voice was still uneasy.

"Mademoiselle never allows her whereabouts to be spoken of, but one would imagine that monsieur knows where she spends much of the latter part of the night—"

"Good God!" Peter Hames exclaimed. "Do you mean the—"

"Monsieur is probably right," the voice interrupted. "Monsieur will search for mademoiselle there?"

"I should say so," he replied, putting down the receiver.

He strode out to where his friend was waiting for him.

"Gone all thoughts of our peaceful gossip, I'm afraid, Paddy," he sighed. "Come along. Have you got a stout heart in you this morning?"

"Aye, and a fist that's spoiling for a bit of work," Paddy Collins declared, swiftly downing the gin and tonic which the waiter had brought. "Drink your own, Peter. You'll be none the worse for it."

But Peter Hames had other thoughts. He was already in his car.

"Is it a long way we're going?" his friend inquired as he settled himself down by his side.

"Less than half a mile. It's to the little night café at Beausoleil."

"Is it trouble we'll be finding there?" Paddy asked hopefully.

"I can't tell you anything," was the dazed reply. "I only know that a young woman I'm interested in was probably there last night and hasn't returned. I just heard from her maid."

PETER HAMES drove without concealment to the front of the café. The door was inhospitably closed, but it yielded to firm treatment. A sleepy-eyed youth in blue overalls was making languid efforts to tidy up the place.

"Where's John?" Peter Hames demanded.

"Gone," was the brusque reply. "I'm the new barman."

"And Madame Lapouge, the *patronne*, where's she?"

"Gone, too. Everyone's gone."

"Where's the *patron?*"

"Gone out to get his coffee. If you want a drink, I'll give you one. We're not ready for customers yet."

"Was there a young lady here last night—Mademoiselle Anna?"

The barman shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know?" he asked. "My first evening. There may have been."

Peter Hames took hold of the youth

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by the back of his shirt and the seat of his trousers, and lifted him out of the way.

"I'm going to search this place," he announced.

The young man flung his broom at this unpleasant visitor and escaped into the back premises. They could hear him shouting in patois. Almost simultaneously, a familiar figure entered from the back door of the place. Coatless and unshaven, he presented a very different appearance, but it was undoubtedly Monsieur le Marquis de Verrais, sometimes known as François Legrande, who confronted them.

"What do you want, making a disturbance in my café at this hour of the morning?" he asked, with an angry flash of his white teeth.

Peter Hames stared at the speaker, and that vague sense of apprehension which had been with him since the ringing of the telephone suddenly deepened.

"Since when has it been your café?" he questioned.

"THE papers were signed yesterday, if you must know. It is my café, and I am free to serve whom I please. I don't wish for anything to do with you or your friends. Be so good as to leave without disturbance."

"On the contrary," Peter Hames told him fiercely, "I am going to search every inch of your premises from cellar to attic."

"Search my premises, indeed! For what?"

"Stand out of the way!" Peter ordered. "The last time I knocked you down on the Corniche Road—rather a surprise, wasn't it? I hurt you a little more than you expected. This time, it may take you a little longer to get over it."

Legrande's fingers slipped into his waistcoat, and he produced, not a weapon, but a whistle. He blew it long and furiously.

"That is for the police," he mocked them. "Now we shall see whether they will allow strangers to trample through my premises."

"Not quite strangers, Monsieur le Marquis," Peter Hames reminded him.

Paddy staggered across the room. She leaned back and laughed—she was earning her money and, after all, it was not so bad

"I've never broken the law anyhow," the other replied.

Legrande held out his hand, pointing toward the door in a triumphant gesture. With official bearing, but very unofficial haste, a sergeant of police, attended by a gendarme, was crossing the threshold.

"Monsieur le Sergeant," he complained, "these two men—I do not know them—they are not friends of mine—arrived here just now, assaulted my barman, and announced their intention of breaking open my doors and searching every room of the house. They should be removed at once. I charge them with assault."

"What have you to say about this, monsieur?" the sergeant demanded, turning toward Peter.

"A young woman, who is accustomed to spend an hour or so here several nights a week," Peter Hames recounted, "was here last night and has not returned to her home. I happen to know that this fellow Legrande, who tells me he has purchased this café, besides being a thorough scamp has a grudge against the young woman. I admit I told him that I intended to search the place to look for her. Since you are here, Sergeant, you will perhaps spare me the trouble."

The sergeant looked at him sternly. "What reasons have you, monsieur, for believing that the young woman is on these premises?" he asked.

"I received a telephone message asking that I should come to her assistance," he replied.

"You're making a mistake, sir," the sergeant declared, addressing Peter Hames. "Monsieur Legrande is, so far as we know, an honest man, and there is no evidence whatsoever making it necessary for us to search his premises."

Peter Hames sighed as he produced his pocketbook.

"No, Sergeant," he said gently, "you need not fear or hope that I am about to offer you a bribe. Be so good as to glance at this card."

He passed it across. The sergeant glanced at it at first superciliously, started as he read the name, and wilted as he read the few lines of writing. He handed it back and saluted.

"Monsieur is at liberty to search the premises," he announced. "My gendarme and I are at your disposal."

"What?" Legrande scowled. "Sergeant, what is this?"

"I believe you to be an honest man, Monsieur Legrande," the sergeant said. "My sympathy is with you, but monsieur has a card there which permits him special license in the Principality, and by courtesy in the immediate neighborhood. I cannot interfere."

"Stop!" Legrande cried. "It was a young woman for whom monsieur was inquiring? There was one here last night, for a very short time. She arrived drunk, and asked leave to lie down upstairs. I had forgotten her. It is perhaps the young woman of whom monsieur is in search. Wait!"

He hurried out of the place.

IN LESS than three minutes Peter Hames, at any rate, had the surprise of his life. There was the sound of the banging of a door, light footsteps outside and, through the back entrance to the bar, a cigarette in her long holder, a queer little smile upon her lips, came Mademoiselle Anna.

"But what a commotion!" she exclaimed. "The police, too!"

"Is this the young person?" the sergeant asked Peter Hames.

The latter nodded.

"Mademoiselle Anna," he went on, turning toward her, "the sergeant is here to know if you have any complaints—in plain words, whether you have been detained here against your will?"

Monsieur Legrande, who had followed softly down the stairs, stood irresolute by the side of the counter. Mademoiselle knocked the ash from her cigarette.

"Complaints?" she repeated. "What complaints should I have? I stayed here, too, last night and fell asleep."

Peter was watching Legrande's face. His expression of fear had changed at first into one of blank bewilderment; afterward to one of relief.

Mademoiselle Anna tossed away her cigarette. Standing there in the full glare of the morning sunshine Peter Hames marveled more than ever at her amazing make-up. There was scarcely even a suggestion of Sybil Christian either in her features or coloring.

"Oh, la la!" she exclaimed.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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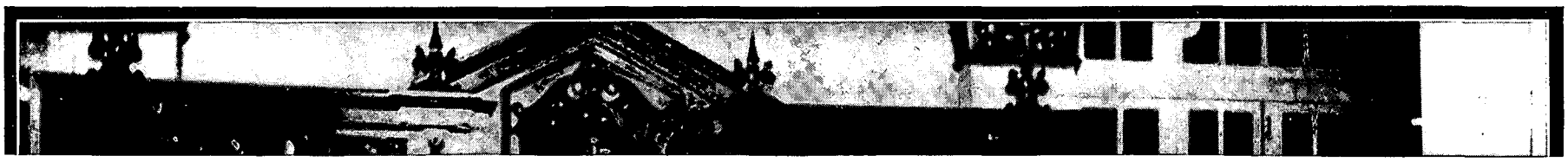
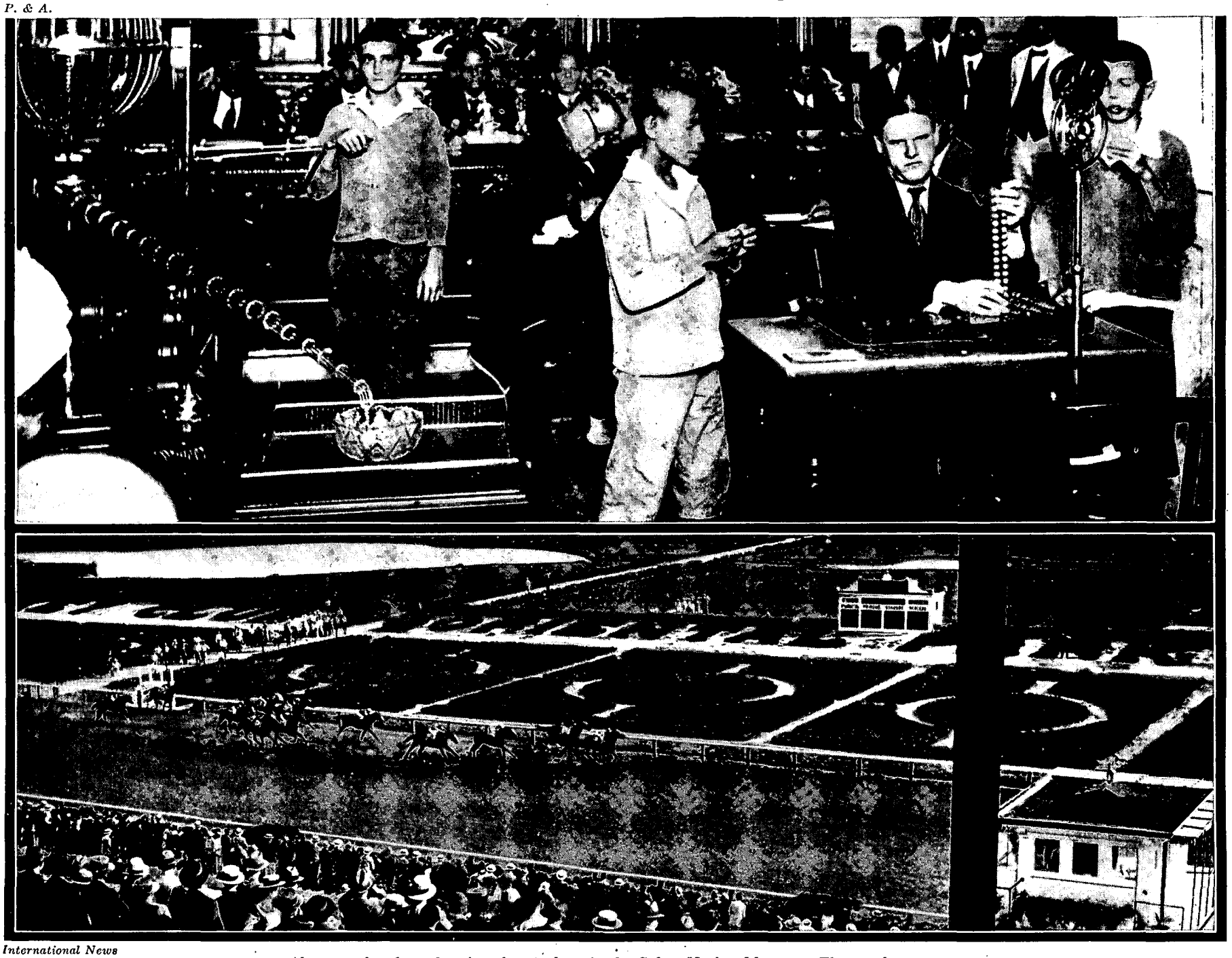


The Cuban Lottery Racket

By P. & A.



International News

Above, orphan boys drawing the numbers in the Cuban National lottery. The numbers are being announced over the radio. Below, the finish of a feature race at the Havana track

Easy money is the bait that draws twelve and a half million dollars a year into the pockets of Cuba's lottery bosses. The racket is easy to run—no risk, no violence—a sure thing if ever there was one

THIS American notable who had come to Havana to play was good on the golf course, but he reached his tiptop best at the gaming tables in the Casino. He was different from all other players.

The wish nearest his heart had nothing at all to do with winning vast sums of money. More money would not have thrilled him. He had given away more money than the Casino is worth.

One certain thrill he sought; that was to "break the bank." Just plain money winning—stopping when you're ahead—is grade-school play. What this notable was trying to do was high-school work. His dream was to sit at one table and bet and bet and bet throughout the night hours, without any losses, until finally he had forced the croupier to rake over to him the last penny of the forty- or fifty-thousand-dollar pile at that table. He wanted to have the croupier stop the game for a minute or two and send back to the office for another fifty-thousand-dollar "set of money."

Night after night, in his immaculate evening dress with a gardenia on the right lapel of his coat, he started the climb up the steep hill of his hopes. He would sometimes win and win and win, playing the limit in the size of his bets, but sooner or later he would slip back, sometimes when he was just below the peak and the croupier's pile was growing low.

He went back to the United States, disappointed. The Casino experts figured he had lost eighty thousand dollars.

I have mentioned this man and his experience because he was about the only man I saw in Cuba who had complete confidence in the game he was playing. The Casino has a good reputation but there are many other gambling games in Havana and in Cuba at large.

It is the observation of this writer that, though many thousands of Cubans gamble, they do not implicitly trust these games. The most distrusted of these Cuban gambling methods is the lottery. But before we come to that let us consider others.

A Cuban journalist, in the Jockey Club at the Oriental Park race track, put it to me this way:

"Most of the old-timers here at the track don't bet on what the horses can or may do. They bet on what the boys on the inside will do with the horses. And some of them think that system makes a more lively game of it." It surely does. And if it happens to become unnecessary for you to *guess* about what "the boys" will arrange, for the reason that you possess *actual* and *sound* information as to their plans in any certain race, it becomes a very lively game indeed.

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William G. Shepherd

A street vender of lottery tickets in Havana

There was hardly a visitor to the race track at Havana this winter who did not gaze in amazement at the array of horses that circled about the paddock.

This correspondent, seeking information, experience and, incidentally, whatever winnings might ensue, blandly entered the betting, blindly selected one horse because the odds seemed favorable and then hurried to the grandstand to see the race.

One look at his horse and all hope fled. It looked as if it had not even been curried. Its appearance suggested Don Quixote's nag. Mexicans put only the poorest horses into the bull ring for the bulls to gore, but better horses than this one have been killed in the Mexico City bull ring.

Not a Chance

The horse came in toward the tail end. But he wasn't alone. Most of the horses in the race pounded along beside him. Far up in front were two or three good horses. Almost every race I saw in Cuba ended in this double-group fashion—one large knot of unkempt horses far back; one small group of sleek animals far in front. There were only a few good horses at the Havana track.

There were exceptions to this group manner of finishing. Every now and then the good horses are left out. Only the "skates" are allowed to run. We saw races between horses that were described as not having won a race during the season.

On one of the magnificent liner ferries which run overnight between Havana and Miami, I talked with a famous horseman. He was headed back for Miami.

"They wouldn't allow races like those in Cuba anywhere in the United States," he said. "If some jockey club didn't do something the police would."

Cuban newspaper men told me the story of an American who frequented the gambling houses of Minneapolis and Chicago twenty-five years ago and who spent one quiet winter in Havana some time ago, got acquainted with the "right people" in the racing game and then, when his second winter came around, cleaned up.

The grandstand saw an old plug of a horse pass some other animals who had repeatedly defeated him.

Onlookers couldn't say whether the plug was running faster than usual or the good horses were running more slowly.

The plug won. They tell you the gambling man from the United States, who left Havana quickly, took $200,000 as his share of the winnings.

The Cubans continue to bet, however, on the races, guessing not on the horses so much as on the men behind them.

The whole thing is a commentary on the tolerance of Cuban public opinion and goes to show how easily the amazing Cuban lottery racket survives.

Cubans don't trust their baseball games any more than they trust racing. But they bet on them violently nevertheless.

Imagine yourself in the grandstand in your own home town. Suppose shouting betting commissioners, hoarse-voiced and tough, kept moving back and forth before you, crying out the betting odds on which team would make the most scores in the next inning or whether Babe Ruth, up at bat, would strike out, get a one-, two- or three-base hit or a home run.

With money flying back and forth between the baseball fans and the bookmakers from the first pitch to the last play, would you be inclined to trust the players out on the diamond when one fanned or made a poor throw to first or muffed a fly?

The Cubans don't. But they bet nevertheless. The grandstand is a bedlam; so are the bleachers. The incident on which they are betting will turn out some way, whether the outcome is "fixed" or whether sheer fate decides it. Either way, the Cubans seem satisfied, just so long as they get action and excitement.

In baseball there is the same toleration of questionable results that there is in racing.

The woes of gamblers, who play the races and bet on ball games, leave us all cold. But the political woes of all Cubans, as individuals, as well as of Cuba itself, as a nation, are direct concerns of the United States government.

We Americans complain that our individual Federal income tax annually takes about $9.70 per capita from us. Cubans, speaking in averages, uncomplainingly pay $10.65 a year per head into the lottery.

If this $10.65 per head went into operating the government, it might not be so bad. Cuba might not be broke today. As a matter of fact little more than one half of it goes to the government, the remaining half, which sticks to many hands, is what makes the Cuban lottery not only the chief gambling racket but the supreme *political* racket of Cuba.

All politics and government in Cuba have been swayed by the lottery game. As a political racket, it prevents Cubans from having a decent government; one that they can respect and trust.

They know that control of the government lottery booty rests in the Cuban White House; that the closest friends and appointees of President Machado control the gates of the unending flood of lottery money.

Lottery money is political money in Cuba, the Cubans tell you. They lay most of the supposed crookedness in government to lottery money. They say it is poison money; that it sways politics and government; that it tempts officials to dishonesty and crookedness.

Lottery money is always flowing. There are three huge drawings every month, and two greater supplementary drawings at Christmas and about May 20th to celebrate the anniversary of the president's inauguration.

Unhappy is the average Cuban who hasn't a small ticket, costing from thirty to perhaps forty cents, on the coming lottery; this hope of winning something, sometime, is like a sustaining drug which the average Cuban, after long habitude, can no longer forgo.

All of this is, of course, Cuba's own business. The lottery is a phenomenon of Spanish and Spanish-American countries. It exists in most of the Spanish-American republics. So we are not criticizing Cubans for lottery gambling. On the face of things their lottery is one way of raising government finances. It certainly does persuade the average Cuban—seventy or eighty out of every hundred—to help contribute, in part, to government expenses. Our Federal income tax, considered as a direct tax, doesn't do so well, for only two out of one hundred Americans pay a Federal income tax.

A Political Grab-Bag

If the bulk of the approximate $32,000,000 which something like 3,000,000 Cubans put into the lottery yearly went to the government, the whole lottery idea might be a good one, for Cuba.

But the point of it is: the bulk of this huge sum does not go into the government treasury. Cubans tell you, with plenty of sustaining information and detail, that it goes into the hands of racketeers who stand very high in Cuban politics and in Cuban government. They tell you, indeed, that many men go into politics and into government office for the sole purpose of dipping their hands into the stream of lottery gold.

If they are right, perhaps there is reason for their discontent with their Federal government, shown by bomb-throwings and assassination plots.

The "inside baseball" of the lottery as it is set forth not only by Cuban gamblers but also by students of politics and government both in Cuba and in the United States is, as some of our own American racketeers might say, a "swell racket."

Three times every month the government prints and issues 30,000 lottery tickets. These are great long strips, divided into one hundred parts. Each part, a small slip of paper, bears the number of the ticket. All over Cuba, from the Plaza in Havana to the smallest village, these little parts of the "big tickets" are sold by agents or venders.

The Key to the Racket

How do these tickets get out to the public from the office of the Director of the Lottery? Answer this question and you have the key to the racket.

Right here, say the Cubans, is where the lottery racket, as it taints politics and poisons government, is played.

The government does not sell the tickets directly to the public. If the government sold tickets to the public, as it sells postage stamps, for instance, there wouldn't be room for the lottery racket.

Once, when a congressman presented a bill providing for the direct sale of lottery tickets by the government to the public, there arose a shout of protest. It came from the boys in the racket. They yelled: "What! The government go into the business of selling lottery tickets? That would be disgraceful." Their argument won. No one, apparently, stopped to argue that if it were not for the government there would be no lottery.

Who Gets the Difference?

And here's how the lottery tickets reach the public:

The government asks seventeen dollars for each ticket. This is the wholesale price. The retail price, as we shall

(Continued on page 54)

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If Richard Dakers was not guilty —who was? See if you can guess who should have gone to—

The Green Circle

By Gilbert Frankau

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"ON PRINCIPLE," declared the middle-aged professor who was returning to Pomona University, "I'm opposed to capital punishment."

"But on what principle, sir?" asked the young newspaper man, who had been steering the conversation.

"On the principle, sir, that punishment, in a state of true civilization, must be left to the individual conscience."

"Like heck it must be," interrupted the only man in the observation car who had not yet spoken; who with a glance at the young newspaper man felt for his fifth, or it may have been his sixth, cigar.

All morning, the long, long Santa Fé trail had been sliding past the windows. All morning, while he talked with the middle-aged professor and the clergyman from Kansas and the Los Angeles book dealer, the young newspaper man had been hoping for that interruption.

Now, having got it, he subsided into silence—his eyes, or so it seemed, interested only in the interminable desert of sagebrush and red sandstone.

"Like heck it must be," repeated the cigar smoker. He withdrew, still smoking, to the outside platform, where he remained—a grim, heavy, inscrutable figure—till lunch.

Lunch, however—and not entirely by hazard—found the two at the same table; and halfway through it the newspaper man, who was slightly girlish of face, though with a chin that somehow belied the girlishness, said, "Excuse me, sir. But that one remark you made this morning happens to interest me."

"Is that so?" retorted the other—and his eyes were cold.

"Sure. You see, I don't agree with the professor. The only trouble I see about capital punishment is its—er—irrevocability."

"Irrevocability?"

"Precisely. Irrevocability. It's the only form of punishment that can't be —er—revoked subsequently."

"You mean—should it subsequently transpire"—the other's eyes were colder than ever—"that there has been a miscarriage of justice—"

"Precisely."

And after that the two stared at each other—till the cold eyes looked away.

"I've got a drawing-room as far as the Canyon," remarked the newspaper man a little later, "and there's a bottle in my suitcase. We might continue our discussion after lunch, don't you think?"

"If it interests you so much."

"It interests me enormously," admitted the newspaper man; and when they had settled their lunch checks the middle-aged professor from Pomona, the Kansas clergyman and the Los Angeles book dealer watched them make their way out of the dining car—the newspaper man leading, the other behind.

"Looks like that fellow might be carrying a gun in his hip pocket," remarked the book dealer.

"Probably only a flask," laughed the professor.

"The curse of modern America," said the clergyman—and their talk turned to the Volstead Act over their cigars.

IN THE newspaper man's drawing-room, also, cigars had been lighted. There was a bottle of whisky on the table, for the dilution of which the porter had just brought ice and ginger ale.

"Drawing-rooms," said the man with the cold eyes, sipping, "aren't exactly the cheapest way of traveling."

"They're convenient, though," the young newspaper man spoke slowly, "especially for private discussions."

"But is there anything we need discuss?" interrupted the other, and this time, as their eyes clashed, it was the newspaper man's gaze which fell.

"Richard Dakers has been dead two months," went on the other. "And the world's a better place for his not being in it. Richard Dakers was criminal born. As a kid—I'm from the same town, so I ought to know what I'm talking about—he led one of the toughest gangs the police had to deal with. From the day he was sixteen to the day they arrested him for the murder of Jack Dyson, he always carried at least one gun on him."

"Just carrying a gun," put in the newspaper man, "doesn't make a man a murderer."

"It may, though." The other's big hand gripped on his glass. "But don't let's generalize. The point I make is that Richard Dakers was forty when they strung him up; and that he'd never done an honest job of work from the minute he drew his first breath to the minute the rope choked out his last."

"He was in France, though."

"Only because he couldn't dodge the draft."

"But at least you'll grant that he had a certain amount of courage."

"Yes. I'll grant that. I'll accept"—the grim voice of the man with the cold eyes hesitated—"the newspaper version of his courage. But that doesn't alter the fact that, as a citizen, he was worthless. Just about as worthless as . . . as a certain woman."

"Meaning?" put in the newspaper man—blinking twice with his light eyelashes.

"Meaning—any woman you might have been thinking of," said the other; and his cold eyes switched to the trail, still interminable beside the railroad, while his mouth—which was more like a

The other's jaws were still closed, his teeth biting on the cigar butt. But his cold eyes had not left the newspaper man's. They remained, fixed, staring

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pike's than a human mouth—shut tightly over his pointed teeth.

In that moment, as he half turned to look out of the window, the square coat he wore—and wore buttoned—despite the heat in the drawing-room, creased itself away from his silk shirt front, revealing, underneath it, a tiny point of silver—one corner of that badge which betokens, from East to West of the United States of America, an officer of the law.

The newspaper man, however, had known all along that the man drinking with him was an officer of the law. He knew most other things about him, too. And the few things he did not know he had been seeking very diligently till unexpected promotion—the newspapers he served being a chain all across America—had called him from East to West.

THE few things he did not know, nevertheless, had hitherto presented an unsolvable puzzle to the newspaper man. But what puzzled him most, what had been puzzling him ever since he had first caught sight of that other standing by the big bookstand in the marble station hall at Kansas City, was why that other should be on the Santa Fé.

"Is it just a coincidence?" thought the young newspaper man. "Or is he following me deliberately?"

And with that second thought came his first twinge of fear.

"Jack Dyson was in France, too." The other's lips had opened, but his cold eyes were still on the trail. "And *he* wasn't a draft-dodger. Jack was a white man. And no fool either. Except about Richard Dakers. They went out with the same lot—and, what's more, came home with it. *I* didn't. I got a machine-gun bullet in the shoulder. Very glad I was about it, too. Because . . . because of a certain woman. Girl, rather.

"In a case like mine, when there's a woman—or rather a girl—a fellow hasn't got much stomach for fighting. He's apt to get dreaming, you see. Especially at nights. I did quite a lot of dreaming. Marriage and all that. But I'm not a married man yet—thank God. And never will be. You aren't thinking of getting married, by any chance? Or are you? Not that it matters much, either way."

And with that the pikelike jaws shut; but the cold eyes met the newspaper man's again, while the spatulate fingers of the big hand reached once more for the glass.

As it happened the newspaper man, whose own hands rather matched his girlish appearance, disliked spatulate fingers. And these, in that moment, seemed especially dislikable. So he forbore to look at them till, with an audible gulp, the last of the whisky and ginger ale disappeared.

"Another?" he hazarded then.

"I don't mind. Only make it neat this time. Let me see, what was I telling you about?"

"You were talking about"—the newspaper man blinked again—"marriage."

"So I was." The neat whisky followed the diluted. "I wonder why. Jack Dyson was married, of course. And Richard Dakers wasn't. Possibly you knew that. Richard Dakers, let me remind you again, was a crook. About the worst in town. His bootlegging business was only a blind. Though he certainly made all sorts of money at it. Used to wear silk shirts and ride around in a silver-fitted automobile. Didn't ride around alone either. Mostly he'd have a certain woman with him."

"A certain woman!" The newspaper man's cigar had gone out. As he sought to relight it his hand seemed to tremble. "But that didn't come out in . . . in the evidence."

"No. The chief thought it better hadn't. It wouldn't have helped the prosecution any. Or the defense either. Nothing would have helped Richard Dakers. He was a real crook, you see. And always had been. That came out in the evidence, all right. It would've come out sooner, if I'd had my way. But Jack was always for giving him his chance. There was a reason for that, too—though *that* didn't come out in the evidence either.

"Jack always said we hadn't really got anything on Dakers—except the bootlegging. And I—we—couldn't very well run him in for bootlegging. Sentiment would have been too much against it. Sentiment—hell! There's too damn' much sentiment in America these days."

On which, the pikelike jaws shut again, but the eyes continued staring, and the newspaper man felt himself flinch before them, flinch and shudder before the stare of those cold, gray, utterly unemotional eyes.

The man prepared to light another cigar before he went on, and offered one to the newspaper man—eying him, with a look that seemed to run the whole gamut of human perceptions, when he refused.

"Talking of man's law," said that other, wrenching sideways with his pointed teeth at the soft wrapper leaf, "you can believe it or not, but this liquor of yours is the first I've touched since . . . since I decided there were reasons for my not getting married. And for all you know, it'll be the last liquor I ever shall touch. I've got Puritan blood in me. The old strain. A generation or two back, maybe. But it's still there all right. I believe in the individual conscience too, same as the professor was saying. But the trouble with most people is they haven't got any. That's where the law comes in. Law's law for them. Whether it's God's or man's—written *or* unwritten. And if they break it, they've got to pay the penalty.

"Richard Dakers broke the law all right. Both God's and man's. Both the written *and* the unwritten. And if Jack Dyson hadn't been a fool, every kind and sort of a deaf and blind fool, Richard Dakers would have paid the penalty a heap sooner than he did pay it. And . . . and a certain woman would have paid, too."

The cigar was alight by then. The newspaper man, too, wanted to smoke. Smoke, he felt, would calm him. And he needed all his calm to listen, and go on listening, while that other with his hints. . . . For they weren't true, those hints. They couldn't be. He'd stake his soul they couldn't be.

"She'd have paid, too," repeated the other. "But Jack wouldn't believe. He said he'd trust her anywhere. He said she was a clean woman. Clean! Like heck she was."

And with that the pikelike jaws

(*Continued on page 47*)

Why that other had been willing to shoot . . . why that other was now lying . . . lying dead . . . with the bullet in his heart, and beside him the photograph . . .

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Fighting City

The Port of Queer Cargoes battles for its life

By Harris Dickson

MEN fought with beasts at Ephesus, Athenians crowned the victors in their Olympic games and we Americans howl with glee when somebody swats a home run. The instinct is as old as time, for man as a combative animal thrills to see a gallant fight. Warm, then, your heart toward New Orleans and listen to this tale of human courage.

The City That America Loves is known by many names, from its shape, the Crescent City; from its original population, the Creole City; and because of its annual pageants, the Carnival City. President Hoover called it the City of Destiny, but even its most appreciative friends do not speak of New Orleans as the Fighting City.

Thousands of delighted visitors to Mardi Gras unwittingly do the town an injustice by reporting it as a languorous, pleasure-loving place in which life is a holiday; where the busiest citizens have leisure to loaf around and play with strangers and where nobody does a lick of work. Tourists receive that impression because they see only the holidays. Novelists go there for atmosphere and write their romances of cloaked and rapiered figures slinking through the shadows, of dark Spanish eyes that flash down from grille-work balconies. All of which is perfectly true, for the Vieux Carré, the old French city, is redolent of the charm of bygone days and the spicy fragrance of Creole cookery. So much atmosphere goes to the author's head; Sazerac cocktails muddle his mind, and the foamy gin fizz gets him so deliciously confused that he overlooks a far bigger story by failing to see the epic of undiscouraged persistence that has built a city where Almighty God and the Mississippi River seemed to forbid that men should make a habitation.

From the day of its muddy birth, New Orleans has been compelled to fight, fight, fight for commonplace necessities that other cities got as a matter of course, without labor and without cost. Here's one illustration: No home-going visitor would think of mentioning that he actually saw a cellar in New Orleans, nor would he realize how marvelous it is that after a struggle of more than a century and a half, the Creole gentleman may now cache his pre-war stuff underground.

This story will not gossip of curio shops on Rue Royale nor whisper of queer little blue doors through which we glimpse mysterious corridors where monkeys chatter in palm-shaded patios. None of that. It shall be the saga of America's Fighting City.

On a blazing June day in 1718 Governor Bienville set down sixty-eight colonists in the marshes and saw-grass beside the Mississippi, 107 miles above its mouth, brushing aside the voluble protests of Engineer de la Tour, who insisted that the location would be flooded many feet deep at every rise of the river. Curiously enough, location was the thing that counted in the end. New Orleans had nothing except location.

Miracles in Mud

It seems that Bienville chose this spot not as the site of a commercial city, but for the reason that it could be reached by water from the older French settlements along our Gulf Coast. Anyhow, the Fighting City was founded as part of John Law's infamous "Mississippi Bubble," a get-rich-quick scheme devised by the Scotch gambler who wrecked the Regent's treasury and caused many a death in America.

The New World had been painted in rosy tints to these sixty-eight wretched expatriates who frankly didn't like it. Louisiana seemed very different from la belle France. Men and women waded around in a morass, building their huts of split cypress boards thatched with cypress bark very, very lightly, for that quagmire would support no heavy structure.

De la Tour laid out the town which we now identify as the Vieux Carré, sixty-six squares, planning that a future cathedral and parade ground should face the river from its center. Feeble efforts at drainage resulted in ditches that crisscrossed the bog like a network, slimy ditches for mosquitoes and alligators to breed in.

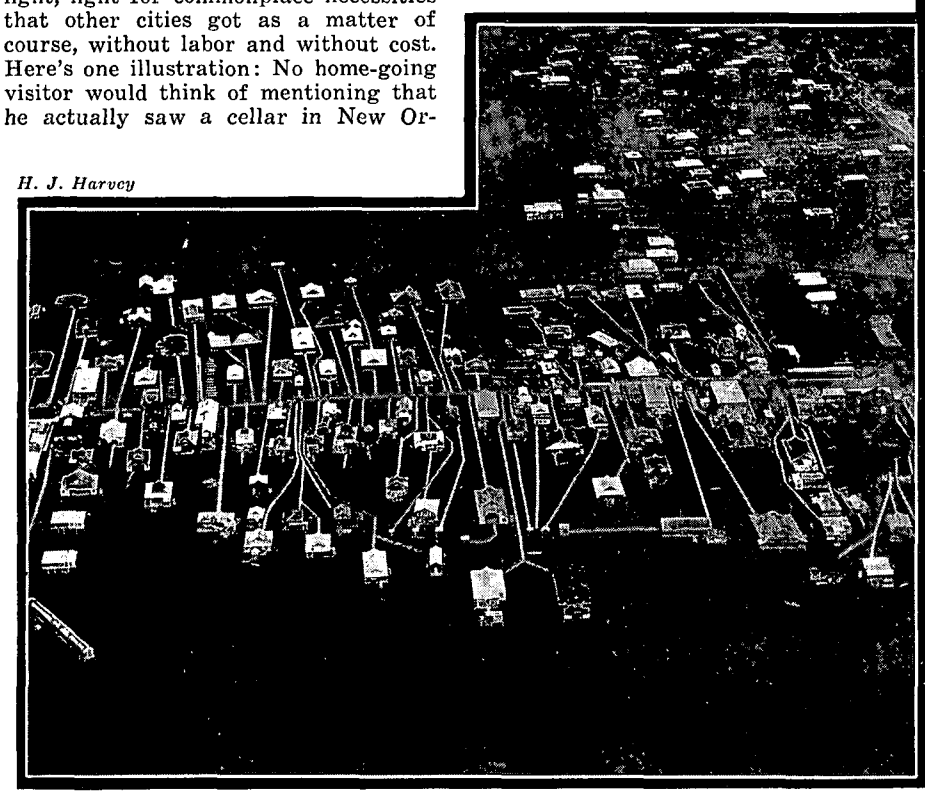
The following spring, 1719, a raging river drove them out. Nevertheless, New Orleans came back. From that day to this, after each disaster, New Orleans has stubbornly come back, and in 1722 was made the capital of the colony of Louisiana, an unbounded world which France claimed to include more than half of our United States.

Out of this imperial domain the Regent and John Law granted huge tracts of land to their favorites. A *canaille* must be found to settle these concessions and sweat to produce profits. Mines and precious stones must be discovered, and gold, gold, gold. The enterprise started wrong. Few of the first comers were like those sturdy English immigrants who with rifle, ax and plow conquered our Atlantic seaboard. Instead of persuading industrious farm-

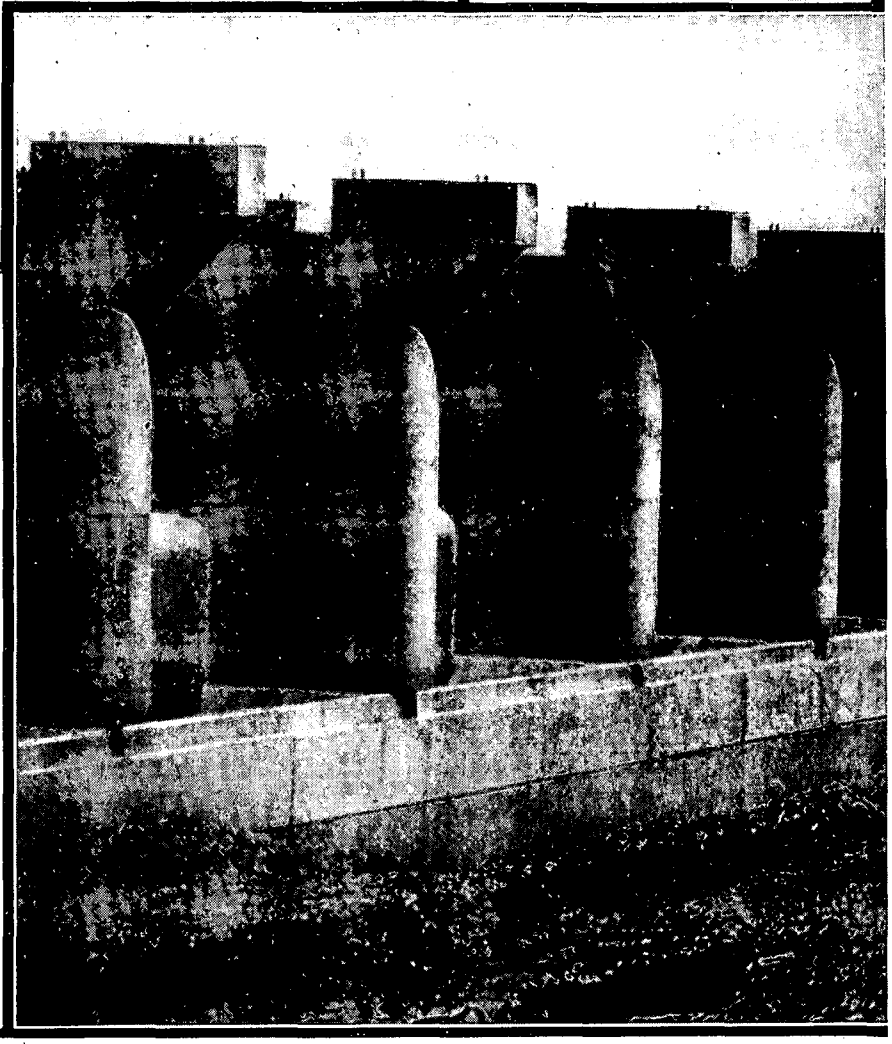
Airmap Corporation of America, N. Y.

A steamer entering one of the mouths of the Mississippi through the channel made by the Eads jetties. On either side is the Gulf of Mexico and the ground is silt deposited when the river overflows

H. J. Harvey



The city on stilts—Milneburg, Lake Pontchartrain (being demolished for the New Fill, creating 3,000 acres of residential park space)



The huge spillway at Bonnet Carré city by throwing off the waters of

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ers to make their homes in Louisiana, the Regent's government, in connivance with John Law, kidnapped and deported a swarm of vagabonds, criminals, prostitutes and political undesirables under *lettres de cachet*. Such dissolutes could never colonize a new country. Bankrupt nobles thought only of gathering treasure as Cortes and Pizarro had done, but they found no Montezumas or Atahualpas in Louisiana.

Amongst them came many lordly adventurers who bore high-sounding names, who flaunted their plumes and flashed their blades in chase of glory; not the kind that felled the forests and plodded behind a plow. Except for 200 thrifty Germans brought over by the Chevalier d'Arensbourg, most of them did nothing but squat down in the mud and watch for vessels to arrive with rations. The whites disdained to work, so the Regent sent cargoes of blacks from Africa to labor for the colonists.

After the "Mississippi Bubble" burst, a more substantial class of settlers began to filter in. By 1726 the inhabitants numbered 880, with ten horses, and Governor Perier built a levee to protect them. But the river turned its flanks and swept away their possessions. Indian wars kept the people in terror—and idle—until 1735. Hurricanes blew down their flimsy shacks; disease and overflows so added to the universal misery that in 1744 a sparse population was declining.

In the Days of the Grand Marquis

Yet, in the "Golden Age" of Governor Vaudreuil, which began about that time, their fighting spirit flared up, and the colonists erected forty-five brick houses. These were not the impressive mansions that we admire today, but crude affairs made of upright wooden studding with bricks laid in between.

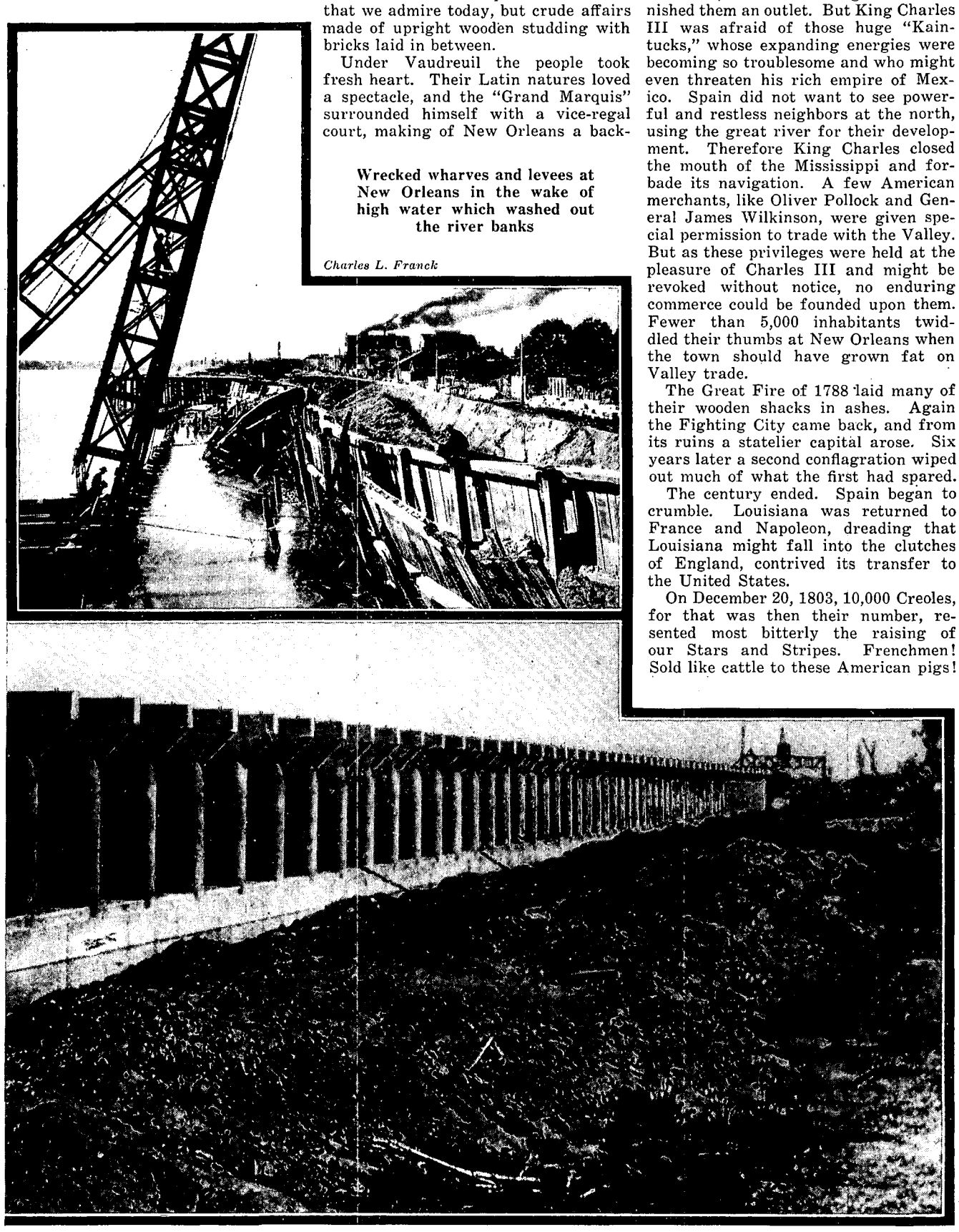
Under Vaudreuil the people took fresh heart. Their Latin natures loved a spectacle, and the "Grand Marquis" surrounded himself with a vice-regal court, making of New Orleans a backwoods imitation of Versailles. Much of the adjacent land was now well cultivated, and some of the planters had grown quite prosperous. But the province had never been self-supporting, so, in 1764, war-harried France unloaded her incubus upon the shoulders of tottering Spain. It was revealed that Louis XV had, by a secret treaty made two years earlier, given the city and all of Louisiana west of the Mississippi to his cousin, Charles III of Spain.

The rule of Spanish governors was mild enough from a political viewpoint. Their politics, however, being those of Europe, did not consider the upbuilding of New Orleans. Commercially and industrially the infant city had no chance to grow. At a period when 250,000 Anglo-Saxons had settled west of the Alleghenies and clamored for communication with the markets of the world, New Orleans might have furnished them an outlet. But King Charles III was afraid of those huge "Kaintucks," whose expanding energies were becoming so troublesome and who might even threaten his rich empire of Mexico. Spain did not want to see powerful and restless neighbors at the north, using the great river for their development. Therefore King Charles closed the mouth of the Mississippi and forbade its navigation. A few American merchants, like Oliver Pollock and General James Wilkinson, were given special permission to trade with the Valley. But as these privileges were held at the pleasure of Charles III and might be revoked without notice, no enduring commerce could be founded upon them. Fewer than 5,000 inhabitants twiddled their thumbs at New Orleans when the town should have grown fat on Valley trade.

The Great Fire of 1788 laid many of their wooden shacks in ashes. Again the Fighting City came back, and from its ruins a statelier capital arose. Six years later a second conflagration wiped out much of what the first had spared.

The century ended. Spain began to crumble. Louisiana was returned to France and Napoleon, dreading that Louisiana might fall into the clutches of England, contrived its transfer to the United States.

On December 20, 1803, 10,000 Creoles, for that was then their number, resented most bitterly the raising of our Stars and Stripes. Frenchmen! Sold like cattle to these American pigs! Bah! Fiercely that *ancien régime* hated the newcomers; yet soon, for all his patriotic blindness, the Creole comprehended that his city was free. Foreign tyranny had loosed its grip upon the river and, like a flood undammed above them, Kentucky flatboats came pouring down to New Orleans. Tobacco, grain, flour, pelts, lumber. Merchants found themselves making money hand over fist, and under the soothing salve of prosperity Creole animosities began to heal. Within seven years 10,000 inhabitants had swelled to 24,000. The province was admitted to the Union as a state in 1812. For the first time Louisianians governed Louisiana. In 1840 New Orleans ranked as the first American city in per capita wealth, the second seaport, and the fourth in population—exceeded only by New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.



Wrecked wharves and levees at New Orleans in the wake of high water which washed out the river banks

Charles L. Franck

above New Orleans, which is designed to protect the the Mississippi when the river is at extreme height

Controlling Sea and River

With the opening of the Mississippi River her first great enemy was destroyed, leaving New Orleans free to fight. But a man cannot fight where he has nothing solid to stand on. The city must make its own dry spot in the middle of a marsh. Drainage? Naturally. That sounds quite simple. Remember, however, that the banks of the Mississippi are higher than the ground back of them. Small streams flow *away* from the river, not *toward* it. Bear in mind, also, that at its most elevated point New Orleans is only twelve feet above sea level, while one third of its area lies two feet below. The Mississippi in front will mount to a flood crest far higher than the land. At the rear, five miles away, Lake Pontchartrain, which is connected with the Gulf of Mexico, when lashed by tropical storms once in a decade may rise six feet. Drain? How could New Orleans be drained when the river stands at its maximum twenty feet higher, and the sea is six feet higher? Yet both sea and river must be kept out of town.

The people threw up ridges of dirt, puny little barriers that the river broke in 1780, 1785, 1791 and 1799. Each time that her defenses were torn down the Fighting City put them up again, so much bigger and stronger that since 1799 the levee line directly in front has held intact, although crevasses at other points, years ago and before the circle was completed around the city, have sent skiffs navigating along Chartres and Canal Streets. In the past, storm tides from the lake have also invaded its thoroughfares. Dauntless citizens continued to fight both enemies until they have now surrounded their city by a seemingly impregnable fortification of earth a hundred miles long.

Heroic Building

A monumental task, and often carried on through periods of heartbreak. Men toiled and sweated on those levees while their families at home were scorching with yellow fever. Three hundred deaths per day from cholera did not halt the work. Dirt, dirt, dirt, they piled up more dirt while the loathsome smallpox raged among them. The levees must be built. The levees were built. There the levees stand.

For two centuries New Orleans and our Valley people have staggered beneath the prodigious cost of flood control, besides bearing all the loss of disastrous overflows. The Federal government has now undertaken this responsibility and fear of annual inundations is a nightmare of the past.

By solving one problem we may intensify another. A continuous ring of embankment around the town has converted New Orleans into a gigantic

(*Continued on page 59*)

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Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague

The Story Thus Far:

OWNER of two night clubs and a string of restaurants, Frank Harworth is prosperous. He lives luxuriously. His apartment, where he is waited on by a liveried servitor, is a beautiful one. Seeing him swinging debonairly down Michigan Avenue—top-hatted, wearing a monocle, immaculately garbed—one might easily mistake him for a privileged member of Chicago's smartest society.

But he is far from happy. Those about him—Sam Michaelson, Anton Hrdlicka, Canovi, even little Lily, the dancer he is supposed to love—bore him. He longs for men and women who really interest him. . . . Then comes opportunity. Robert Joyce, a young society man, meets him, likes him, introduces him to his circle: Louise Joyce, his lovely cousin; Berg Richman, an author; Olaf Larsen, an artist; Arthur Burne, a composer who hopes to marry Louise; Helen Magnussen, a charming and wealthy divorcee, and a number of others. Snubbed by Louise, who fascinates him, he turns to Helen Magnussen. Helen finds him "different," welcomes his advances.

"In society" (so he thinks), Harworth is still not happy. A struggle is impending between Molina, a powerful bootlegger, who is planning to "take over" the city, and Monahan, head of a hostile "mob." Molina needs Harworth's night clubs and restaurants—plans to use them as liquor depots. "Name your price," he tells Harworth. "I'll pay it!" Harworth resolves to consult old August Stein, his one friend, his only adviser. Dare he accept that offer? If he does, what will Monahan do—Monahan, whose gunmen never hesitate to shoot? Heretofore, Harworth has avoided the perils of the underworld. But now? . . .

V

MAGNUSSEN leaned across the table.

"Do you really like dancing?"

"Certainly," said Harworth, smiling at Helen.

Jo said:

"Who doesn't! You're getting to be an old fogy, Dick. Good heavens! I don't know what I'd do without dancing."

"You could collect stamps," said Magnussen.

"Oh, don't be superior."

The orchestra started up. Jo dragged Magnussen to his feet and, shrugging and winking at Harworth, he followed her to the dance floor.

"What a pair!" said Helen, laughing. "Dick has finally found his match. Jo says they're getting married."

Harworth looked at Helen gravely.

"Well, he has funny taste."

"You didn't have to say that," said Helen.

"I think it."

"No, you don't. You're just being nice. You're the nicest man I ever met."

"Oh, come off!"

"That's right. The nicest, the most considerate, the politest, the most disinterested."

SHE laughed and looked away. The band was playing softly and the drummer was nasalizing in a high tenor about that Precious Little Thing Called Love.

Harworth shifted uneasily; then to fill in the silence he motioned for the waiter.

"A couple more mineral water and three ginger ale."

Helen kept her face turned away. Under the brilliant lights of The Machine, he thought she looked rather old. There were wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and a few just under her chin. She must be thirty-one or -two!

The head waiter came over and stopped, bowing.

"Everything satisfactory, Mr. Harworth?"

"Fine," said Harworth, without looking up.

"Thank you," said the head waiter.

Harworth wondered why Helen would not look at him. Why was she sitting with her face turned away? And why had she said "disinterested"? Was it because, fearing rebuffs, he had never yet had the courage to hold her hand, put his arm around her, kiss her? Women were funny!

Generally he was anything but timid with women; quite the opposite. But this was his first experience with a woman like Helen; he didn't know how to begin. He lacked enterprise; an unusual thing for him.

"Helen," he said, "want to dance?"

"No," she said, turning, "I'm tired."

HE SAID nothing and she sat looking off across the dance-floor. Finally she said:

"Frank, I think I'll go up to Lake Winnebago next week. Dot Archer has a cottage up there. It's frightfully hot here."

"Yes; it's pretty hot."

She looked at him steadily for a moment. Then she said impatiently:

"Oh, let's dance."

Puzzled by her manner, Harworth got up and they walked to the dance-floor in silence and began to dance. It was crowded and people kept bumping into them. Jo and Magnussen danced past and Magnussen said:

"Oh, for the peace and quiet of a bowling alley! What a nightmare this place is."

Jo slapped him lightly.

"You mustn't say that. This is Mr. Harworth's place."

"That's all right," said Harworth.

Two couples danced between them, separating them.

"Dick shouldn't talk like that," said Helen.

Harworth shrugged.

"He's right. That doesn't hurt my feelings any. This place *is* a nightmare."

Silently, as they danced, he looked about him at the architecture, the decorations; all rigid, angularly, sharply defined; a sort of crazy geometry in black, white and silver. The orchestra on a huge triangular stage was blasting away at its music, the trombones braying, the cornets giving off deafening peals, the drum rattling and thumping; no music, just monotonous, savage rhythm. He looked at the strained or vacuous faces about him; at the carelessness, the indifference, the boredom.

"Yes," he said, half to himself, "it's a hell of a place. But it pays."

"That's what matters anyway, isn't it?" said Helen.

Harworth glanced at her, uncertainly, but she said:

"I'm not trying to be sarcastic. I mean it."

"Well," said Harworth, "it matters a whole lot, yes."

When the music stopped, the four of them walked back to their table together.

"No fooling now," said Magnussen, "doesn't this place get on your nerves? It's so damned modernistic. Is that the word?"

"That's the word, I guess," said Harworth.

"I like it," Jo put in.

"You'd like collecting stamps just as well," said Magnussen. "It's a life work."

"Oh, silly."

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK the next morning the phone in the library rang insistently and Joseph hurried on tiptoe to answer it. But Harworth hadn't slept well and it wakened him. He heard Joseph say, "Sorry, madame; but Mr. Harworth never gets up before ten." Then Harworth shouted:

"Who is it?"

Joseph found out who it was, then he opened the door of Harworth's bedroom and said:

"It's Mrs. Magnussen. What'll I say?"

"I'll answer it."

Without putting on a bathrobe he hurried to the phone.

"Hello," he said.

"Happy birthday," said Helen.

Harworth started, stammered, then said:

"Oh, you remembered. That's mighty nice of you!"

"I got you out of bed, didn't I?"

"Well, yes. But I was awake."

There was a short silence. Then Helen said:

"That's all I wanted to say, so I guess I'll ring off. . . ."

"No, wait," said Harworth. He stammered, then said: "Look, you aren't really going away, are you? I mean, are you going up to Lake Winnebago?"

"Why not?"

"I just wondered."

"Any special reason for asking?"

"Well," said Harworth, hesitating, "we've had such a good time here."

"Have we?"

"I thought so. Go to dinner with me tonight?"

"Sorry. I'm busy."

"How about later?"

"I'll be busy."

Harworth was puzzled. He couldn't make her out at all. Here she was calling him up at eight in the morning, and now, when he had asked her to dinner, she seemed indifferent and her voice sounded cold and distant.

"Well, some other time."

"Just call me. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Harworth, holding the receiver poised and staring at the wall.

At nine o'clock he was sitting in a bathrobe eating his breakfast when Joseph came in with a package.

"Came by messenger."

"Open it."

JOSEPH tore off the wrapping and handed Harworth a book bound in leather and stamped in gold: a narrow, thin book with uncut pages. Harworth turned it over and over, puzzled; then he opened it. On the front page there was some tall, erratic handwriting. It read:

"For Mr. Worldly Wiseman, from Helen."

He glanced at the title page and read the words slowly:

"The Maxims of de La Rochefoucauld. Translated by . . ."

Stein came in, leaning on his cane and grinning.

"Well," he shouted, "what's the occasion! Hell, there must've

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been a fire in your bed, eh? I ain't seen you up this early for years."

Harworth handed Stein the book. Stein sat down opposite Harworth.

"'From Helen,'" he read. "Who's Helen?"

"Helen Magnussen," said Harworth, proudly.

"Well, well. You sure are getting mighty high-society, ain't you? It's all right; a man has got to pass his time some way."

Harworth was disappointed; he had hoped Stein would be more impressed.

"Joseph," said Stein, "what we got for breakfast?"

Joseph told him.

"Good," said Stein, tucking his napkin under his chin. "Let's have it."

Harworth put the book beside him on the table and sat looking at it.

"Well," he said, after a minute or two, "you can laugh all you want to. But she's the only one that remembered me on my birthday. Laugh that off!"

"Oh, no, she ain't," said Stein, and he took a little package from his pocket and tossed it across the table to Harworth.

Harworth picked it up and opened it. It was a small silver cigar-lighter with his monogram on the side.

"Much obliged, August. It was mighty nice of you."

"I'm working for you, ain't I? I got to keep in good with the boss."

"Sure," said Harworth, laughing.

"BY THE way," said Stein, "everything's signed up on that restaurant deal. I got half the money right over there in that safe, cold cash. It's off our hands now."

"What a break that was!"

"Yes; but you sure pulled a wise one when you wouldn't let Molina use your name. Molina's due for trouble. I get around. I hear things. He's too cocky."

"Well, that's his lookout."

Stein hesitated for a long time.

"Frank, Michaelson's got a syndicate behind him. He wants to buy The Burgoyne."

Harworth looked up.

"I won't sell. It's worth too much."

"Half cash."

"No."

"Look here, Frank, that place's going to cause you a lot of grief some day. Why not get out from under it while you can? Then you're straight. Legitimate business is enough, ain't it?"

"We're O. K. out there, aren't we?"

"Now, yes. But there's an election coming on."

"I'll take a chance."

"I'd advise you to take a reasonable offer."

Harworth didn't say anything for a long time, then he said:

"I've got to make more money, August. This is small stuff. I want to pile up a real, honest-to-God fortune."

Stein sat shaking his head.

"Frank, don't get swelled up. You've got a lot more money now than a man's entitled to."

"A man's entitled to all he can get!"

"All right. But where's the fun?"

"Well," said Harworth, stiffening, "I'm going to be a rich man, that's all."

"How about being a happy man? Good Lord, take it easy. Slow down a little and enjoy what you got."

Harworth got up and stood looking down at Stein.

"If I'd been satisfied with what I had I'd never have put in with Otto Zimmerman; I'd never bought those restaurants; I'd never taken a chance on the Casa Alvarado or The Machine."

"All right. All right."

"Know anything about the stock market, August?" Harworth demanded.

"Yes," said Stein, "and here it is: Lay off!"

"When a man gets your age, August, that's his motto: 'Lay off.'"

"Well, you can't lose anything that way."

"No; you just stand still."

Joseph came in with a tray.

"Ah, ah!" said August. "What a nice big orange!"

He began to eat with gusto, smacking his lips. Finally he said:

"What put the stock market idea in your noodle?"

"I was talking to Mr. Magnussen. . . ."

"Yeah? Well, listen here: Magnussen could put what you've got in his vest pocket and never know it. He can stand it."

"You're right," said Harworth. "That's just why I want to make more money. If they can make it, I can."

"Yeah; but 'they' didn't make it. Magnussen didn't, anyway. His old man did."

"Somebody did," said Harworth. "So can I."

Harworth picked up the book and went out. As soon as he had gone, Stein laid down his spoon and sat looking at the table. After a while he picked up his spoon and muttered:

"Well, nobody can live a guy's life for him."

"HAFEY? I don't know anybody by that name."

Harworth turned to Stein. Stein said: "Neither do I."

Joseph said:

"It's about some restaurants, I think."

"All right," said Harworth, "I'll see him."

Joseph showed Hafey in. He was a big man, over six feet tall, slightly stooped and with a paunch. His face was red, his eyes small and dark. When Harworth looked up he turned back the lapel of his coat, showing a badge. Harworth said:

"Sit down."

Hafey sat down and crossed his legs.

"You're Harworth, eh?"

Harworth nodded.

"I thought it was the other guy," said Hafey, jerking his thumb toward Stein. "You're pretty young, ain't you?"

"I don't know."

"Anyway," said Hafey, "it's like this: You just sold a chain of restaurants recently, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Uh hunh."

"What about it?"

Stein began to whistle softly and tap with his cane.

"The deal's through, ain't it?" asked Hafey.

"Yes."

"Money paid?"

Harworth studied Hafey for a moment.

"Wait a minute! Now let's get this

(*Continued on page 57*)

"Well," Magnussen said, "it's a nice murder." Harworth was shaking; he was stunned by a premonition

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Social Secretary

By Charles Brackett

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

SYLVIA HARRIMAN, prominent New York society girl, is playing a dangerous game. Having had an accidental encounter with a young bootlegger—the dashing but conscienceless Frank D'Agnoli—she is meeting him secretly, gradually succumbing to his spider-like blandishments. . . . Sylvia's parents are dead. She lives with her grandparents, the Ogden Harrimans, in their palatial Fifth Avenue mansion. She is rich, clever—and weak. "Say, kid," D'Agnoli remarks to her one evening, in a taxi, "I gotta raise four thousand bucks. How'll I do it?" "Easy," says Sylvia, "take my bracelet. It's insured." And D'Agnoli takes the bracelet. . . .

Mrs. Harriman has a social secretary—the lovely Helen Blake. Five years before, disgusted by her husband's dissolute habits, she had left him. That husband was Frank D'Agnoli! . . . The Harrimans give a dance, preceded by a dinner for fourteen. The guest of honor is young Lord Danforth (just arrived from England), to whom Sylvia's grandparents hope to marry her. Sylvia, with D'Agnoli, is late. "Thirteen at the table? Never!" says Mrs. Harriman to Helen. "You've got to take Sylvia's place. You'll sit next to Lord Danforth, and slip out when Sylvia arrives." . . . Helen obeys orders. Paul, Lord Danforth, likes her—insists he must see more of her, will phone her in the morning. Then Sylvia dashes in, and Helen vanishes.

The dancing starts. Helen watches it—and receives a terrific shock. Frank D'Agnoli is on the floor—dancing with Sylvia Harriman! . . . Parker, the butler, hands Helen a note. It is from Lord Danforth—"I never knew a party to begin so well and end so drearily." Her cheeks aflame, she reads the note twice. Can it be—? No, she must not, she *must not* be disloyal to the Harrimans. Then—"Parker," she commands, "I'm not in tomorrow. No one knows when I'll return."

III

TRESS OIL had been at sixty-eight for several years. Helen became aware of that fact because, every afternoon during the fortnight that followed the dinner dance, when the evening paper arrived Mrs. Harriman had her turn to the closing prices and read the quotation on it.

Having heard, she would grunt out a comment: "Humph, down a point! Still sagging, I see," or "Dropped two and a half, did it?"

It wasn't much but it got on Helen's nerves, for Helen was not in a placid emotional state. Her decision with regard to Lord Danforth had been hard enough to make in the first place, but it was being followed by a more protracted strain. Though she had given a blanket order to Parker, indications were continually forced on her attention that she could reverse her decision if she wished.

"That party called again, Miss Blake."

"I told you you needn't even report those calls to me, Parker."

"Yes, Miss Blake. He said he'd telephone tomorrow."

Parker was turning into a kind of Juliet's nurse on the subject.

Then there was the day Lord Danforth paid his dinner call on Mrs. Harriman. Fortunately his name was sent up before Helen was supposed to join whoever might be at home for tea, so she had an opportunity to ask to be excused from going down.

"No need to get delicate at this stage of proceedings," Mrs. Harriman laughed at her. "I'm going to be present, I assure you. Have to be to make certain that that bad granddaughter of mine doesn't slap or bite him. She's cross because she had some engagement she wants to keep."

Helen said that she must go downtown to buy something before the shops closed, and was allowed to do so.

Then a note came for Mr. and Mrs. Harriman from Lord Danforth asking if they, Miss Harriman and Miss Blake, would dine with him and a friend of his, and go on to a play.

It was terribly hard to get out of that but Helen managed to.

About that time she noticed something familiar in the figure of a man who occupied a bench just opposite the Harriman house so frequently that she decided to exercise in the little gymnasium on the top floor rather than go for her customary walks in the Park.

If she had been able to regard all these things as persecutions and get angry, that would have been one thing. She wasn't. Whenever one occurred her mind clung to it with despicable, sentimental tendrils. When they stopped happening, as they were sure to stop, she would miss them horribly.

It was during those weeks that Sylvia Harriman's affair with D'Agnoli passed its peak.

No one kept very close track of Sylvia's afternoons, so it was in the afternoons that they met. One day, while she still thought of herself as deeply infatuated with him, she was putting on her hat, preparatory to departure, when he asked her a question which surprised her:

"Where you going tonight, Good Luck?"

"Some big party. I don't know exactly where. Why?"

"Why don't you take me to some of them big parties?"

In her mood of satiation it was a very boring question.

"Because I've got good sense," she answered it.

"You asked me to your home once."

"And what a dangerous thing that was! I can't imagine having done it."

"Why? What's the matter with me?"

"Do you expect me to present you socially? What do you want that sort of thing for anyway?"

HE WAS sullen and, irritated by his ill-tempered stupidity, Sylvia thought she never wanted to see him again. A few nights later, however, she got hold of two of the girls she knew best at a dance and said: "Let's each of us grab a man and go over to my gorilla's. He's divine and so's his Club."

At the Cricket Club he came to her table and she introduced him to them all. It was a perfectly safe thing to do. Such an open friendship with an underworld character passed as a smart affectation and nothing more.

When he danced with her he said: "This is the biggest attendance we ever had at the Club. That's because you came. Good luck, and good-looking, that's what you are to me. See Abe lamping you? His eyes are out on his cheeks. He's not used to girls like you."

"Who's Abe?" she inquired, idly.

"My side-kick. How about tomorrow, Good Luck? Am I going to see you tomorrow...?"

For the two days preceding Lord Danforth's intimate dinner Tress Oil did not drop. Helen wondered if the dinner engagement could be the cause, but was not certain until Mr. Harriman came to his wife's room the morning after that function.

"What did you think, Harriet?" he asked, while Helen pushed up a chair for him to sit in.

Mrs. Harriman leaned back on her pillows.

"I continue to like him, Oggy," she declared, "but I must admit that I saw more justice in Sylvia's comment when we got home than I usually find in what she says."

"What was that?"

"She asked if there was a chilblain on the end of her nose."

Mr. Harriman didn't like the reflection on his favorite.

"Sylvia wasn't at her best," he said.

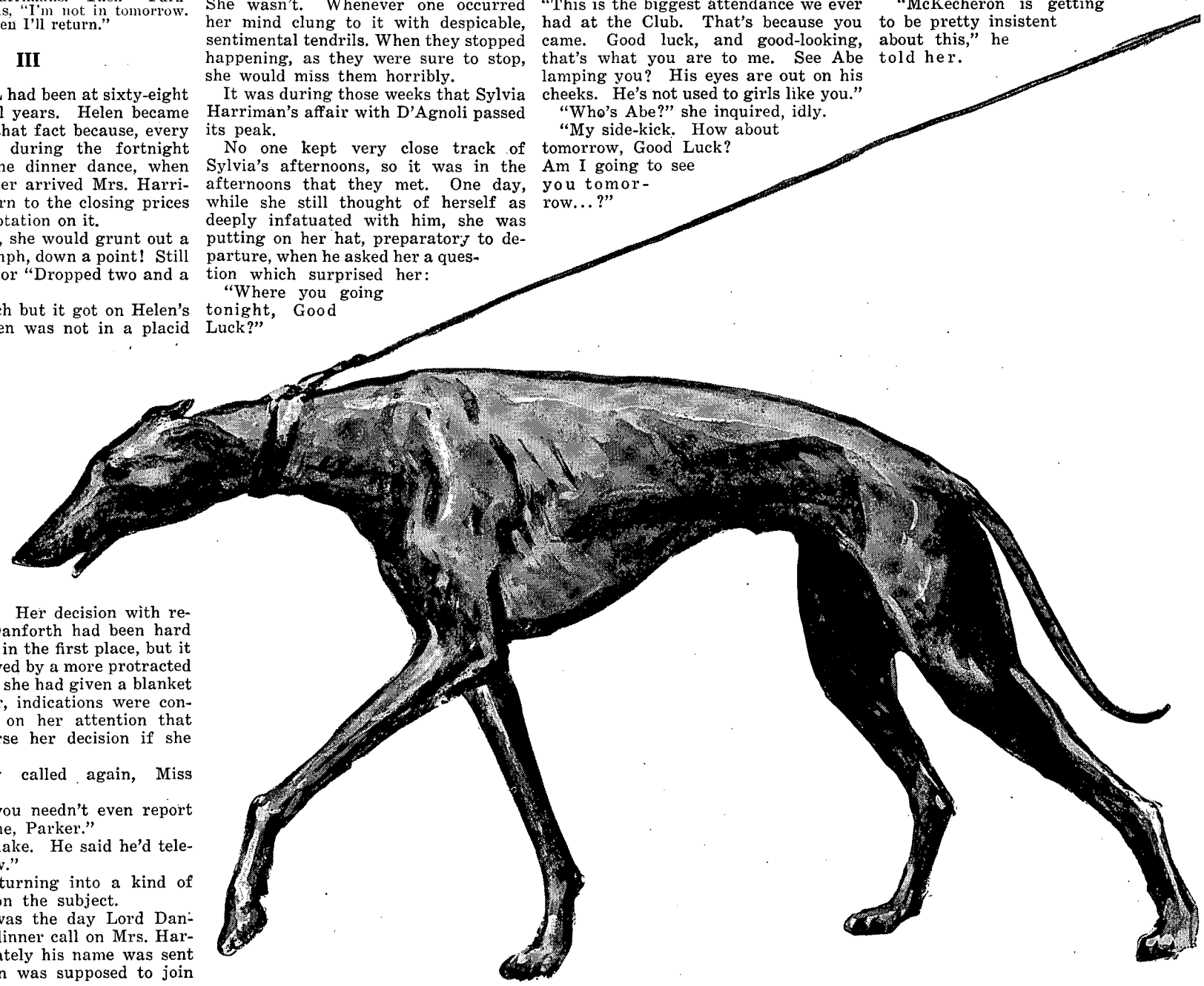
"She wasn't feeling particularly well, and that scrupulous politeness of Lord Danforth's wasn't anything to improve her."

"Englishmen are slow," Mr. Harriman stated. "He hasn't caught the idea yet."

"He won't if you let up on the pressure as you have recently. You're not as good a tactician as I thought you were, Oggy."

He didn't smile as he usually did when she joked at his expense.

"McKecheron is getting to be pretty insistent about this," he told her.



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"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized. "You will be," Lord Danforth's voice informed her. "It's I. Isn't that discouraging?"

"What's that got to do with this?" she asked.

"If I won't buy he's liable to get independent. It complicates things."

"I should think it might."

"Oh, I can handle him, given time. But it makes me not want to put the screws on Danforth without being certain about Sylvia."

"Certain about Sylvia?"

"Sure that she'd take him if she got the chance."

"You can't ask her for a definite answer to that question yet and get the one you want."

"I've got to have a more or less definite answer though."

"All right, I'll go and speak to her. Have Mary bring my dressing-gown and slippers, will you, Blakey?"

Helen rang for the maid.

"Why not have her come here?" Mr. Harriman asked.

"As I told you, she's not feeling particularly well, which lessens our chances."

Mary came with the requested gear. Mrs. Harriman didn't go in for negligees. A warm, quilted garment hugged about her and knitted slippers on her feet, she padded off.

Helen felt a great sense of relief. She had no doubt as to Sylvia's reply and while it wouldn't solve her own problem it would at least end that awful pressure on Lord Danforth. She began talking to Mr. Harriman in the light, cheerful way he enjoyed.

SYLVIA was doing something unusual for her.

She'd tried telephoning the Cricket Club and received absolutely no answer, so she was going through the penitential process of composing a letter. A bed tray was across her lap with some sheets of notepaper on it, and in her hand she held a small gold fountain pen.

When her grandmother entered she dropped a blotter over what she'd written.

"Why can't you knock, Gran?" she asked crossly.

"Sorry I haven't beautiful manners like you, Sylvia," Mrs. Harriman said.

"I suppose you want to know if I'm going to that darned opera party of yours tomorrow night? Well, I'm not. I feel rotten."

"No. I've come to talk to you about Lord Danforth."

"Nanook of the North? What about him?"

"I know you're not in love with him, Sylvia, but I guess you're not the falling-in-love kind. Even you must realize that he has an unexceptionable position, and your grandfather thinks that he can have the same kind of a career in business that your grandfather has had."

"Well, what about it?"

"If a marriage could be arranged between you, would you have him?"

"So you've come out in the open at last, have you?"

"Answer my question, Sylvia. Would you?"

Mrs. Harriman realized that she'd laid herself open to a magnificent rebuff, but the girl surprised her by not answering at once and flippantly.

"NOT," she said after a thoughtful pause, "if there'd have to be the usual flummery, with eight bridesmaids and two bishops, and trips back and forth to England first."

"What conditions would please you?"

"Oh, I might if we could be married within a week. If we could just go down to the City Hall, or call in a minister and have it over with."

When her grandmother had expressed her satisfaction, and left, Sylvia lifted the blotting paper.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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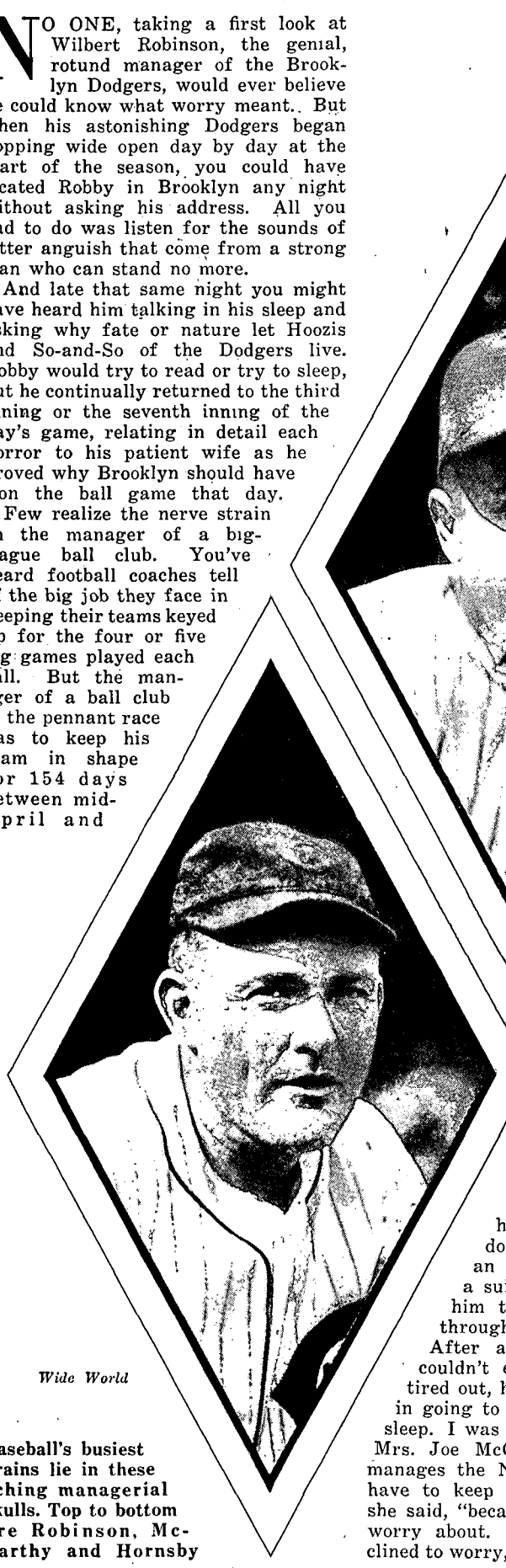
Club Swinging

A big-league manager works only seven months a year—but what work! And to be successful he must blend twenty-five different temperaments and techniques into one winning ball club

By Grantland Rice



Wide World

Baseball's busiest brains lie in these aching managerial skulls. Top to bottom are Robinson, McCarthy and Hornsby

NO ONE, taking a first look at Wilbert Robinson, the genial, rotund manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, would ever believe he could know what worry meant. But when his astonishing Dodgers began popping wide open day by day at the start of the season, you could have located Robby in Brooklyn any night without asking his address. All you had to do was listen for the sounds of bitter anguish that come from a strong man who can stand no more.

And late that same night you might have heard him talking in his sleep and asking why fate or nature let Hoozis and So-and-So of the Dodgers live. Robby would try to read or try to sleep, but he continually returned to the third inning or the seventh inning of the day's game, relating in detail each horror to his patient wife as he proved why Brooklyn should have won the ball game that day.

Few realize the nerve strain on the manager of a big-league ball club. You've heard football coaches tell of the big job they face in keeping their teams keyed up for the four or five big games played each fall. But the manager of a ball club in the pennant race has to keep his team in shape for 154 days between mid-April and October. This is the longest competitive stretch in sport, about six months of unbroken action.

Underwood & Underwood

I remember discussing this with the late George Stallings. Stallings had a nervous habit of sliding up and down the bench; even with an extra pair of trousers a suit of clothes only lasted him ten days or two weeks through the baseball season. After a hard, close game he couldn't eat and later, although tired out, he said there was no use in going to bed because he couldn't sleep. I was talking this spring with Mrs. Joe McCarthy, whose husband manages the New York Yankees. "I have to keep cheerful all the time," she said, "because Joe has so much to worry about. He isn't naturally inclined to worry, but baseball is that sort of a game." And baseball certainly is.

In October, 1929, Joe McCarthy's Cubs had lost two games to the Athletics but had turned on the Mackmen in Philadelphia for a first victory. With this start they had the next game won by a score of eight to nothing in the seventh. It was a rout. And then one or two unlucky breaks, a high sun, a few hard hits and the Athletics were in front.

When the 1930 season arrived, McCarthy was keen for another world series shot at the team that had beaten him. Joe put his squad in the finest possible condition. He had them hustling every second, and the pennant appeared to be as certain as a duffer's slice.

Then Carlson, one of the pitching stars, died suddenly. Grimm, at first base, was injured and out for seven weeks. Stephenson, the slugging outfielder, also was laid up for seven weeks. And finally Hornsby, the run-making hitter, broke an ankle.

Here was a string of events beyond the control of any manager. And this matter of injuries and accidents is only part of the pressure.

A Common Dilemma

Another big-league leader told me the troubles of his job. "I'm up against it," he said. "I've got a player on this club who ought to be one of the stars of the game. He is a college man from a good family. He is smart and he can play all the baseball any manager wants. But I believe baseball is his last thought. He won't take care of himself and he will only hustle when he feels that way. If I keep him he won't help my club, not with the example he is setting. If I let him go some other club will grab him, he may reform, and then I'll be a dumb-bell."

No good manager can take the game casually. Connie Mack has been in baseball for over fifty years. He has been running the Athletics for about thirty years. Yet on the bench today Connie is nervous, alert, and he watches every play and every player like a hawk.

Last fall when his Athletics were playing the Cardinals in St. Louis the Athletics' bench was out in the open. All through the game Connie sat there with his score card out, signaling his outfielders to shift right or left or to move back. He knows just about where each ball player is likely to hit the type of pitching he is facing and he makes few mistakes in placing his men. When Jimmy Foxx hit the winning home run in this game Mr. Mack was on his feet with the agility of a kid, just as full of enthusiasm, although he is supposed to be unemotional.

Connie Mack has had more than his share of problems to tackle. He had to rebuild a team which had been a consistent tail-ender for six or seven years. And last spring he suddenly found that he had to depend largely on two pitchers, Grove and Earnshaw. He had to jockey them into about ninety-five ball games, and when others were trying to win he had to watch every move in every inning to know just when the rescue call for these pitchers should be sounded.

It would be interesting to every fan if he could meet a few of the managers both after winning and after losing a game. The fan would see two entirely different human beings, depending on what had happened that day.

Hank Couldn't Be Bothered

I recall when Hank O'Day managed the Reds. Hank, having been an umpire, was supposed to be immune to punishment. But on one occasion his Reds had just dropped four games to the Giants. That night a friend came in and tried to cheer him up. "Hank smiled once," he said, "and it sounded like a strong man tearing wall paper. I finally brought over a nationally known figure. 'Hank,' I said, 'I want you to meet Mr. So-and-So, one of the most famous men in the country.'

"'What of it?' growled O'Day, without even looking at the extended hand."

Probably no manager has suffered more than John J. McGraw of the Giants, despite the fact that he has won ten pennants. McGraw has never had any deep respect for the competitive intelligence of ball players and so for over thirty years he has tried to direct almost every important play his team has made.

Hornsby of the Cubs is different from most of the other managers. He is a hard driver, a plain speaker, without being emotional about it. He doesn't get excited but you soon realize that he means business every step of the way and he doesn't spare his tongue. "The main thing in running a ball club," Hornsby said, "is a study of percentages and getting your team to understand what this means. If you make the old percentage angle work your way you will win a lot of close games that you might easily have lost. Runs are thrown away because someone takes a foolish chance that wouldn't mean much if it did come off. Baseball isn't a hit-or-miss, slap-stick affair. It is a high-class science that demands quick thinking and cool thinking and close attention to business all the time."

A big-league manager has seven months of worry and trouble, starting with spring training. He sees promising rookies suddenly blow up and disappear. He sees famous veterans suddenly slow down and flop. And when the season starts he faces 154 consecutive days of high-strung, nerve-wrecking action, combined with the job of handling twenty-five different temperaments and molding them into one hustling, scrapping combination that will win ball games.

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Come on gang!

Milky Way

WHEN healthy young Americans talk about candy, they surely know their subject. Constantly using up energy, they naturally have a very keen candy hunger . . . yes and a mighty good sense of candy *value.* Ask any group of them to name their favorite candy bar and see what an overwhelming majority they give to Milky Way.

Why? They may not be able to express it exactly. One may say, "because it tastes so good." Another, "because it's so satisfying." Still another, "because it's such a wonderful nickel's worth." Put all the reasons together and they spell *value.* That's the one all-inclusive reason why Milky Way is first choice not only of children, but of people in general. Far more Milky Ways are eaten every day than any other candy bar in history.

And parents may well be glad that children are so fond of it; *it's the ideal candy for them.* Take ingredients . . . for instance the great quantities of fresh eggs, whole milk, malted milk, milk chocolate. Each must be the purest and finest possible to buy, regardless of price. Then the skill and the wonderful care of the makers, and the ideal conditions in those spotless, airy, sunlit kitchens.

With such ingredients, such care and such wholesomeness, Milky Way can't help but be unusual. It can't help but tell its own story of quality and purity in its very flavor. Have *you* tried it? Imagine how good one would taste *right now!*

MARS, INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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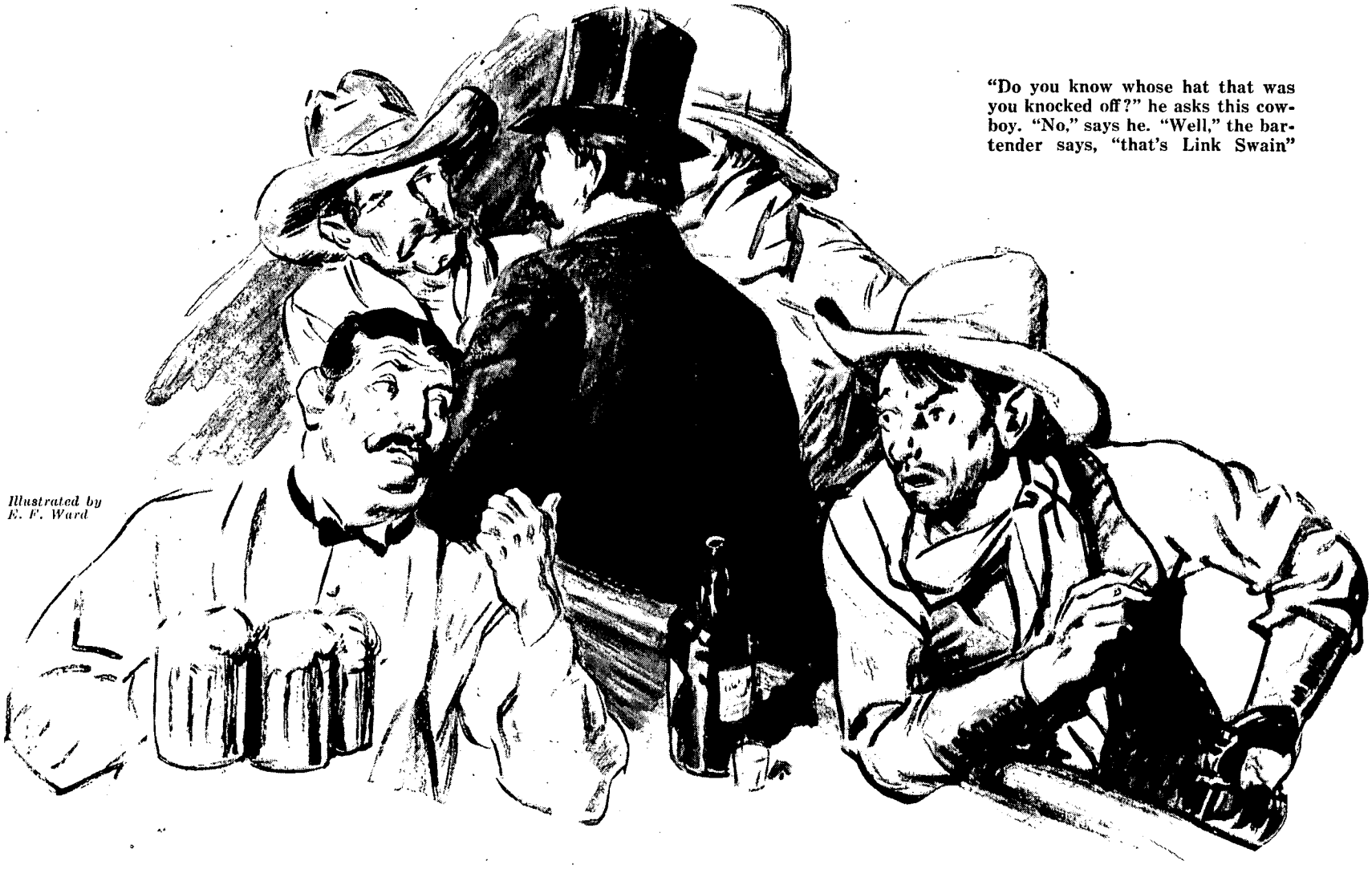

"Do you know whose hat that was you knocked off?" he asks this cowboy. "No," says he. "Well," the bartender says, "that's Link Swain"

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

"The squarest man that ever lived"—that's what Link's partner called him. But on one notable occasion he was not—

Absolutely Square

By Jake Falstaff

YOU never knew Link Swain. That was your hard luck, brother. The squarest man that ever lived.

I met him in New Orleans, before I went West. We played some pinochle for a dime a game, and I think he liked the way I played it.

I know I liked his way. He counted everything. When the talon was gone, he could tell you just what cards you had in your hand and how many points you had in the bag. So could I. That's the gambling man's percentage.

He threw down his cards one time and said to me, "Danny," he says, "you play pretty good. Do you ever play crooked?"

"No," I says, "I don't. I always figured that if a fellow has to cheat he's just admitting that he's not a good card player."

"Well," says Link, "you and I ought to be pardners."

"That's all right with me," I tells him.

"And I'll tell you what," he goes on, "let's make a bargain. We'll go pardners, and we'll do this, too: any time either of us cheats, he'll tell the other fellow about it, and kick in a thousand dollars for a forfeit. Is that in the record?"

"Approved as read," I says, and we shook hands on it.

It wasn't long after that that Link and I were dealing faro in the Silver Dollar House at—well, anyhow, in a mining town out West.

We had just finished a night's work. Link was standing at the bar, taking his drink with a couple of friends of his, when a cowboy came in carrying a bunch of iron like you see in the moving pictures. He had two guns stuck in his belt and a bowie knife.

Link just looked at him once and didn't even notice him.

The cowboy got a couple of drinks and started feeling good. He noticed Link's silk hat. He walked over to where Link was standing.

"I don't like no dudes," he says. Link didn't say anything. He just looked him over. He could tell the cowboy was a sucker, because of all the iron he was carrying.

THE cowboy reached up and knocked off Link's hat. It lit in the sawdust.

Link didn't say anything, but just picked up the hat and put it back on.

"I wouldn't do that," he says, when he got it back on. He was very particular about the way he looked. The sawdust on that hat bothered him as much as a black eye, but he wouldn't any more have killed that cowboy than he'd have kicked his grandmother, because he could see that the cowboy was a sucker.

The sucker thought it was a good joke and went back to his place at the bar. He pulled out a double eagle and threw it down.

The waiter brought him a drink and picked up the gold money.

"Do you know whose hat that was you knocked off?" he asks this cowboy.

"No," says the sucker, "I don't. And another thing is, I don't care."

"Well," the bartender says, "that's Link Swain."

The sucker didn't say a word. He just turned around and walked out, leaving his change and the drink standing on the bar.

Just for a joke the boys advertised that the cowboy could get his change if he'd come after it. But he never showed up.

There was another fellow that kept picking on Link one time in a barroom. Link took it good-natured, because he could see this fellow was a sucker.

The fellow wanted to go out into the alley and fight.

So finally Link says, "All right, then. Let's go out and fight for about an hour."

The sucker thought that over and decided maybe he'd better buy a drink and call it square.

But maybe I'm giving you the idea that he was a hard egg. He was just hard in a way, when he had to be. He was the kiddingest fellow I've ever known. You could talk to him the way you'd talk to a four-year-old baby. For instance, you could start a silly conversation with him, and he'd keep it up all afternoon, both of you pretending you were street-car conductors or policemen or something like that.

But as soon as he sat down to deal faro he was all business. I'm a pretty good faro dealer myself. That's why I'm out of a job. These gambling-house men don't want any faro any more. It's too square. They'd rather have ten-dice or a punch-board or something like that where they know just how much chance the customer hasn't got.

Anyhow, I was a good dealer, but Link was a better one. That was because he took such an interest in it. He was as much interested in the game as if he were banking his own money. He had a job with any house in the West any time he wanted it. They paid him good money, too.

ONE morning I noticed that Link seemed to have something on his mind. I thought maybe it was the sucker that had such a terrible run of luck early in the evening. This sucker was going so good that Link called Monkey Greer over to deal a few times.

Monkey ran the place, and he was an awful fellow to cry when anybody took big money from a house man. Link called him over just to keep his mouth shut, so he could see that it wasn't in the shuffle.

You know enough about faro to know that if you don't make it a complete shuffle, the wise boys will know what's coming next. A good faro dealer can take all the red cards in one hand and all the black in the other, and put them together so it's one red and then one black all the way through the deck.

But it turned out that the sucker wasn't what was on Link's mind.

He asks me, "Danny," he says, "I never told you about my folks, did I?"

I told him I didn't know how he missed the subject, but I didn't recollect his ever mentioning it.

"Well," he says, "they're farmers, over in Ohio. They don't know what

(Continued on page 34)

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Why do so many men prefer this tooth paste?

SURVEYS among men show a remarkable preference for Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Maybe you've noticed it yourself.

Undoubtedly this preference is partly due to the marked economy of Listerine Tooth Paste which sells for 25¢. It is partly due also to a liking for the swift, thorough, business-like way it cleans the teeth, and gives them new brilliance and luster.

Erases tobacco stains

The main reason for this preference, however, is the amazing ability of Listerine Tooth Paste to rid teeth quickly of unsightly stains and discolorations caused by tobacco smoke. Its ability, moreover, to make the breath sweeter and cleaner.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. Compare it carefully with any tooth paste you have ever used, regardless of price. Lay aside your prejudices and sentimental preferences for a week while you try this new dentifrice. Judge by results alone. We believe that you will be convinced, as millions of others have been convinced, that Listerine Tooth Paste is the greatest value in the field.

Not a new idea

That we can offer a paste of such outstanding quality at the price of 25¢ is solely due to many economies effected by large-scale buying and modern methods of manufacture and distribution. Such economies are not new in the automobile world. But they are new in the Tooth Paste field. Take advantage of them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Buy golf balls with that $3 it saves

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

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Good News MOLLÉ can also be had in jars for 75c—containing twice as much as the giant 50c tube.

Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Get MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way. If you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube or jar to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

Any Two You Name

Continued from page 9

he broke and ran for Broadway with the remains, at least, of a speed that had once made him a quarter-miler of renown. There was confusion behind him—a shot, he thought. He caught a taxi on the run.

Half an hour later a tabloid headline caught his eye: "Webb Coventry in New York. Visits Post in Hospital. Eludes Police!"

Hardly credulous, he glanced at his watch. He couldn't have left the hospital more than thirty minutes ago.

The thing was practically and physically impossible! Webb thought about it all morning and was still wondering about it when he returned to the hotel after luncheon. There was a penciled note under his door. It read simply: "Dinner is at 7:30."

That obliterated all other thoughts. Maybe she realized there were reasons for his actions. Maybe she loved him, after all. He telephoned downstairs to see if there was a public stenographer at liberty. Jackson came in with some fresh towels.

"Will you do me a favor, Jackson? You know that stuff Miss Gray is working on. I want to get it. I promised to have some of it typed outside for her."

"It's against the rules, sir. But if you'll come with me . . ."

They went across the hall. He opened the table drawer. There was the pile of manuscript sheets. A note rested on top of them. It was a typed memo and it read: "Dear Anabel—Great work. Keep it up. Don't lose sight of him and we'll see if we can keep the story going for a few days more before we break it." It was signed, "Barnes, City Editor."

HE PICKED up one of the sheets of manuscript. The name, Stella, caught his eye at once. Here was the "life story" of Stella Post which he had read in the Gazette. Every fourth or fifth page was headed—"By Anabel Rivers, Special Staff Writer."

The pages fell from his fingers into the drawer again. He closed it with his knee. "That's all, thank you, Jackson. I don't think I'll take this after all. It isn't quite what I expected."

About seven o'clock he heard the tapping of her typewriter, intermittent. Then there was tapping at his door and when he opened it she was standing there. She seemed happy. "Hello, Stranger. Were you surprised? My note, I mean. I think I must have been a little hysterical last night, and unreasonable. I wanted you to be perfect, I guess. And you might have reasons for not giving yourself up besides lack of courage. The risk you took this morning . . . I've read about it. It didn't indicate lack of courage. They will be combing the town for you now."

"It would be too bad for the newspapers if they found me, wouldn't it? Writing finis to the Coventry-Post sensation which might otherwise be good for another week."

"Why worry about the newspapers?" She put her hand on his arm. "I'm happy. Can't you tell? Did you know I have an evening dress, Webb? I'd like to put it on and see something gay at the theater and go to supper and dance."

"Yes, that would make good copy. The characters must always wear evening dress in the last act. The tabloid readers will love it."

She laughed. "They would if they knew."

"They'll know."

She glanced at him quickly. "You mean you'll be caught?"

He shrugged. "As far as that's concerned, I would be recognized at most places. Perhaps at a night club I wouldn't be. There again, it's the last thing Webb Coventry would be expected to do."

THEY were dancing. "You haven't said you loved me, Webb . . . not once tonight."

"Well, if it's any satisfaction to you, I love you. That shows what love is."

She smiled. "This is our first dance. I think I shall name it Dance of the Lost Ones."

They stopped abruptly in the center of the room, blinking their eyes. There had been a dull report. A film of white smoke rose above the group of tables near the entrance. Someone had taken a flashlight picture. He said: "I think I shall name it The Dance of Judas."

He put her into a taxicab and walked home to the hotel, but she was waiting for him at the end of the corridor, between their two doors. Her handkerchief was clutched into a ridiculously small ball.

"Wait," she said when he tried to brush past her. "I can't let you think that, not even for a night. Please listen to me, Webb. I admit it all. I am Anabel Rivers, the writer. One of our sports reporters recognized you the day after that thing happened. They decided to hold the story and they put me here to . . . to get to know you. But they didn't know and I didn't know I was going to fall in love with you, Webb. Oh, and I do love you so. Please believe . . ."

He held her away. "Is that part of the scheme, too?"

Her eyes were full of fire for an instant—only for an instant. She put her hand against her forehead. "What can I do? How can I prove it to you? Here . . . perhaps this will." She offered him the key to her door.

He took a step backward. He said: "No, I love the dream of you too well, even though it was nothing but a four days' dream. I am giving myself up tomorrow, at exactly twelve o'clock. If it will complete your paper's scoop, you may personally escort me to the District Attorney's office, wherever it is. We'll start at eleven-thirty."

"But, Webb! Wait a minute. Please. They'll send you to prison and you'll never believe . . ." She stopped. "Very well, I shall be ready to go with you at eleven-thirty."

They went downtown on the subway and got off at City Hall station. "We can cut across the square here, Webb. Is it twelve o'clock?"

"Ten minutes of. Is the District Attorney's office down here? I didn't know."

She guided him to an anteroom on the second floor where a number of uncomfortable-looking people were sitting about, waiting—young men and women, sitting there round-eyed and silent. She went up to a grilled window. "It's Miss Rivers, Mr. Meeker. Is the blank filled out and ready?"

"Here y'are, Miss Rivers. Needs only your names." The old man put his nose to the window bars, whispering, "Is that him? You don't mean it. Judge Aranson will take care of you."

She turned about. "Will you come here, Stranger, and write your name? Here, just above mine. Yes, your real name."

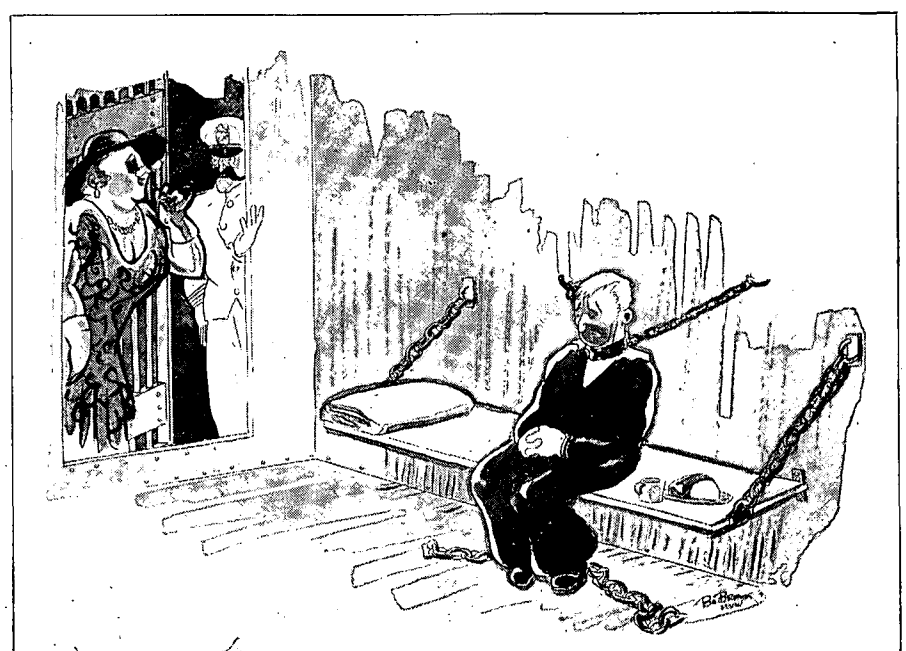
HE WROTE his name, Webb Coventry, not very steadily. His face was beginning to flush. They went downstairs and into another dingy office. With a janitor and a stenographer as witnesses they were married there, by a little, bald man too nearsighted to see whom he was marrying.

"The District Attorney's office isn't here, Webb. That's just another lie I told you. Come on. I'll take you there now. I hear them calling an extra outside. Maybe it's my paper."

It was. It was a double extra. They bought a copy on the steps of City Hall. It was the answer to George Post's day of grace. "Post Admits Threatening Wife Who Shot in Self-Defense. Coventry Exonerated. Sportsman Married to Staff Writer This Morning at City Hall."

They were in each other's arms on the steps of City Hall, as others have been. He was still dazed. "But, my dear, how can this be? That paper said we *were* married. It just this minute happened."

"Do you love me much, Stranger? I hope I will make you a good wife. I was an awfully good newspaper woman."



"The brig? Why, how perfectly cunning!"

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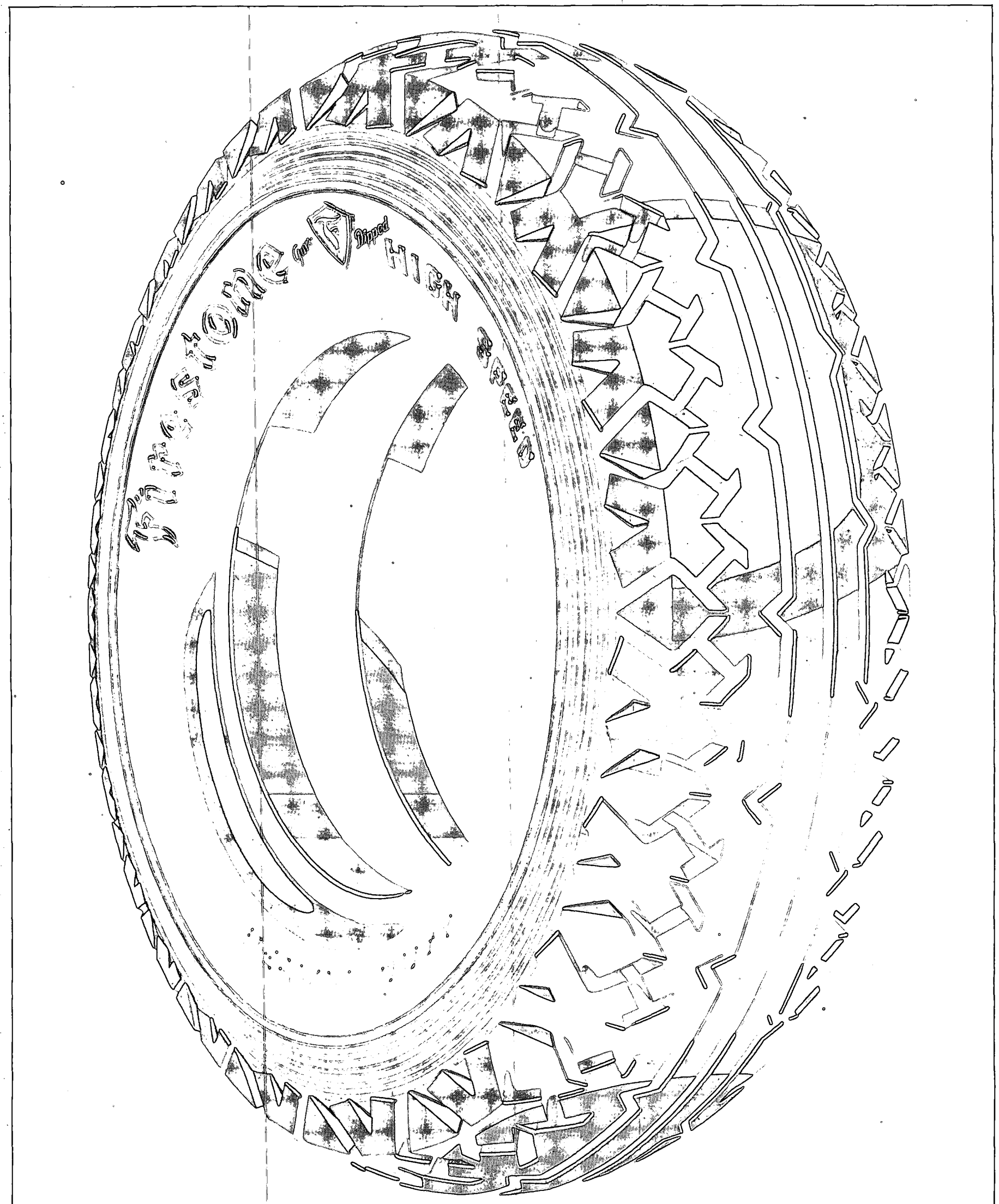

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Get this *twin* of the world's fastest racket!

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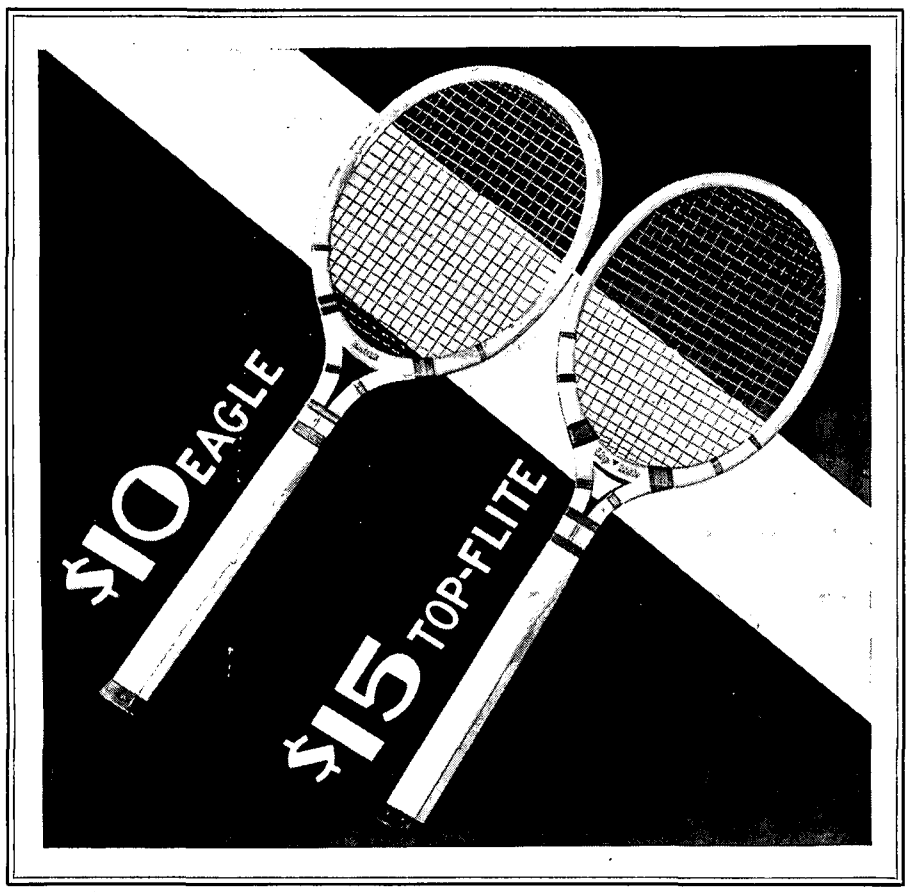

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We're able to price the Eagle at one-third less than the Top-Flite because we've strung the Eagle with hard-wearing Damproof. Of course, the $15 Top-Flite's split gut is more resilient. But Damproof is *moisture-proof*—and so wonderfully *durable* that the Eagle can play the hardest kind of tennis right through an entire season *without a single restringing.*

Play *your* game with greater speed—play the Eagle! At your pro's, your sporting goods dealer's or department store you'll find the Eagle that's "just right" for you in balance, weight and feel. Get it today—this faster racket is yours for only $10!

Running a close race with the Top-Flite are the Davis Cup and the Gold Star Rackets—both $15. The Wright & Ditson All-American is an expert's racket selling for only $8. The Columbia at $6, and the Comet at $5, are both splendid bats at moderate prices. Other Wright & Ditson models $2.50 and up. A. J. Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc., New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco, and Brantford, Ontario.

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TENNIS RACKETS

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Absolutely Square

Continued from page 28

I'm doing. They think I've been railroading. They don't know gambling like you and I do, Danny; they think there's something wrong about it. I don't like to lie to anybody, but you know yourself I'd be a bum brakeman."

"Why don't you take a good cry?" I ask him. "The girls say it helps a lot when you feel remorseful."

"Let's save all the kidding," he says. "You're old enough to talk serious. I'm not asking for any entertainment, and you haven't got any call to try to make a reputation with me. What I'm doing is asking you a favor."

WELL, brother, I just kept my mouth shut. The last time I did him a favor three men beat me up. And he whipped all three of them, but that didn't take the swelling out of my eyes any sooner.

"My dad's been asking me to pay a visit home for the last three or four years," he says. "I've just about got to go. And I want to go, too. I've got three brothers and a couple of sisters, and my mother's a good cook. Now I want you to go along back there with me."

I told him that was too bad, because I thought he was going to be sensible.

But he goes on explaining what he wants.

"I'm going to make some breaks," he says. "You know how it is. I'll say things I hadn't ought to. And I need you there to help me cover up. We work pretty well together; you know that. We can get out of anything. I figure it's going to be a lot like playing bridge whist against a couple of sharks, and I want a pardner that understands my bidding."

It just happened that I was flush then, and tired of working, and I got to thinking about this trip and it struck me that it might be a nice rest and a pretty good time. So finally I said I'd go along, and we packed up and went to that little town in Ohio. When we got there, Link's father was at the station, with a horse and surrey to meet us. The old man looked a lot like Link, in a way.

"Meet my friend," says Link, "the best brakeman west of the Mississippi."

Well, sir, that was just about the most peculiar family I ever ran into in my life. All three of Link's brothers were bachelors, like Link, and they were all big men, hard as nails.

And hell-raisers, too. I could tell that right from scratch. They'd all have been gamblers if they'd have gone West like Link, but staying East they turned out different. They were all church people and pretty stern about things, but they certainly liked to push each other around and play tricks.

They were about as playful a family as I ever saw.

Their mother was a kind of stern-looking woman that had finally been teased so much that she had got a habit for liking it.

They gave Link and me the spare room, with the marriage license framed on the wall and a bed big enough for a threshing crew.

When we sat down to supper, the old man said, "Well, Lincoln, will you ask the blessing?"

Link says, "Dad, if it's all the same to you and you don't mind, I'd rather have you do it. Just for the sake of old times, so I can feel like I'm a kid again."

I knew right there that Link was going to rehearse a grace before the next meal came around.

While we were eating the boys politely steered the talk around to railroading for the benefit of Link and me, we being two old railroad men from the West.

The youngest brother asked a lot of questions, and we had some close shaves, but we came through okay.

After supper, we went to a place they called the shop. It had a lot of blacksmith and carpenter tools in it. It turned out that this was where the men did most of their loafing in their spare time. When we got there one of the boys says, "How about a game of cards?"

"I didn't know you played cards," says Link.

"Not regular playing cards," the brother explains; "Old Maid."

"That's different," says Link. "That ain't against my principles. What does it cost you when you get the Old Maid—a toothpick or a match?"

"The way we play it," his brother says, "is that if you get stuck with the Old Maid you get blacked."

"How is that—blacked?" Link wants to know.

The brother explains to him that they take a handful of soot off the forge and smear it over your face.

"That sounds real exciting," Link says.

Maybe I wasn't plenty glad when the old man asks me whether I'd rather play or go into the cellar and get some apples and maple sugar.

"Fine," I tells him. "I don't go in for card playing any."

"I don't mind the boys playing," he says, "but it's no fun for me, because I never learned the ins and outs of the game."

Just as we were about to go the youngest brother points at Link's hands and lets out a yell.

"Look!" he bellers. "Look what Link can do!"

Link had the deck in his hands. He had just absent-mindedly put on the old faro shuffle—the shuffle that alternates them all the way, right down the deck.

"My lord," says Link, "what did I do?" He looks down at the deck as if he had never seen cards before. "I've been trying to do that trick with my Flinch deck ever since I was a boy!"

He tried it again and spilled the cards all over the floor.

"Dadblast it," he says, "I'll bet I'll never be able to do that again as long as I live. You boys will have to swear out an affidavit that you saw me do it so I can convince the engineer. He bet me a doughnut I'd never be able to do it."

The old man says how about going after that maple sugar.

So I left Link with his brothers and the Old Maid deck.

I PULLED up to the room as soon as I could get away. I always eat too much whenever I get hold of home cooking, and I thought I'd feel better lying down.

I was in bed, reading a book about Stanley in Africa by the light of a coal-oil lamp, when Link came in.

He gave me a dirty look and went over to the valise. I could see there wasn't any soot on his face.

He took his money-belt out of the valise and got out his roll. He counted out most of it and threw a big wad of yellowbacks on the bed.

"There's your thousand dollars," he says, "and I hope you buy trouble with every blasted cent of it."

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

The Largest

Company-Owned Truck Service Organization

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MANY factors have contributed to the phenomenal rise of International Trucks but none has contributed more than the after-sale service. Service is a paramount issue today! What could be more important than adequate service facilities for hard-working, roughly-treated trucks that must carry on, economically, for many years? Fleet owners, confronted with new problems of cost-reduction, are asking themselves that question, and answering it by buying Internationals. They are investing in International Trucks and *putting the entire servicing burden on the shoulders of International Harvester.*

Some years ago International Harvester conceived an ideal of truck service the full import of which was far ahead of the industry—and then proceeded to build that ideal into a nation-wide network of branches equipped to handle every possible service need and emergency. *Today the largest, strongest, most effective Company-owned truck service organization in existence is at the call of International owners.*

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BURKE 50-50 AGAINST THE FIELD

39 Golfers

saved on an average of 5½ strokes in a full round....

● EVERY GOLF BALL *claims* to be able to cut your score.

Claims, only claims...now *here's* a ball that PROVES what it can do.

Here's a startling test that interests every golfer who wants to favor his pocketbook and yet save strokes.

In a one-day event of the Mt. Vernon Elks at Green Meadow Country Club, Harrison, N. Y., 39 golfers played the first nine holes with the ball they usually use. In the afternoon, on the same nine, they used the **Burke 50/50.**

The scores were compared by the Tournament Committee—and it was revealed that 6 players scored the same each time, 8 players used 22 more strokes, and *25 players used a total of 129 less strokes when they played the 50/50!*

This means—considering all 39 scores—that the **Burke 50/50** cut scores an average of 5½ strokes per 18-hole round.

These results are checked at subsequent one-day tournaments of the Mt. Vernon Elks at the Leewood Golf Club, the Wisconsin State Elks Association Championship at Racine, and the Elks Tournament at the Elks Country Club, Fort Wayne, and the average strokes saved ran from 3 to 5½ per round.

The **Burke 50/50** *has distance, direction and staying powers. It is acknowledged the best ball at its price.*

No vain promises, no unsupported claims . . . *there's* PROOF of what the **Burke 50/50** can do for you.

The **Burke 50/50** costs you 50 cents. By using it you can cut your costs ⅓ to ½ and yet reduce your scores.

Think what this means—and decide if you aren't missing the greatest ball value in the world if you don't try the **Burke 50/50** the next time you play.

MR. LOUIS SCHRAMM, Jr., *Chairman Tournament Committee, Mt. Vernon Elks Club and Players in Green Meadow Tournament*

MR. SCHRAMM *writes:*

July 1, 1930.

The Burke Golf Co.,
Newark, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

You will be interested to know results of a test made of the BURKE 50/50 in the recent one-day tournament of the Mount Vernon Elks Club at the Green Meadow Golf Club, Harrison, N. Y.

The test had nothing to do with guillotines or driving machines, but was made with run-of-the-mine golfers who shoot from 85 to 140. We had our 39 members use any ball they wanted to in the first 9 holes of the morning round. For the same 9 holes in the afternoon we had them use the BURKE 50/50.

Six players scored the same each round. It cost 8 players a total of 22 strokes *more* when they used the BURKE 50/50. *And the remaining 25 players scored a total of 129 strokes less when they used the Burke 50/50.*

Taking all 39 players into consideration, this is an average of 5½ strokes better for an 18-hole round!

I have read many unsupported claims of ball superiority by manufacturers, but this is the first time, I believe, that a ball has been actually PROVED to be a means to lower scores. In a subsequent tournament of our members at Leewood, virtually the same average stroke reduction was recorded.

Cordially yours,
LOUIS SCHRAMM, Jr.,
Tournament Comm., Mt. Vernon Elks Club.

Burke CLUBS BAGS BALLS

FREE! Do you know how to "finish a hole" *properly, or do you waste strokes at that crucial point? Our new booklet "Making the Club Head Work" giving full details of the four new stroke-saving Burke Smithirons, is now ready. Send for it—it's free.*

THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY, Box B-2, NEWARK, OHIO

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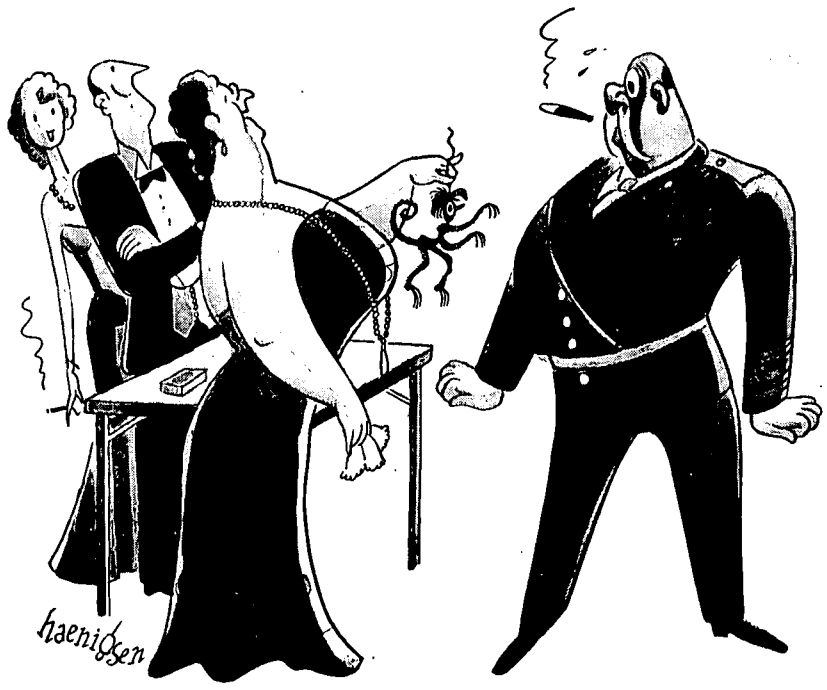

"Well, you're the lucky one, General, you win first prize"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. J-10-6	
	H. 10-7-5-4	
	D. A-K-8	
	C. A-K-2	
West		*East*
S. 8-7-4		S. K-9-8-2
H. 3		H. Q-J-9
D. 10-7-6-5-2		D. Q-J
C. Q-J-10-9		C. 8-7-6-4
	South (Dealer)	
	S. A-Q-5	
	H. A-K-8-6-2	
	D. 9-4-3	
	C. 5-3	

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, at Auction Bridge South would bid one Heart and that declaration would stand. This hand was played at a number of tables in Duplicate Contract.

All the Souths, counting their hands as worth 2 high-card tricks and 2 low in Hearts and 1½ tricks in Spades—a total of 5½—and being just short of 6 tricks (the two-bid deadline) called one Heart. After West's pass most Norths, counting their hands as worth 2 assisting tricks in Diamonds, 2 in Clubs and ½ for four cards of partner's suit—realized they had just enough to bid four Hearts.

Although a player is supposed to have 5 raisers to jump partner's one-bid to four (one more raiser than the amount to which the jump is made), this requirement may be shaded by ½ and the jump made with 4½ raisers when 2½ or more are high cards.

After East's pass, there was no need for the Souths to speak further except to try for a slam. But North's high jump had shown tremendous strength and South had 1½ more tricks than the minimum his one-bid had announced. Clearly he should try for the slam; but whether he should call five Hearts or six was the problem. His initial bid had been made with the strongest holding with which only one would be named; with any more strength whatever it would have been a two-bid, and as North would have jumped from *two* to *five* with about the same strength he must have to jump from one to four, South could bid five with safety and see whether North would accept the slam invitation. Some Souths did this and others bid six.

When South bid five Hearts, North had no license to go farther, as he had jumped to four on the minimum which would justify that bid.

In the play two different methods were employed. Every West opened with the Queen of Clubs, naturally preferring a Queen-Jack-Ten-Nine sequence to a worthless five-card suit. North won with the King and Declarer at once led two rounds of trumps, being bitterly disappointed when the adverse trumps did not break evenly and East was left with a winner. North then was put in the lead with a Diamond and the Spades finessed. When that finesse succeeded and three Spade tricks had been won, most of the Declarers conceded the high trump and a Diamond; those who had bid the small slam accepting defeat, and those who had bid five feeling that their hands had been bid to a nicety.

At several of the tables, however, the Declarer saw that trying for twelve tricks could do no harm even if it did no good. After the three rounds of Spades, a second and a third round of Clubs were led, South ruffing the last. Then North won another Diamond and after that led a Heart which of course was won by East. The value of this play depended upon East's having had only two Diamonds as the play of both West and East on the first and second rounds of Diamonds had indicated.

It will be noticed that the elimination of the Spades and Clubs from the North and South hands and Diamonds from the East hand left East in a hopeless position at trick 12. He had to choose between leading the thirteenth Spade or the twelfth Club; on either lead Declarer could discard a Diamond from either hand and ruff in the other, making his remaining two trumps separately for a total of twelve tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. None	S. A-J-10-9-4
H. 9-8-7-3-2	H. A-10
D. 6-5-4-3-2	D. A-9-7
C. 5-3-2	C. A-6-4
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. 8-7-6-5-2	S. K-Q-3
H. Q-J	H. K-6-5-4
D. Q-J-10	D. K-8
C. Q-J-10	C. K-9-8-7

GRIT
Put 'Em There

BAD SMASHES DIDN'T FILL THIS GRAVEYARD—

CRASHES didn't make this scrap-heap—old age isn't responsible for this junk—although both had a hand in it.

Grit and sand, road dust and dirt, piled up these cars—ground most of these motors to a premature death.

Grit works quickly and silently. It settles in the crankcase—turns effective lubricating oil into a destructive sludge that scores pistons and cylinder walls, wears bearings and gears. Grit causes the most expensive kind of engine repairs.

Don't let it get your car.

Look *now* at your motor block and dash. If you see no oil filter, go at once to your garageman and ask him to equip your car with a Purolator.

The Purolater Oil Filter prevents all danger of excessive wear. It filters the oil as it circulates through the lubricating system—removes all substances that could possibly cause damage. It keeps the oil clean and pure, your car on the road, your money in the bank.

A Purolator kit is inexpensive. Your garageman can install one in a short time. Have your car equipped today.

If the oil filter you buy is a genuine Purolator you will find that name on the trademark.

Re-cartridge your Purolator after every 8000 miles

For 8000 miles of driving, the Purolator removes all harmful substances from the oil . . . keeps the lubricant clean and effective. But by the time you have gone this distance the Purolator cartridge is full of the sludge that it has kept from damaging your engine. Then it's time to re-cartridge the Purolator.

A new cartridge replacement is inexpensive. It takes a garageman only a few minutes. But it's vitally important, for it gives your engine filtered, clean oil for another 8000 miles. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

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All us kids *say* Orange-Crush

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And when they say it, they always get the pure and healthful drink that is *made from fresh oranges.*. . . . Sparkling, zestful Orange-Crush contains the sun-rich juices of the whole *fresh* fruit, the tangy flavor of the golden peel, pure cane sugar and bubbling carbonated water. . . . No other orange drink is Orange-Crush. . . . That's why when your thirst craves tasty, zippy orange drink, you should do as MILLIONS now do, say *one word more* than orange —say Orange-CRUSH. In the *krinkly* bottle or at all the better fountains

Other Fresh Fruit Drinks

Lime-Crush—*from fresh limes;* Grape-Crush—*from fresh grapes;* Cocoa-Crush—*from fresh cocoa beans*

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Discord in Paradise

Continued from page 11

pushing the cage up to release the hook that held it to the limb.

As I worked the cage free I was astounded—and plenty scared, let me frankly add—by the sight of a snake poking its head through the wires. I let the cage drop to the ground. For I recognized the reptile as a yellow-banded mangrove, a very rare and deadly snake, but at the same time, oddly enough, a variety practically unknown in American zoos and for which I had received many inquiries.

As the cage landed on the ground I took in at a glance what had happened. The reptile had slipped into the cage from the tree and had swallowed the bird.

Trapped by a Meal

But the snake was also in trouble. The bulge made by the bird inside had made it impossible for the reptile to slip out through the wires of the cage in the way it had entered. Not until two or three days had elapsed would the meal be digested and the snake's shape be back to normal.

I had lost a fifteen-dollar barbet and gained a snake so rare that any zoo in America would be glad to have it.

Gainer though I was by the swap I had a fleeting urge to rap the killer over the head with the nearest heavy object. But that would have accomplished nothing. My barbet was dead. It is only a few times in a lifetime that one has a chance to pick up a yellow-banded mangrove, one of the most beautiful of all venomous snakes. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars bought it for the New York Zoölogical Park where to this day it squirms and twists behind a sheet of glass for the benefit of those who come to inspect its reptilian charms.

Catching a snake with a bird for bait is a bit unusual, I admit. But I can match it with a story, still more unusual, of roping a crane with a lasso.

I began using a lariat in my Texas home when I was a boy.

After I went abroad in search of wild life, I acquired the habit of always carrying a riata or Western lasso with me on my collecting trips. It often came in handy. So there was nothing unusual in my getting out a rope one day aboard a cargo boat on which I was returning from Asia to America with a big shipment of birds and animals.

I had just finished inspecting my floating menagerie and, having given my boys, Lal and Nemsi, their instructions, I sought relaxation. The idea of brushing up on my roping having occurred to me, I was now preparing to do that very thing. First, I went through the familiar motions of taking the kinks out of the rope and giving it a good straightening out. As I busied myself with this task I was greeted by a big, good-natured sailor.

"What do you use that for?" he asked.

Seeing no reason for letting myself in for a recital of my feats with the rope (one reason being that I do not consider myself an unusual hand at lassoing), I decided to pretend that I knew nothing about the art.

"I suppose it wouldn't be a bad idea for a man in my game to know how to use one of these things," I said. "If anything got loose I could lasso it."

"I'm pretty good at it," replied the naïve tar. "I'll show you how it's done."

A number of sailors crowded round as my new-found friend—whose name proved to be Curly, a playful commentary, no doubt, on his bald head—prepared to show me how to handle a rope.

"First you grab it like this," explained Curly, showing me how to grip a lasso.

"Next you swing it over your head like this." He showed me how this should be done.

Then he asked one of his pals to serve as a moving target. Curly's friend complied, running along the deck. The cowboy-sailor took ten or fifteen tries at him, roping him about once out of every three attempts—not a bad average for an amateur roper. His brother seamen applauded vigorously every time he got his man.

"Now you try it," he said, thrusting the rope in my hand.

I took the lariat and tried four or five careless heaves at the sailor who had constituted himself the official target. All my tries were misses, of course. In fact, I purposely held the rope incorrectly each time.

"You're not holding it right," said Curly, resuming his teaching. "Grab it like this."

Curly had an amusing drawl that fell pleasantly on my ear, so I was trying to drag all the instruction out of him I could.

I grabbed the rope as he suggested, and, as I did, I happened to look up. What I saw gave me something to think about. A sarus crane, one of my most precious specimens, was loose! Across the hatches I could see it striding along on the other side of the deck, with Lal and Nemsi, a bushy-bearded Sikh who came to be known as Dempsey, in careful and quiet pursuit. They moved slowly and silently in the wake of the valuable bird that had somehow gained its freedom. They had sense enough to know that if they made a rush for it they would only startle the big wader into flight.

Making as little noise as possible, I started for the scene. I had no intention of losing that crane. He was too fine a specimen and worth too much money.

Never in all my roping experience have I handled a lasso with more downright carefulness. My throw had to be good. If I missed, the bird would be in full flight long before I was ready for another try, and retrieving him would be a hopeless proposition.

A Wonderful Teacher

The crane, startled by the whir of the rope, spread out his wings—a full-grown sarus crane like this one is eight to nine feet from tip to tip—and started over the rail. By the time I had worked up sufficient momentum with the rope to let him have it, the bird was over the rail and heading for shore. The whirling lariat was spinning properly and I let it fly. My aim was good. I caught the crane across one shoulder, and under the wing on the other side. The fugitive dropped, a little stunned, falling against the side of the ship. He was flapping furiously as I hauled him over the rail. A hasty examination revealed that he was none the worse for his experience.

"You was only kidding me, boss," Curly remarked afterward, with a sheepish grin.

"Kidding you?" I replied, striving to get astonishment into my voice. "Don't be so darned modest, Curly. You're a wonderful teacher."

He looked at me in blank puzzlement, not sure what to believe.

"I don't know, boss," he remarked. "I still have a feeling that maybe you was only kidding me."

FAMOUS WALK-OVERS ★ IN SPORT ★

COLUMBIA DEFEATS SHAMROCK I FOR AMERICA'S CUP

The international yacht race series of October, 1899, wasn't even close. The American sloop Columbia proved herself the true gem of the ocean. The gallant Shamrock, first of a long line of challengers for the America's Cup, fell far behind in defeat. "American Boat has a Walk-Over" proudly read the front page headlines of the newspapers of the day.

And so a shoe was named

From this outstanding victory Walk-Over Shoes took their name. And the international right to all that name signifies is undisputed. In 75 countries of the world active men choose Walk-Over Shoes for their good looks, custom-like fit and unfailing service.

★ *Walk-Over is the term in sport for an overwhelming or uncontested victory—when competition cannot meet the pace of the winner.*

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Down to the sea and ships . . . up a mountain trail . . . or completely at ease on a breeze-swept lawn . . . wear Walk-Over sport shoes and get the most out of life. The Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood will show you the greatest selection of authentic sport shoes ever assembled. Each made on springy, "relaxation" lasts. Modern styles and priced in the spirit of the times. The DUNCAN, white Nubuck, black or brown trim, an unusual value **8.50**

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Swim in the Suit "Johnny" Weissmuller developed

"JOHNNY" WEISSMULLER—you all know "Johnny"—the speediest boy who ever slipped into the water and let competing champions take an eyeful of spray!

"Johnny" could swim off with plenty of cups—in all his clothes and with his shoes on! "Johnny" knows swimming and he knows swim suits. And he's the boy who developed the new "Swim Suits" of B. V. D.!

Nobody knows better than "Johnny" just how much—real speed and *easy* speed—depends on the suit you wear.

He told us plenty. Here's what he said about swim suits—and he's worn 'em all. "The swimmers of this country are a darn sight better than their suits. Most of the so-called swim suits might have been designed by fresh water paddlers who think they're dolphins when they do a slow dog-paddle with the aid of water-wings."

"Why don't you get busy?" said "Johnny". "Why don't you develop a suit that will make champions out of the boys who swim with one toe in the sand? Get out a *real* swim suit that will let every man in this country who goes into the water get a real *thrill*

out of a swim. I'll help—tell you when you've got the suit that's right."

And what a help "Johnny" was!

We made one suit—we made twenty. We made thirty-five—forty—fifty.

And "Johnny" looked them over—tried them on. Tested them in the water. "Here's something wrong. Cramps a muscle right here" . . . "This one's almost right, but here's a pointer. Get this" . . . "You can't do a split-second crawl in *this* one. See why? I'll show you" . . .

We made one hundred and thirty-six suits before "Johnny" broke into one of those wide, happy, satisfied grins of his and whacked us on the back with, "It's RIGHT. It's PERFECT. It's *SWELL!* Now watch me!"

And watch we did while in that perfect suit "Johnny" Weissmuller cut loose with every stroke in his champion's repertoire.

Look like a champ on the Beach . .

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

"Notice the low-cut armholes," says Johnny, "the high natural waistline—the new seat design and the silk taped seams to prevent chafing. These are the points that guarantee the speed and comfort of B. V. D. swim suits"

Watched breathlessly while he clicked off watery yardage in time that equalled his best records—records that amazed the sporting world!

The Greatest Swim Suit that ever went into the water

Here it is—the greatest swim suit that ever went into the water on a manly form! The suit that "Johnny" Weissmuller himself helped us develop!

Before the life guards come out of winter quarters—before the first warm spell sends you scouting around the attic for your last year's suit—before everybody beats you to it—get one of these B. V. D. swimming suits!

You'll be as swift to applaud their good looks as their speed and comfort in the water. They have a trimness of line—a silhouette fit—that properly sets off the masculine frame. Even if you aren't an Apollo in your proportions, you'll come nearer to looking like one if you get one of these suits a champion swimmer helped us design. They're right about the stroke—right about the style—right about the price.

Go in and see these swimming suits by "Johnny" Weissmuller and B. V. D. On sale everywhere.

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Swim like a champ in the Water

B·V·D

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EVERY B.V.D. swim suit carries a tag entitling the purchaser to a copy of "Swim as Easily as You Walk," by "Johnny" Weissmuller. Every swimming point is clearly explained and splendidly illustrated.

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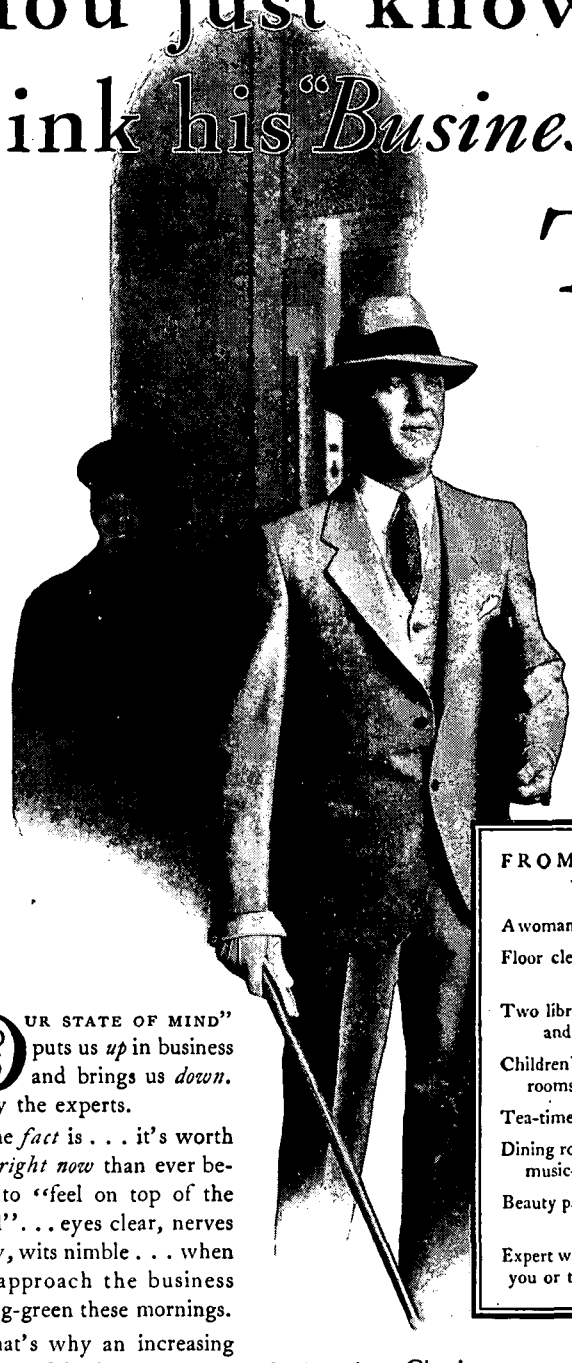
You just know he'll sink his "Business Putts" Today



"OUR STATE OF MIND" puts us *up* in business and brings us *down*. So say the experts.

The *fact* is . . . it's worth more *right now* than ever before, to "feel on top of the world" . . . eyes clear, nerves steady, wits nimble . . . when you approach the business putting-green these mornings.

That's why an increasing number of business men are selecting the Palmer House as their Chicago hotel.

Few hotels in the world have so much to offer at so little expense.

Few at any price have the equipment to provide the same degree of quiet and comfort, and freedom from irritation.

Few can boast the same permanence of a trained personnel.

Few can save you so much time and effort in a Big City, by reason of convenient location.

Whether you pay $4, $5 or $6 a day, the Palmer House recognizes that the Big City is a cramped sort of place at best . . . so its guest rooms are commodious and restful. The plumbing does not gurgle or backfire. No noise, not even a neighbor's telephone bell, filters through the wall of your room or under the door.

As for the highly important item of food — Chef Amiet is recognized as one of the most accomplished chefs here or abroad. And his dishes are served in four dining-rooms and a time-saving, pocket-book-sparing lunch room.

If you're not sinking your "business putts" regularly — try the Palmer House on your next visit to Chicago!

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A woman's floor, exclusively for women.

Floor clerks and reception parlors on all floors.

Two libraries. A hospital with nurses and doctors always on duty.

Children's open-air and enclosed playrooms. Educational supervisors.

Tea-time concerts in the Great Hall.

Dining rooms with dance or symphony music—and also without music.

Beauty parlors and fashion shops right in the hotel.

Expert women shoppers, to accompany you or to do your shopping for you.

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath.

WALTER L. GREGORY
Manager

PALMER HOUSE
CHICAGO
"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"

FOR YOUR WIFE: Chef Amiet's Personal Booklet "25 Favorite Recipes for Use in Your Home."

FOR YOU: Do you enjoy the convenience of a Credit Account in Chicago? We shall be glad to assist you in establishing one with us.

Send your name and address to Room 2368, Palmer House

STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

Mademoiselle Anna Disappears

Continued from page 15

"I want my *déjeuner! Bon jour, Monsieur Legrande.* My two friends, since you are here, you will accompany me, I trust?"

They left the place together. Mademoiselle Anna, walking between them, took an arm of each and led them a little way up the street. As soon as they were out of hearing of the café, she paused and summoned a passing carriage.

"Remain mystified until one o'clock, dear friends," she begged. "Lunch with me then at the Pomme d'Or."

She sprang lightly into the vehicle, waved her hand with a gesture half impudent, half friendly, and drove away—Mademoiselle Anna at midday as perfect of her type as at midnight.

THE Pomme d'Or, which was truly French, was not prepared to offer cocktails, but over their glass of Dubonnet, served whilst tne lunch which Sybil Christian had ordered was prepared, she told her story.

"You knew, of course," she began, "that up till yesterday, the Café Régal belonged to me?"

"So I understood," Peter Hames admitted.

"Madame Lapouge was the ostensible owner. A few days ago she told me that she had had an offer for the place. It has been of little use to me since we ran it respectably, as all the gamins of the neighborhood stay away. I wasn't keen to sell, however, until she divulged the name of the would-be purchaser. Legrande, if you please, with Fifine living in the place as the wife of the patron! I didn't hesitate for a minute. I told her to sell, with a proviso that the room on the next floor where I have the microphone and the cupboard was reserved entirely for my use. Madame Lapouge told Legrande that I had taken it for a year and paid for it in advance. He believes that I wish it for resting in, to put my clothes in, or to keep rendezvous with my lovers—"

"Stop!" Peter Hames interrupted. "Are you telling me that Legrande has not recognized you?"

"That is the point of the whole thing," Sybil explained. "He suspects I'm a spy of some sort, but he doesn't know for whom, and he actually has not connected me in any way with Sybil Christian; neither, although she is vaguely suspicious, has Fifine, who now patronizes me. Last night, I knew that Legrande meant to entertain a few of his criminal friends in the salon. I pretended a headache and went up to my room to lie down for a time. While I was there I heard the handle turn, but I had had brass bolts fitted to stop any enterprises of that sort and to prevent anyone coming in while I was using the microphone. Half an hour later, I heard the key, which I had foolishly left in the lock on the outside, turn, and I knew that I was locked in."

"But how did you telephone?" Peter Hames marveled.

"Wait!" she begged. "I am convinced that when Legrande locked me in, he thought that I was probably asleep, and that, at any rate, he was making sure of me. Half a dozen men had a little meeting in the salon, and most of what they said I heard. That's another story. I'm only explaining last night for the present. It was quite worth waiting for, quite worth listening to. I feel sure that Legrande really forgot to turn the key again; forgot that I was there, locked in. This morning, I withdrew the bolts, slept for a little time, and waited. Soon after you arrived, I suppose, I heard the key turn. Then I came out."

"What about the telephone?" he asked.

"That was a blunder," she admitted. "Some time ago, I told Christine, my maid, if ever I should fail to return, to telephone to you. I felt safer like that, for, as you know, queer things have happened at the Café Régal."

"Then really," Peter Hames observed dolefully, "you didn't send for us and you were in no need of help."

"I don't think so," she meditated. "I have kept my room locked up all the time. The lock came to me from Paris, and I am perfectly certain the key could not be copied, so my wardrobe which contains the microphone can never have been examined. The proof of that is the conversation I heard last night. You can understand my attitude this morning now. I want to keep my position at the café. It was a bad place in old Madame's time. It seems to me, from what I heard, that it will be a much worse place under Legrande."

Luncheon was a somewhat silent meal, and immediately afterward Paddy Collins hurried off to meet his relative from the mountains.

"Why so depressed?" Sybil asked her remaining guest.

"Let me drive you up to the hills, well away from this place," he begged, "and I'll tell you."

"I should love it," she assented.

In a side road, which was little more than a cart track across a field, in the shadow of a small plantation of pines, Peter Hames brought his car to a standstill and answered his companion's question.

"I am depressed," he said deliberately, "because I hate the life you are living—this double life of social stunts and sordid adventures."

"I've had some fun out of it," she reminded him. "So have you."

"Let it go at that," he begged. "One can't keep on having all the luck. And I'm all the more depressed," he went on, "because I have a queer presentiment about the Café Régal."

"If they had meant mischief," she pointed out, "they had plenty of time between four o'clock, when the meeting was over, and half past seven."

"All the same," Peter rejoined, "Legrande swore that there was no one in the place when I came for you, and nothing would induce him to let me make a search. It was only the coming of the police that made him remember you, and let you out."

"Peter," she announced, "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll listen in once more, to the meeting tonight, and that shall be the end. If there's an adventure in what I hear, it shall be our last."

He took her hand.

"Agreed," he promised.

MADEMOISELLE ANNA, from her stool at the end of the counter that night, watched them slip out of the room one by one—these furtive-looking men, whom she had seen enter by twos and threes. She glanced at the little platinum and diamond wrist watch which, as a rule, she kept well concealed. Then she, too, slipped out by that back door, climbed the stairs, unlocked the door of her room and drew the bolts, locked it again from the inside, made her way into what seemed to be a little wardrobe in the corner, inserted another key, and let herself into its recesses. . . .

It seemed to her that the instrument had never been clearer. She heard the

(Continued on page 44)

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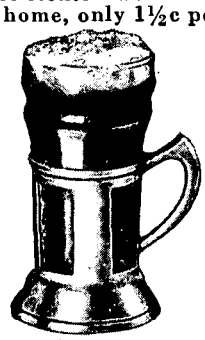
To-day!

Three ways to get your daily

Hires Root Beer

IN BOTTLES. Some folks prefer to buy Hires Root Beer already bottled. For sale at stands and stores everywhere. No finer beverage is obtainable. 5c per bottle and up.

AT HOME. Make 40 bottles of delicious Hires Root Beer from one bottle of Hires Root Beer Extract. So easy, so economical. When you make it at home, only 1½c per bottle.



AT FOUNTAINS. There's nothing so refreshing and appetizing as a cool glass of Hires Root Beer, folks say. Try it today and see for yourself. 5c and 10c per glass.

1

2

3

Amazing increase in consumption of this delicious, economy beverage

TODAY'S SENSATION in beverages is a 55-year favorite—not another experiment, not a fad.

For the past three years the sales of Hires Root Beer have grown tremendously. Consumption has doubled.

Why? Because millions of new friends have discovered that there's nothing finer than this delicious, economical drink — nothing more healthful, more refreshing.

The younger generation has confirmed the older generation's faith in the superiority of Hires Root Beer. Everywhere new evidence gives it first place.

When 16,967 doctors were questioned, 9 out of 10 replies by actual count agreed that Hires Root Beer ranks first as a home beverage because of its purity, fine flavor and economy.

Now we invite *you* to get acquainted with Hires Root Beer. Try it in one of its three forms. Note its winning flavor. Feel its invigoration. See how easy it is on the pocketbook.

FREE

8 bottles of Hires Root Beer can be made at home from the sample bottle of Hires Extract which will be mailed to you if you fill out the coupon below and send it to us.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, [3-5-30]
Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me free sample for making Hires Root Beer at home.

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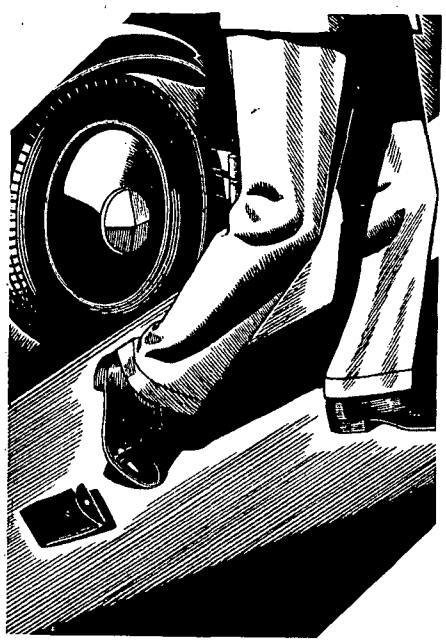
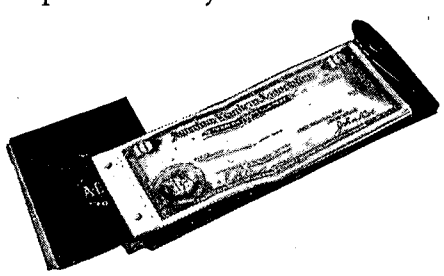


ONE WAY TO LOSE MONEY

Just in time to catch his train . . . a porter grabs his bags . . . the taxi is paid off . . . a rush to the ticket window . . . no wallet.

It happens hundreds of times. People do lose money or mislay it or have it stolen. No need to worry, though, if the money is in A. B. A. Cheques—for it will be refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way to insure yourself against the loss, theft or destruction of your money. Buy them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Mademoiselle Anna Disappears

Continued from page 42

demand of a stranger as to their plans. Then she heard Legrande speak, and there were little murmurs of satisfaction from the men who were listening to him.

"Paris, Marseilles, London, New York, Chicago, not to mention any other cities," he said, "have their criminal life organized. Crime is a profession like the others. It is only successful when worked by what the Americans call the 'gang' system, which is to say coöperation. Monte Carlo and Nice have been neglected as too small a field. I dispute that. I contend that there is more money coming and going between these two towns than any other territory of the same size in the world. It is our duty to see that more of it stays.

"Before we start serious operations," he continued, "there are one or two little affairs to be dealt with. We have been annoyed here—indeed, one of my own operations has been interfered with by the meddling of amateurs. One of them is an American painter, another a thick-headed Irishman, and the third a young woman—a very simple creature who belongs to good people but comes here nearly every night eavesdropping and posing as a courtesan. A fatuous young lady, my friends, but one who has earned the punishment that is coming to her."

The little ebony instrument nearly dropped from Sybil's nerveless fingers. Cold horror struck into her heart.

Her first impulse was escape, swift and speedy. She dashed to the door. The bolts still held bravely. She drew them back. Then she fitted in her key, and her heart sank. The lock had been tampered with. From her side, at any rate, there was no way of turning it. Well, it was to have been expected. She fled back again to her place and picked up the instrument.

"As for the Irishman," Legrande was saying, "he is disposed of for tonight. Fifine has taken him to Nice. She has just telephoned from the Savoy Bar there that he is hopelessly drunk. There remains mademoiselle, and with her I propose to deal."

It was one of the "Three Musketeers" who spoke. Sybil recognized his voice.

"One understands . . . the English world . . . well placed, not one of us. Is it not possible that trouble might come if our friend Legrande should treat her as she deserves?"

"There will be no trouble," Legrande said calmly. "She has aped the cocotte long enough. She has cut herself adrift from her people with this night life. She has her own bedroom here. What complaints from a young woman living such a life would receive attention? She has destroyed herself. I will deal with her."

"And the American?"

"OUR sergeant of police, who is with us, carries always a loaded revolver," he confided. "I myself can deal with six men's lives in six seconds. There is nothing to fear. The American will come after her. He will get what he deserves. The Irishman will be too drunk to do anything for days.

"First of all, I intend to deal with Mademoiselle Anna. You will excuse me, gentlemen, for, shall we say, half an hour? The champagne and brandy are on the sideboard at your disposal. Descend, one of you, if there is something else needed. Let no one mount."

There was a little chorus of what seemed to Sybil in those swooning moments the lewd exultation of a chorus of satyrs. Then there were footsteps outside—heavy, deliberate footsteps, the click of a key fitted into the lock on the other side of the door.

PADDY COLLINS was, or appeared to be, gloriously and magnificently drunk. He sat in an easy-chair at a famous bar in Nice, his arm around Fifine, who sat in an adjacent one, a bottle of whisky, a tumbler, and a bottle of perrier on his own small table, a bottle of champagne in front of Fifine.

"We will not go back," she whispered. "It will serve François right. He sends me out to take care of you while he takes for himself another mistress. He is a beast. We will stay here. We will go anywhere you like. I have kept my word. I brought you away. Very well, I will stay with you. You shall be my man, Monsieur Paddy Collins. You are a very fine man. I like you much."

Fifine was not singularly observant, and she also was very nearly drunk. She did not notice the sudden stiffening of every muscle in her companion's body.

"Ho, ho!" he exclaimed. "So Monsieur Legrande has plans tonight!"

"It serves that silly little fool right," Fifine declared, caressing him more ardently. "She plays at being a cocotte. François will make her one—and it will serve her right. She spies. I hate spies. Monsieur Paddy, I love you, but I hate spies."

"So do I—like hell," Paddy Collins agreed, lumbering to his feet.

"Where are you going?"

"Not far from you, sweetheart," he answered amorously.

He gulped down the rest of his tumblerful of whisky and staggered across the room. She leaned back and laughed—she was earning her money and, after all, it was not so bad. He was a fine figure of a man, this Irishman. She sat and waited for his return—and waited—and waited. . . .

Into the blackness of the night, Paddy Collins stumbled, and for a moment things were blurred for him. The pavements seemed to rise. People stared curiously. Then he set his teeth, drew himself up, stiffened every muscle, and became a man again. In Peter Hames' borrowed car, he glided off into the Promenade des Anglais, narrowly escaped overturning two protesting gendarmes and flashed like a streak around the corner, past the harbor, into the Middle Corniche. It was the drive of a lifetime, and he paused, panting, at last, with shrieking of brakes and blasting of horn before the villa on the hillside at La Turbie. Peter Hames was at the door before he reached it.

"Your gun, Peter!" he shouted. "We've been fooled."

They were in the car together. The last part of the rush came.

"They fooled us, Peter," the Irishman repeated, keeping those stern gray eyes of his fixed upon the road, and his hands gripping the wheel until the veins stood out like whipcord. "Sybil put you on your honor. They sent me off with the little Fifine to Nice. These blasted women! They always blab. A bottle or two of wine in her, and out it came. Sybil never bluffed them. They knew. They're for her tonight. They've got a plan for us tomorrow."

They sat, face level to face, eyes set, nerves tense, blood on fire, but the fight of all the ages never came, for when they flung open the door of the Café Régal, Mademoiselle Anna was sitting on her accustomed stool, smoking a cigarette in her long holder. No other soul was in the place. She looked round, and remained staring at them. They saw in front of her a revolver.

"Paddy!" she exclaimed. "Peter! You, after all! How did you know?"

"Paddy told me," he cried. "Is all well with you, Sybil?"

She nodded.

"I killed him," she confessed. "I had to. The others were afraid when they knew. They skulked away like rats."

Not a sound in the place, no barman in the bar, emptiness and solitude everywhere. They took her out and helped her into the car.

"I had to kill him," she moaned. "Peter, it was my fault. I should have listened to you."

THEY were over the frontier by eight o'clock, with a visa on their passports which brought them many salutations. They raced away into Italy. Paddy Collins leaned over.

"Peter, my lad," he confided, "this is a strange country to me. Do you know of a place near by where perhaps a bottle of Irish whisky might be bought?"

"I'm looking for a place with an English chaplain," Peter Hames replied, "but maybe the two won't be so far apart."

"Yvonne, what have you done with my speakeasy cards?"

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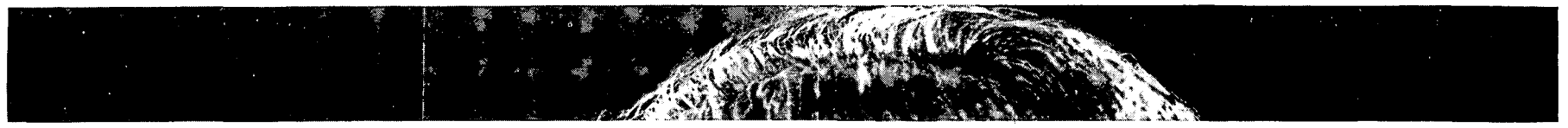

New discovery! 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics!!

CHECKS BAD BREATH FAR LONGER!!!

AGAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics.

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth; tooth decay; slight infections of nose and throat; excessive smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic diluted with several parts of water. Hence it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

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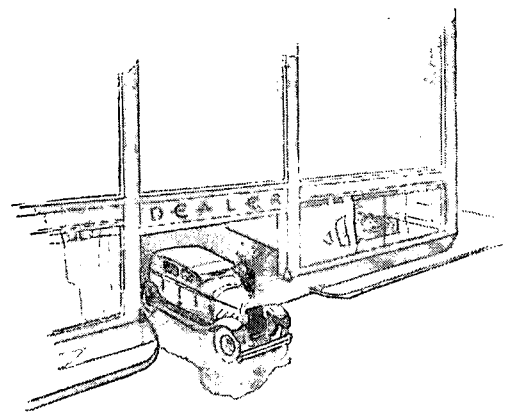
The Man Most Interested in Your Car



Joe Libonati . . factory trained and thoroughly experienced Service Superintendent of Wm. L. Hughson Co., Ford dealer of San Francisco, California.

OTHER than yourself the only person who maintains a keen, personal interest in your car from the time you buy it 'till it has given a full measure of service is your car dealer — the man from whom you bought it! Your good-will toward the car he sold you is his prime assurance of future trade and his selfish desire to stimulate that good-will has made him, in fact, *the man most interested in your car*

You can profit by this man's interest. For example, consider the matter of the maintenance of your car. To insure superior performance, he has equipped his service department with specialized tools and factory trained service men who are experts on *your particular car.* With this combination of skill, equipment and personal interest, your car dealer can perform each service operation better and cheaper than you can have it done elsewhere.

Get acquainted with your car dealer's service manager. Ask his advice on matters pertaining to the upkeep of your car. Particularly, ask him about the lubricating oil you should use in your car. He'll probably tell you about HyViS because he knows that cars run their "sweetest" and resist wear longer with this super-fine oil in the crankcase.

Motor oils are not manufactured—they are refined and therefore cannot possess lubricating qualities which are not inherent in the crude petroleum. The quality of any oil you purchase depends only upon the lubricating value in the crude and the skill, care and integrity of the refining company.

HyViS is 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil—selected from the choicest of a crude which is recognized the world over as having the finest lubricating qualities. Furthermore, HyViS is *super-refined* by an *extra* process beyond the point of usual refining. This *extra* super-refining process removes from HyViS all of the materials which are of no lubricating value but which remain after the usual refining. Thus every quart of HyViS is super-refined to a full measure of rich lubrication—not thicker, not heavier but purer, "oilier", more resistant to heat and wear.

Go to your car dealer for service. Ask him about the particular grade of HyViS that is refined to factory specifications for your car, and between trips go to your nearest Independent Service Station and ask for HyViS, the motor oil car dealers use.

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The Green Circle

Continued from page 19

closed over the soft cigar butt, while the newspaper man began to revisualize, as he had first read it under the scare headlines of his rival paper, the story of Jack Dyson's death.

Jack Dyson had died—and the young newspaper man's mind saw very clearly the pleasant-faced photographs of him, in the ordinary clothes he had been wearing when he died, in his police uniform, in the khaki of the overseas "doughboy"—halfway up his own garden path. One shot, between the eyes, had killed him. His own pistol had been unfired, had not even been drawn from his hip pocket. . . . And three minutes later, while his wife (and her photograph, too, with its perfect oval of a face, the newspaper man saw clearly) who had run out at the sound of the shot, was still bending over him in the rain and the darkness of the New England winter's evening, an automobile—identified and re-identified as the silver-fitted automobile of Richard Dakers—had been driven away, hell-for-leather away.

A CLEAR case it had seemed to the public. But to the newspaper man's mind it had never seemed quite clear. To him, the murder had seemed motiveless. Cowardly, too. And whatever else Richard Dakers might have been, he was no coward—as the newspaper man, sitting, still smokeless, in the drawing-room (which he had reserved, wondering whether the big expense would justify itself, immediately after he had seen that other board the train at Kansas City), had better reason than most to know.

The other's jaws were still closed, his teeth biting on the cigar butt. But his cold eyes had not left the newspaper man's. They remained, fixed, staring. And the newspaper man's stared back at them.

"Is that all?" asked the newspaper man at last. "Because, if so, I don't believe it. And even if it were true it doesn't prove that Richard Dakers shot Jack Dyson. You're not suggesting—"

"*I'm* not suggesting anything." The other's interruption came swiftly. "Except that people who go behind the law are apt to get what's coming to them."

And after that the two sat silent for a long, long while.

Whither the other's thoughts went during that long, long while, the newspaper man knew not. And never will know. Fear or no fear, he had almost forgotten that other. His mind had gone back—back to a plain room in a prison, where a man with an impassive face sat listening, listening, listening (and the reporters with him) while another man, between guards, a man whose eyes were not cold, but ablaze with all the red fury of the trapped tiger, raved, and went on raving:

"Like hell I'm going to ask pardon. From you—or from any other man. I tell you it's a frame-up. A cold-blooded frame-up. Why in hell should I want to kill Jack? I'm just being railroaded. And I know why I'm being railroaded. But I'm not saying why. See? You can railroad me to hell and back again for all I care. I ain't asking pardon for something I never done."

Nor had that man, with a guard either side of him, flinched when the man with the impassive face said, "If that's all you've got to say, Dakers, it's not much use my listening to you." He had only snarled, as the trapped beast snarls, and gone on snarling, till the two guards led him away to that place from which one takes but a few steps, and those accompanied, to the circle of green chalk

For what—thought the newspaper man, his mind still in the past—what are one live man's ravings against the dead weight of carefully built-up evidence; against a shoe print in the gravel near a porch, for instance or the mark of tires with a certain diamond-shaped tread on the thin veneer of mud at the roadside, or a pistol (though there are many .45 automatics in America) of the same caliber as the bullet in a dead man's skull? And besides—the faked alibi had broken down hopelessly under cross-examination. While as for motive—wasn't the live man a crook and the dead a police officer, his natural enemy? Hadn't that been motive, and motive enough?

"*I'm* not a newspaper man." The other's voice, speaking softly now, recalled him from the past. "And I don't appreciate newspaper men picking on me, either. Richard Dakers is dead. He's better left dead."

And after that the pair of them sat on again, till it seemed to the young newspaper man as though the clack-clack-clack of the railway wheels and the whirring of the fan were the only sounds left in a world of dust motes and brassy sunshine seen blind through the smoke of a cigar. For, as he spoke, that other's hand had made a movement towards his hip pocket; and watching the spatulate fingers of that hand, the young newspaper man felt that fear, which Richard Dakers had not shown between the guards, already pointing its steel menace at his heart.

Nor did that fear pass when the pike-like jaws opened again, to mutter through the cigar smoke, "If Dakers didn't say anything when he stood on the circle—others had better not say anything. *Or* write it. *Or* write it, do you understand?"

Because at those words the most secret shutter in the young newspaper man's memory snapped wide open. . . . And he stood, shivering under the arc lamps, in the icy wind of a New England night.

Behind him the glass door-panels of the hotel where he had dined were still revolving. But now no note of music reached him through those panels. Music was revolved away. Revolved away, too, were the feet of the dancers, the silk-shod feet of the sleek young girls and the happy faces of the boys who partnered them.

All happiness was revolved away. Ahead lay only his duty, his duty to his paper—and a man.

IN THE icy night, under the glare and flicker of the arc lamps, a taxi waited. And into that taxi he stepped quickly. For already it lacked little more than the hour to midnight. And at midnight Richard Dakers was to die.

There were other newspaper men in the taxi; and as they rolled away over the smooth concrete one of these said to him, "Say, that was a great last-minute story of yours. Of course, there might have been another fellow in the garden. But Dakers was there, too. So I guess Dakers did the shooting all right."

But because the newspaper man hadn't believed then—any more than he believed now—in the guilt of Richard Dakers, he had made no answer, only drawn his heavy coat a little closer about him, and so sat until they reached the prison. The prison, where he had watched Richard Dakers, fearless still, walk to the room with the circle of green

(*Continued on page 48*)

GOLFERS, READ AND REJOICE!

The New-Size

KRO-FLITE

is just as long as the old . . .

WHERE is the distance of bygone days? Where are the far-flung drives of yesteryear? Right in the new 1931 Kro-Flite! Yes, except in the teeth of a gale, the Kro-Flite is just as long in the new size as it was in the old—and that is plenty long. And riding with the wind, it's longer!

The proof? The Driving Machine proves that the Kro-Flite retains its distance in the new 1931 specifications. It also proves that the Kro-Flite is the only golf ball that does. Every ball was tested. And every other ball was shorter in the new size than the old. Only the Kro-Flite can honestly offer you 1930 distance in 1931!

The reason? Thank Kro-Flite's patented cover. That cover, unlike any other, permits refinements in manufacture that compensate for distance-decreasing larger size and lighter weight.

Thank that cover *twice.* For it also makes Kro-Flite the toughest ball the game has ever known.

As far as we know, the closest thing to Kro-Flite's great achievement is found in the Spalding Ball. The Spalding Ball is just a trifle behind its 1930, old-size distance. But it's longer than any other new-size ball—it's still the world's longest golf ball!

If you're given to topping at times, play the Kro-Flite. It's the toughest of them all. It *can't* be cut. If you are in the privileged low-handicap class, play the Spalding—the Ball of the Champions. Your Professional—or any Spalding Dealer or Spalding Store will supply you. Either ball—75 cents.

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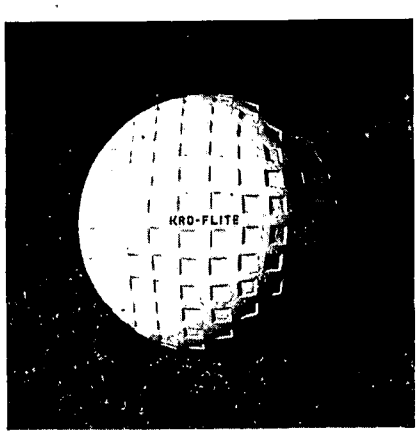

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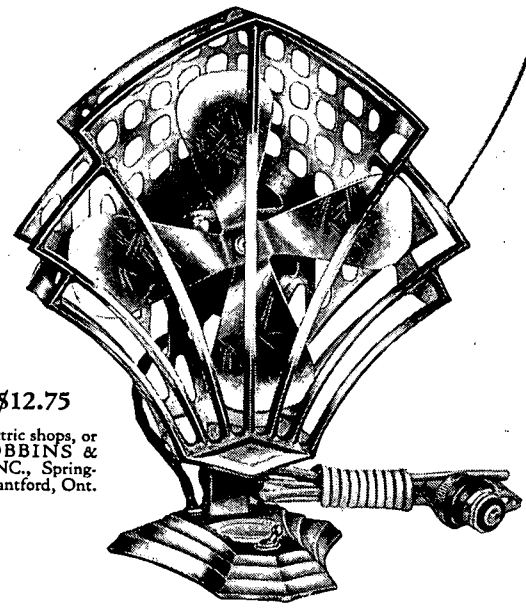

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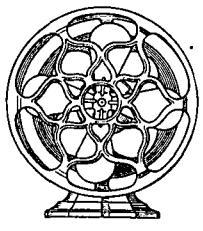
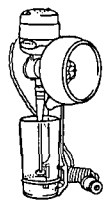


NEW ART FAN—a handsome 10-in. modern fan for homes and offices. Lustrous bronze finish. $12.95. Oscillating $18.95



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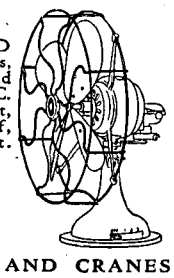

MOTORS, GENERATORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

(Continued from page 47)

chalk on its red concrete floor—the room where dangled the rope. . . .

The other's hand was no longer reaching back towards the hip pocket. But the cold eyes of him were still on the newspaper man.

"Or write it, do you understand?" repeated that other; and he added, in a voice still charged with menace, yet now softer than a woman's, "That's why I followed you out West—to tell you that you mustn't write it, even if—even if you do find out, one day—because you haven't found out yet, for all your picking on me—who shot Jack Dyson."

And after that the pair of them sat on again; sat on, or so it seemed to the young newspaper man, through all the seven eternities, while he watched that other's spatulate fingers clenching, clenching. . . .

"I want your promise," said the other. "I want your promise never to write that story. And I don't want it for my own sake. You can leave me—how did that professor put it?—to my own individual conscience. I want it for the sake of . . . of a certain woman. Will you give me your promise?"

"Yes," nodded the young newspaper man.

And with that nod, with no actual word spoken between them, that other, walking a little awkwardly because of the bulge of his hip pocket, left the newspaper man alone—alone in his drawing-room, with the empty glasses and the whirring fan and the clacking railway wheels and the bitterness of the stale cigar smoke, and the bitterness of his thoughts.

THE newspaper man's thoughts, as he sat alone, were all bitter. And not the least bitter was the thought that he had failed, and failed hopelessly, in his quest for justice, in his search after the truth.

What was the truth? And who was the murderer—the real murderer—of Jack Dyson?

Could it, after all, have been Richard Dakers? But if so, why had that other followed him out West? Why had that other hinted? (God—he had done more than hint.) Why had that other threatened? Surely that other, with his hints, with his threats, was insane—and why was he insane? Wasn't it because that other (for he, and he alone, had gathered up every shred of the damning evidence) had railroaded an innocent man to the green circle?

Yet why had that other railroaded Richard Dakers to the green circle? Why? Surely because he himself was the real murderer of Jack Dyson—the other man in the garden? Yet if that other were the real murderer of Jack Dyson, Richard Dakers must have known it. And if Richard Dakers had known it, wouldn't Richard Dakers have spoken—have spoken some word from the green circle before the death-cowl covered his lips?

But Richard Dakers had spoken no word. And that other would kill (kill again!) rather than have the word spoken. So could it be, *could* it be, that a certain woman . . .

And as that last devilish thought penetrated to his consciousness the young newspaper man's face went gray—gray as the face of Richard Dakers had been ere the cowl covered it—in the brassy sunshine beating in at him from the trail.

For what was even his trade, what was even truth, if truth meant that a certain woman . . . ?

But that couldn't be the truth. It couldn't be! Those delicate fingers had never . . . Yet if *they* hadn't, why had those other fingers, the spatulate ones, pulled trigger on Jack Dyson? Even if she hadn't, why—with what motive—had that other pulled trigger on Jack Dyson? Unless, he, too . . .

And even as that, bitterest of all thoughts, began to penetrate there came a knocking, a swift and an ominous knocking, on the drawing-room door.

Outside the door, as the newspaper man sprang to open it, stood the book dealer from Los Angeles. And his face, too, was gray.

"Come," said the gray-faced book dealer. "Come. And quickly. He wants you. And he's almost all in."

But by the time the newspaper man reached that other he was all in, lying very still, face upward, with the spatulate fingers of his right hand clenched round the butt of his automatic, and beside him, lying on the tiled floor of the lavatory compartment, a photograph, taken during war time, of a young girl.

And because that photograph, too, lay face upward the young newspaper man's eyes, as they stared down at it, were almost as cold as the eyes of that other had been before death took the sight of them away.

He was all cold, to his very marrow-bones. Yet because it was his trade he asked his question; and the clergyman from Kansas, steadying himself against the edge of the wash basin, answered him: "Yes. He said I was to tell you he made a mistake, that it was an accident. Though I don't quite see how it could have been an accident."

"Don't you?" said the newspaper man, "don't you?" and, with one last look at the photograph, turned away.

Storm-darkness had closed about the train by the time the young newspaper man reached his drawing-room; dust-devils beat on the window.

But behind the dust-devils he could just see the garden—Jack Dyson's little New England garden. And in it, in the darkness and the rain, were three men—Richard Dakers; and that other, who was there to shoot Richard Dakers; and Jack Dyson, whom that other had shot by accident, mistaking him for Richard Dakers in the darkness and the rain.

Yet why was that other there to shoot Richard Dakers? There could only be one reason why that other was there to shoot Richard Dakers; why that other had railroaded Richard Dakers; why that other had been willing to shoot again, rather than that the world should know the truth about Richard Dakers; why that other was now lying . . . lying dead . . . with the bullet in his heart, and beside him the photograph . . . the photograph. . . .

FOR the young newspaper man, too, had his photograph; and the face in that photograph, though no longer girlish, but womanly (since it had been taken only a fortnight ago, when he had first heard of his promotion), was the same which had lain beside that other—and very late that night, the young newspaper man took that photograph from its secret hiding-place in his pocketbook and looked at it, very carefully, for a long time.

The lips in that face seemed to be speaking to him as they had spoken to him only two days ago.

"I love you," said those lips. "I love you. Because you're like my Jack was. He believed in Richard Dakers, too. But we won't think any more about poor Richard Dakers, will we?—nor even about my poor Jack. Not once you've made that little home for me. Not once I've joined you, out there in California. Not once we're married. Not once I'm your wife."

And "Wife!" thought the young newspaper man, tearing with mad fingers at the photograph. "That—that unclean woman with three men's deaths at her door, *my* wife."

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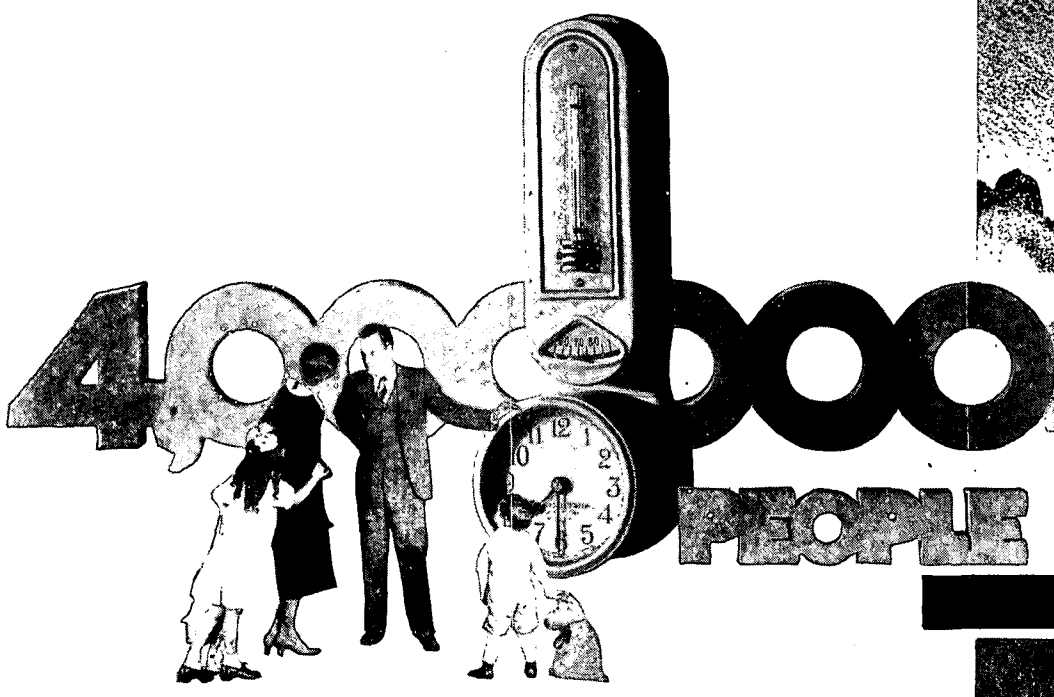

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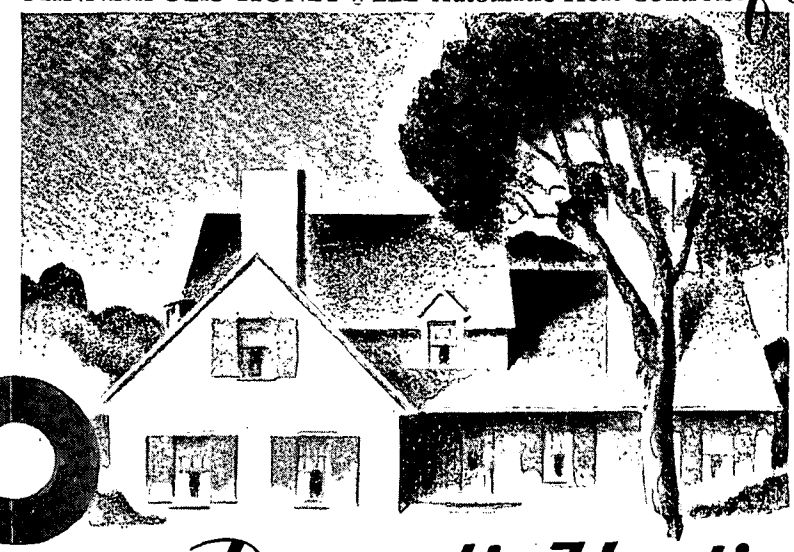

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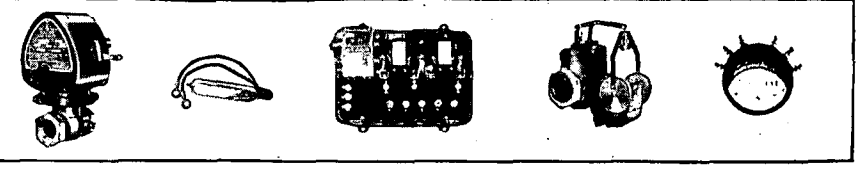

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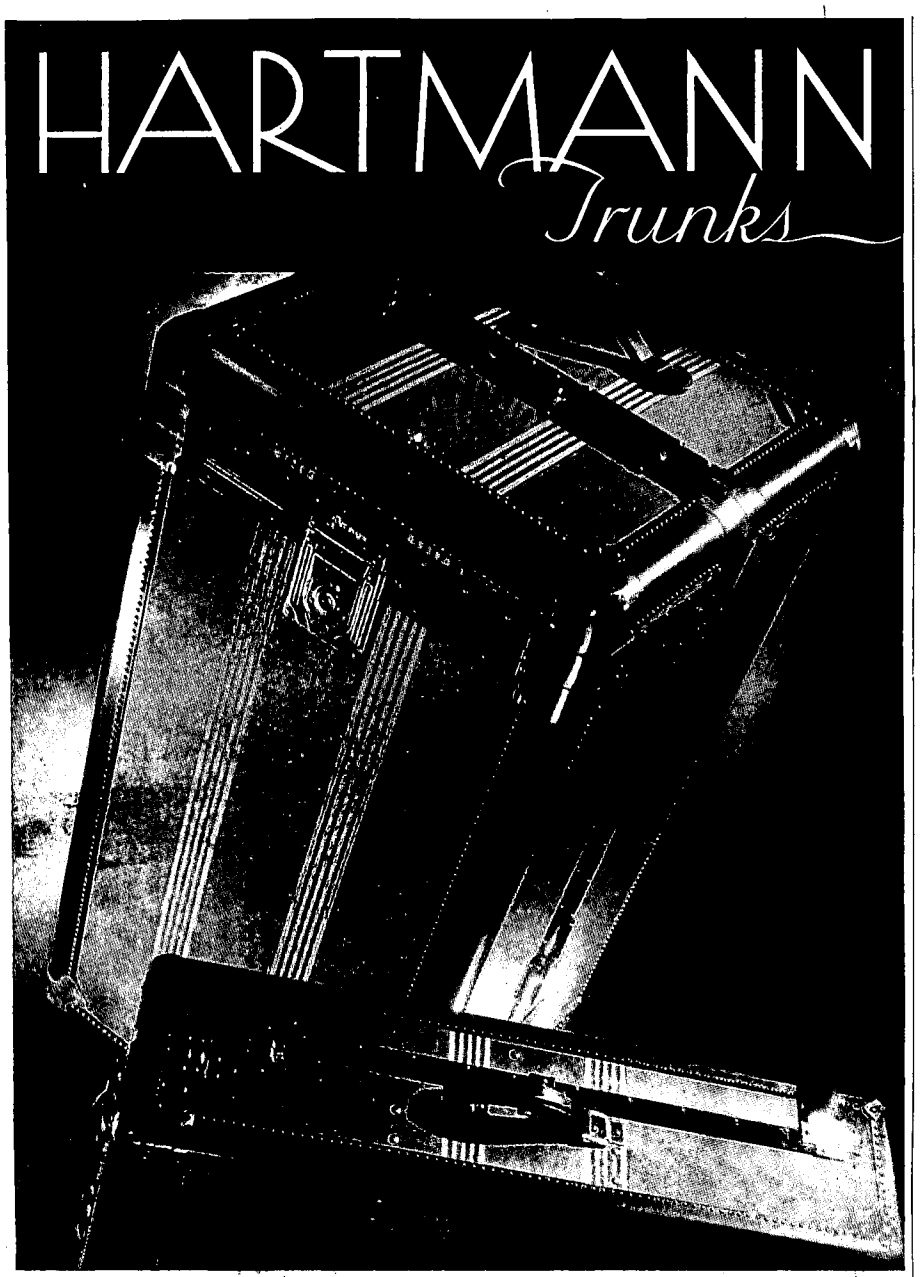

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Social Secretary

Continued from page 25

Should she finish the letter? She'd only written a few lines. For an instant she held the pen poised. It was all solved, if she wanted to accept the solution. But she wasn't ready to be taken to England and set down in a country place and watched. Not yet, if ever.

How should she continue? She read her scrawl.

"Frank: I'm scared. What ought I to do?"

"IT'S the first time in her life I ever knew her to ask for anything sensible," Mrs. Harriman declared, sitting on the edge of her own bed.

"I'll set to work this morning and put a little dynamite under the young man. Great news, isn't it, Miss Blake?"

"I know that you're delighted."

There must have been something a little odd in her voice, for Mrs. Harriman looked over at her.

"How long is it since you've been out of this house, Blakey?" she asked. "You look peaked and miserable."

"Have I been stingy with my rouge again?"

"You've been stingy with fresh air and sunshine."

"Better take that greyhound of Sylvia's through the Park, Miss Blake," Mr. Harriman said. "He's as strenuous as a game of tennis."

They were so kind and so relentless.

"I've got a good deal to do, Mr. Harriman."

But Mrs. Harriman wouldn't allow evasion.

"That wasn't a suggestion, Blakey," she stated. "It was an order."

Helen looked across the street from one of the drawing-room windows before she started. Fortunately the familiar figure wasn't there. Of all times this was the one when she mustn't meet him.

It was a glorious day, and Anselm reacted to it. Even Helen, as she walked down the few steps from the Harriman door, had that feeling of spring which can be stronger in March than in May itself. The sunshine wasn't winter sunshine any longer. There was a lot of wind, but it was warm wind. The buds on the trees in the Park were big and red against the deep blue of the New York sky.

Anselm knew something about traffic, so he didn't tug at his leash while Helen waited for the light to click from green to red. But when it did he almost dragged her across the street, though, as if in defiance of the policeman's whistle, the warm wind chose that moment to sweep up the Avenue, raising a cloud of dust.

Helen ducked her head, closed her eyes, and was guided into sharp collision with a man who'd just arrived on the opposite corner.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized.

"You will be," Lord Danforth's voice informed her. "It's I. Isn't that discouraging?"

"It is," Helen answered. "Do you spend all your time here?"

"All my spare time. I have ever since I had tea with Mrs. Harriman and counted all those dogs."

"Counted the dogs?"

"It occurred to me that in a house with as many dogs in it as that every person must take one for a walk sooner or later."

Anselm had continued pulling Helen. They were in the Park by now, Lord Danforth walking at her side.

"I should think that you, a stranger in a strange city, would have something better to do than watch our dogs being exercised," Helen remarked.

"If your telephone service weren't so inexplicably clogged—" he began.

"Have you really wasted that time waiting for me, Lord Danforth? Don't you realize that there are millions of girls in this city who are more attractive than I am?"

"Evidently you've never heard of the curse of the Danforths," he told her. "We Danforths get a woman in our blood and she stays there."

"Until you tire of her," Helen suggested.

"That's the terrible thing: we never do tire of her. That accounts for the appalling number of bachelor uncles who are always knocking about the attics of Ceighton Priory. You see, because we get a certain woman in our blood, it's no sign that she gets us in hers."

"Your place isn't really called Satan Priory."

"Yes. It's spelled C-e-i-g-h-t-o-n, though. I don't believe anyone noticed that it was a pun for three hundred years. Only with poverty have the Danforths developed anything that approaches a sense of humor."

"If you're troubled with poverty you certainly shouldn't waste your time watching for me. I thought you were here on business."

"I was under that impression myself."

As he didn't continue, Helen turned toward him. Up until then their conversations had been more or less restricted to banter. She saw his face stern and worried, and was astonished at what it did to her.

"There's some—trouble about your business?" she asked.

"I oughtn't to bore you with it."

He needed to talk about it. That was plain.

"It wouldn't bore me," Helen said.

"IT'S the most extraordinary thing, Miss Blake. I came over here on a mission for my father. To accomplish it I need the coöperation of Mr. Harriman, who controls the oil situation in this country absolutely. Mr. Harriman has been wonderfully kind. But whenever I try to bring up a business topic, he shuts me off instantly. Why?"

"You can't think of any explanation?"

"I've been driven to the point of wondering whether he might think an alliance between his granddaughter and me a good thing. But that's totally improbable."

"Wouldn't it be a very wise match for you?" Helen asked.

"It's not a form of wisdom I'm going to indulge in, but I should like to be off these tenterhooks."

As he said the words he became that creature irresistible to woman: a puzzled, distressed boy.

"I wish I could help you, Lord Danforth," Helen told him. "I would if I weren't in a position of trust."

"Would you?" he asked.

"Yes."

For a moment they were like two Russian characters in some hopeless situation, then he laughed.

"As a matter of fact you have helped me," he said, "just by saying that. It shows me that there's some way out. I needed such an assurance badly."

"Then I shouldn't have said it, and I wish you'd go away. You're managing to make me feel like a traitor."

"To relieve your conscience," he said, "I'm going to tell you something. I have

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a plan. It's my own and you're not responsible."

"I'd rather not hear."

But he ignored her and hurried on.

"I have an appointment to see Mr. McKecheron this afternoon. I'm going to try to get him interested in Tress Oil. He was the last competitor to go over to Harriman, and I have an impression that they're far from congenial."

It would have been silly to continue her silence after that.

"It's a terribly thin chance," she said, "but that's exactly what I meant."

"And you're on my side?" he asked. "As far as feelings are concerned?"

"Women are always on the side of the under dog."

"THAT'S not even a full half-loaf," he said, "but I accept it. When can I see you and tell you how my interview with McKecheron comes out?"

"There's no reason that we should see each other again, Lord Danforth."

"Is there any that we shouldn't?"

"Quantities of them. My job. Your position in the world—" her voice trailed off in embarrassment.

"Somehow those don't seem necessarily involved," he said, and then he asked an appalling question, "Are you afraid of falling hopelessly in love with me?"

"Of course I'm not."

"I was afraid not, and yet that's the only good reason I can imagine for your not humoring your interest in the under dog."

"What good would it do?"

"It would give me great pleasure, and I live for the moment. Of course if it's more noble not to see me—"

"What a loathsome suggestion. But if you have any luck with Mr. McKecheron you're going to be very busy."

"Surely I can allow myself time off for a luncheon or a dinner."

"I'll dine with you tomorrow night," she conceded, remembering that Mrs. Harriman was planning to take Sylvia to the opera so that it couldn't injure him in that quarter.

"What time can I call for you?"

"You mustn't call. This is a very backstairs business."

"Where can we meet then?"

It must be some place beyond the likelihood of Harrimans or Harriman friends.

"There's a restaurant called Claremont way up Riverside Drive," she said.

"I'll probably be there from five o'clock on. Come as early as you can."

"Seven o'clock," she told him. "And now I must turn back."

He turned back with her. Even when they reached the corner where they had met and she said "Good-by, Lord Danforth, and good luck," he didn't go.

"I've got something to say to this fellow," he told her and, bending down, he took Anselm's paw. "Thanks for bringing Miss Blake out of that house, old boy. I hope to do as much for you some day."

It so happened that, at that moment, Sylvia Harriman was just returning to her home from posting a letter which she had preferred not to entrust to a servant.

She accounted for Lord Danforth's presence with her grandmother's secretary as a chance meeting, and there was nothing extraordinary in his bending over Anselm, who was constantly admired. Curiously enough, however, from that tableau of girl, dog, and man looking up at the girl, Sylvia caught some little spark. To her, for the first time, Lord Danforth became a person of exciting potentialities.

She waited, hoping that he would cross the street, which he did not.

"Have a good walk, Blakey?" she asked.

"Very. I met Lord Danforth."

"So I saw. What did he talk to you about?"

"Oh, dogs, mostly."

They went into the house together.

About an hour later, when Helen was reading aloud to Mrs. Harriman before luncheon, Sylvia entered the library.

"Gran," she said, "is Lord Danforth going to that opera party tomorrow night?"

"I hadn't asked him," Mrs. Harriman replied. "Thought it would be too dull."

"I happen to be at my best on dull parties, and if you can get him I'll go."

"Haven't you had a change of heart?" her grandmother chuckled, but she gave the order: "Telephone Lord Danforth right away, will you, Blakey?"

While she was dialing the St. Gregory Helen heard Sylvia's reply:

"I've decided that it might be fun to carve my initials on that iceberg."

"Hello," Helen said, "may I speak to Lord Danforth? . . . Lord Danforth, this is Miss Blake, Mrs. Ogden Harriman's secretary, speaking. Mrs. Harriman wonders if you would dine with her tomorrow night and go on to the opera."

"Will you thank Mrs. Harriman, Miss Blake," Lord Danforth's amused voice replied, "and say that I'm perfectly delighted not to be able to accept? I have a far more charming engagement."

"As a favor to me," Mrs. Harriman called, gathering that some excuse was being made.

"It would be rather a favor to Mrs. Harriman," Helen said.

"Favor or not, nothing will induce me to go and it will be no use to call me up later. My mind's made up."

"Mrs. Harriman will be very sorry too, Lord Danforth," Helen said demurely, and as she hung up the receiver she pronounced the two necessary words: "Previous engagement."

"He would have," Sylvia fumed.

"Well, you can't expect him just to sit around waiting for a word from us," Mrs. Harriman said. "You're going to the Deering début tonight, aren't you? I tell you what I'll do. I'll have Blakey ask for a card for him and send it to his hotel with a note saying that if he can go you'll take care of him."

LORD DANFORTH went to the Deering party, looked up Sylvia and was carefully attentive to her, but even when they were dancing together it was as though there were some invisible sheet of glass between them. Long before the party was over Sylvia summoned her faithful Freddie Ives and said: "I'm fed up with this. Let's go to the Cricket Club."

"I never saw anybody so crazy about a little dump as you are about that," Freddie grumbled, but he took her there.

There was a policeman stationed at the door.

"Cricket Club?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It's shut up."

"Do you mean to say it's been padlocked?" Sylvia demanded.

"Just take a look inside, lady."

Sylvia and Freddie got out of the cab. The interior of the Cricket Club had been gashed with axes. There was not a piece of furniture left whole.

"I don't see what right the law has to do a thing like that," Sylvia said.

"Law nothing," the policeman told her; "the mob in the district had given them warning. About five this morning hell broke loose."

"Where do you want to go?" Freddie asked when they were in the cab again. "Back to the party?"

"I think I'll go home."

She said very little during the drive, and when she got out only nodded in reply to his good night.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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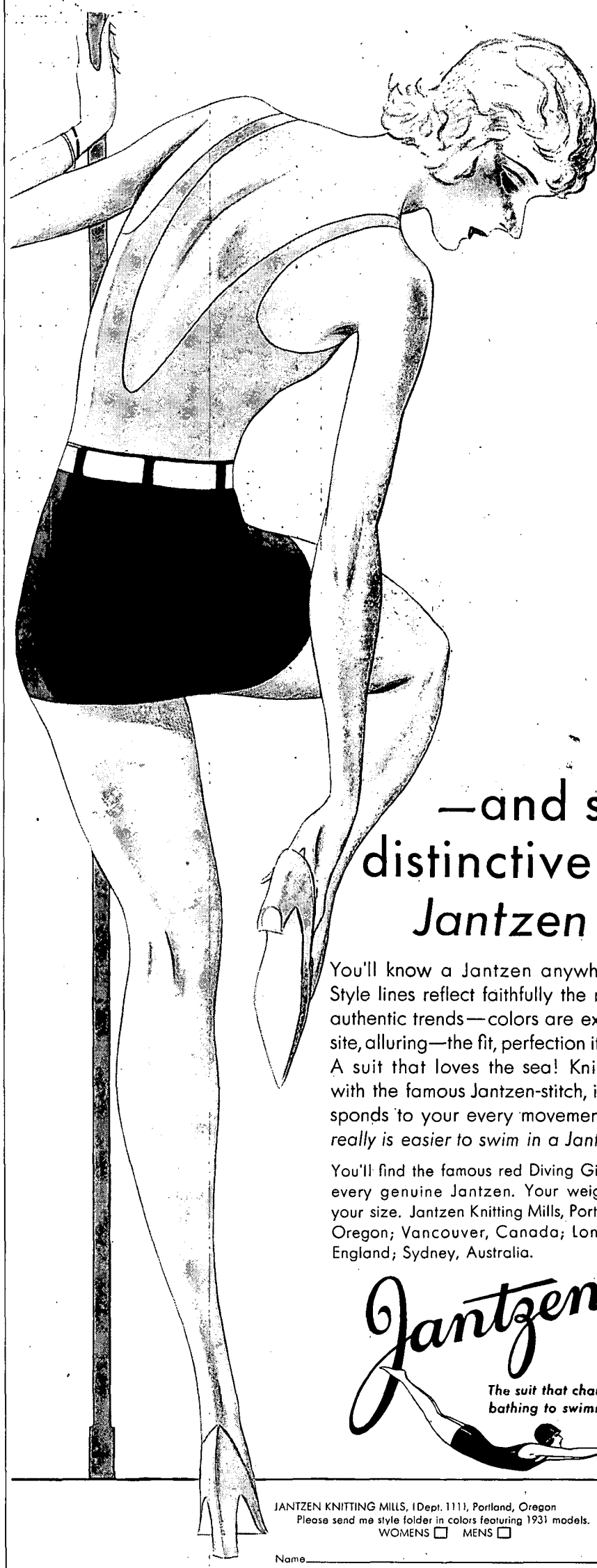

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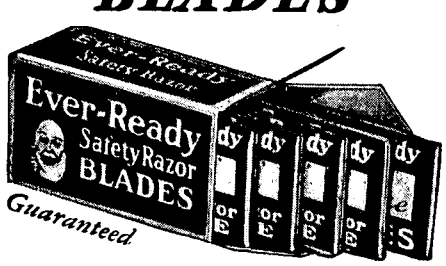

(*Continued from page 51*)

She was putting her key in the front door when she heard a whistle from the areaway and looked down. A man crouched there.

"Good Luck!"

"What are you doing here?" she whispered.

"I got to see you."

"Wait till I see if the coast's clear."

She opened the door. The hall was empty and dim, the library beyond dark.

"Come in."

He scuttled up the steps and she shut the door after him. He was unshaven and dirt-stained. His fingers were dingy.

"Why did you come here looking like that?" she asked.

"I was in no spot to doll up. Just one locked door and a drop of fifteen feet saved me and Abe from being fogged. We spent today in a loft on Tenth. I had to knock Abe out to get away."

"Why?"

"He knew if I was spotted it was the end of both of us."

"Then why did you come?"

"I'm down to case dough, Good Luck."

"So that's it?"

She hated the assumption that he had only to call on her, but she opened her evening bag.

"Here's about eighty dollars," she said. "It's all I have on me."

"Thanks," he said, "but they ain't advancing food and clothes on the cuff where we're stopping."

His eyes settled on a diamond pin Sylvia wore. She unfastened it.

"That's the last thing you get from me," she said. "Now get out."

LORD DANFORTH was waiting just inside the door of the Claremont, a long cardboard box under one broadcloth arm.

"I couldn't decide what kind of flowers to get you," he greeted Helen "so I brought you a choice."

He opened the box. There was a corsage of yellow orchids, one of lavender orchids, a knot of gardenias, even one of violets.

"How marvelous!" Helen said. "I'll take the gardenias and regret the others all evening."

"We'll put them under the table and you can change from time to time."

"For mademoiselle the flower of the mood." She laughed.

"Exactly."

When she had fastened the gardenias at her shoulder he took her to a table on the porch from which they could look, over grass, to a Hudson somehow friendlier than the Hudson of farther downtown. On the table there was a bowl of roses which must, of course, have been grown in a hothouse, and which looked like tea roses.

"You brought those too," Helen said. "You seem to have gone berserk in a florist shop."

"I had to do something to express how I felt," he explained. "If I'd had time I'd have hired a Hungarian orchestra, and brought wine to drink out of your slipper."

"What's happened?"

"I saw McKecheron yesterday and spent most of today with him. He's going to combine with Tress Oil."

"It sounds like a salad dressing, but isn't it magnificent?"

"I've talked to my father in London twice by phone."

"Was he pleased?"

"Pleased sounds so inadequate. There were plenty of shares of Tress Oil lying about waiting to be bought, and he's borrowed all that he can and taken over most of them. The rest have been gobbled up by uncles and aunts and cousins, and step-cousins, and step-cousins-in-law. The Danforths will be solvent again, and they'll appreciate the change."

"McKecheron has signed an agreement?" Helen asked.

"No, but I have his word."

"Why didn't he sign an agreement?"

"Oh, there was some technical point involved. Wait till noon tomorrow. Tress Oil will be up twenty points. Perhaps you'd better buy when the market opens. No, on second thought, we'll have enough."

"We?"

"We're going to be married. Didn't you know?"

"You're perfectly mad."

"Would you be so good as to prove that?"

"This is exactly the third time you've seen me."

"Apparently the only way an ambitious young man can see you is to marry you straight off."

"Lord Danforth, this is nonsense. You can't marry an upper servant."

Lord Danforth cocked an eyebrow.

"An upper servant?" he questioned the description.

"Let's face facts. I have a nice room. I have nice clothes. Sometimes I'm allowed at my employer's parties but I'm an upper servant for all that."

"My dear young lady, if you were a lower servant. If—in the best tradition—you were a kitchen drudge there's no reason why I shouldn't marry you now."

"What do you mean?"

"Day before yesterday there might have been obstacles. My father might have resisted my desire for the beautiful slavey with some reason. But today it's different. Today I'm a self-made man. I'm rather more than that. I'm the preserver of the Danforth fortune and honor, and I can marry whom I jolly well please."

"No, you can't," Helen interrupted, and their waiter, a dim-eyed little bee of a man, took advantage of the interruption to come forward, bearing a steaming plate, and say: "Soup."

"Don't serve it," Lord Danforth said to him.

The little man retired, though Helen said: "Serve it, of course."

"Are you going to resist me?" Lord Danforth inquired of her. "Must I starve you into being engaged?"

"I'm not just being silly, Lord Danforth."

"Paul is the name."

"It's too soon to speak of marriage. It's—well, if nothing else it's bad luck."

"What tosh! And to be put forth when a special engagement dinner is waiting to be served! The soup getting cold, in fact."

"But we're not engaged. There are reasons why we shouldn't be. You don't know anything about me. I'm not the innocent young girl you probably suppose. I've been mixed up in a frightful mess."

Paul, Lord Danforth, looked straight into her eyes.

"I'm not Little Lord Fauntleroy myself," he said.

"It's different with a man."

"PLEASE don't be old-fashioned," he pleaded. "I know that whatever has happened to you has made you what you are, and it's what you are that I love. We're two people who know what it's all about, don't you see? It's a miracle that this should have happened to us, but it's happened and we can appreciate it. You've talked about luck. Don't trifle with this luck. Just accept it, and be glad, my dear."

His hand was lying on the table. She put hers in it, and her beautiful, kind face leaned toward him.

"I am so glad," she said.

For an instant or two, or perhaps it was an age or two, they just lost themselves in each other's eyes. Then the waiter began hovering.

"You can serve the soup," Lord Danforth told him. Then, turning to Helen, "Where shall we go after dinner?" he asked. "Is there some place where I can parade you up and down an aisle a great many times so that people will envy me as they should?"

"As a matter of fact," Helen said, "until the McKecheron agreement is signed we'd better be extremely careful not to be seen together."

"Oh, why?" he protested scornfully.

"When the Harrimans learn they'll be terribly angry."

"But they're fond of you."

"In a way, but Sylvia is their own granddaughter, and they think you're her best chance for safety. Their feeling for me doesn't exist in comparison with that. They'll think themselves cheated. You see, when you're as rich as the Ogden Harrimans, you get to thinking that you have a right to anything you want."

"Then they'd better stop wanting me."

"Instead, they're quite capable of trying to destroy you."

"That sounds rather melodramatic," Lord Danforth laughed.

"A man who's had a business career like Ogden Harriman's *is* melodramatic. We know him as a considerate old gentleman, and I'm devoted to him. But don't forget that in his ruthless days he wiped out the happiness of whole families."

"Don't be afraid," Lord Danforth said. "He shan't get us."

"But we won't be foolhardy," Helen told him. "And I know what we'll do after dinner. We'll be like all real lovers in New York, and ride on top of a bus under the moon."

WHEN she was walking home from the corner where the bus had stopped, Helen tried to think what it would be like if she were to tell the Harrimans:

"I'm very sorry, but you'll have to give up your scheme about Lord Danforth. I'm going to marry him myself."

It hadn't the ring of something one said. The secret would seep out gradually, of course, like most secrets.

The lights in the hall weren't low and Helen wondered who could be up. Not for long, however, for Parker greeted her as she opened the door.

"I've just come from your room, Miss Blake. Mr. and Mrs. Harriman were asking for you. They're in the dining-room."

They were sitting at the table. On it stood some sandwiches, some hothouse grapes and a quart of champagne. Each of the two had a glass and part of a sandwich.

"Hello, Blakey," Mrs. Harriman called. "Oggy's been working this evening and we're celebrating."

"What?"

"I think I've fixed up that little matter we were discussing yesterday morning," Mr. Harriman said.

"Lord Danforth and Sylvia, you know," Mrs. Harriman explained. "It's all set."

Helen was too startled to do more than breathe: "What do you mean?"

"Oggy was right. Lord Danforth was negotiating with McKecheron."

"Pretty smart of him too," Mr. Harriman commented appreciatively.

"And what did you do, Mr. Harriman?"

But it was Mrs. Harriman who answered:

"Bought McKecheron out."

"Incidentally," her husband told her, "that's going to be the most expensive grandson-in-law in the world, Harriet."

"How much did you have to pay?"

"Very close to fifty million dollars. Won't you have some champagne, Miss Blake?"

(To be continued next week)

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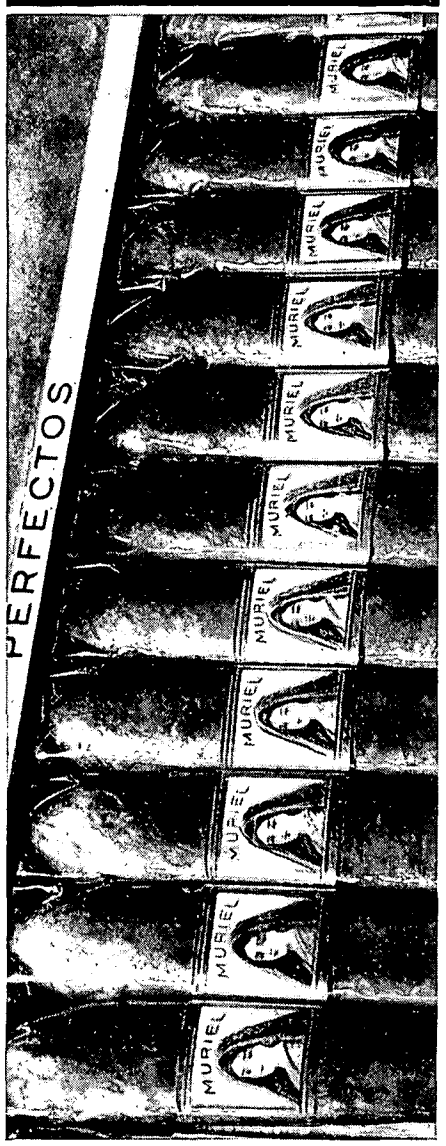

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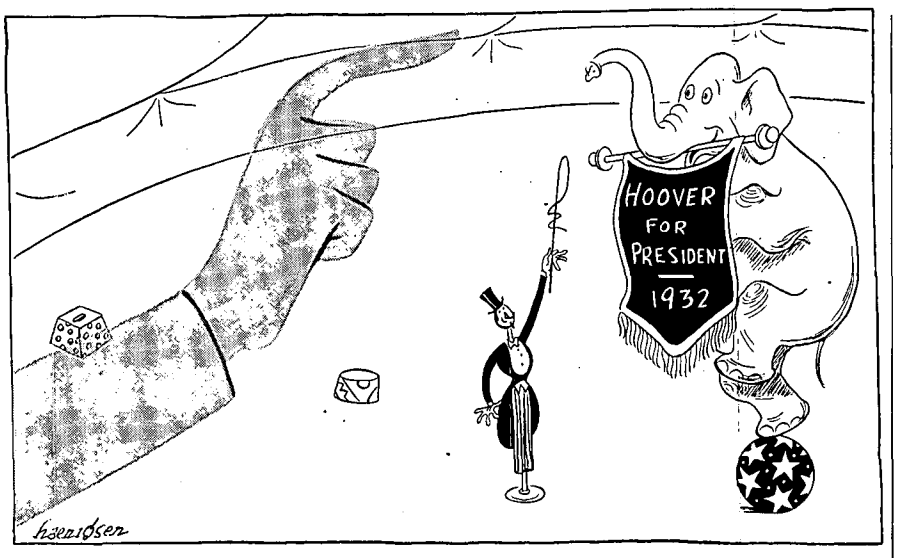

Ray for Hoover

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE man of mystery in Washington is Ray Benjamin of California. He has been here for six months or more, ostensibly attending to his law business but unmistakably devoting his time to politics.

Every time an office near to Mr. Hoover becomes vacant the newspapers list Mr. Benjamin as its probable appointee. The prophets would have him even as George Akerson's successor in the secretariat. His name is not in the telephone book, which must be inconvenient for his clients from California when they come to consult him on the law business which keeps him so persistently in Washington.

His offices are not with the Republican national committee. To have him move right into national headquarters would be hard upon the feelings of Senator Simeon D. Fess, the reputed chairman of the national committee. But if Mr. Benjamin does not exercise all the functions—except speech-making and the issuing of statements—that the good Doctor Fess ought to exercise, then it is hard to make out what he is doing.

In other words, Doctor Fess is already practically out of his job. In directing the affairs of the Republican national committee he is a sort of vermiform appendix. He hardly had time to get used to his title as national chairman before someone else had all the influence that goes with the office.

It Won't Be Long Now

And if one can judge from appearance Doctor Fess is going to lose the title itself and all the glory of the chairmanship just as soon as the office begins to amount to something, which means just as soon as the time for renominating and reëlecting Mr. Hoover draws near. About the end of this year one would expect to see the curtain drawn from Mr. Benjamin and have it revealed that he is national chairman, not only in fact but in name.

There is no question that the renominating and reëlecting of Mr. Hoover is a man-sized job. And Mr. Benjamin is a very sizable man politically.

One hasn't heard much of Doctor Fess since Congress adjourned. He is probably out making speeches to the school-teachers of Ohio, a function at which he shines.

It seems to have been realized the instant Fess was made chairman to succeed the somewhat beclouded Claudius Huston that the Doctor was not up to the job of electing Mr. Hoover President. Thereupon Mr. Benjamin came unobtrusively into Washington from California. Few knew of his arrival until last November's campaign for the election of a Republican House and Senate was nearly over. And he has been here ever since.

The reasons for thinking that he will be made national chairman about next December are impressive. In the first place, Mr. Benjamin is giving his whole attention to the task of improving President Hoover's political prospects; that is to say, he is the one Republican in Washington who is thinking all the time about how to reëlect Mr. Hoover. Therefore he is obviously in training to take over the task of renominating and reelecting Mr. Hoover.

The Best Man in Sight

And of course, as soon as there is a real chairman of the Republican national committee, if he isn't Mr. Benjamin, the latter will have to take the first train back to San Francisco. No one but an amiable figurehead like Doctor Fess would tolerate the presence of someone else directing party affairs.

And Mr. Benjamin is better qualified than anyone else that Mr. Hoover has ever picked out as national chairman. He knows his political onions. From 1912 to 1920 he was Senator Hiram Johnson's chief lieutenant in California, and chairman of the California Republican state committee. That was a good school in which to learn politics, for there is nothing amateurish about the Hiram Johnson machine in California. Benjamin broke with Hiram Johnson about 1920 and attached himself to the rising figure of Herbert Hoover.

Not only is he the best man for national chairman in sight, but there is no one else in sight. President Hoover has had three shots already at filling the national chairmanship and all of them were misses. Not many persons want the job.

Mr. Benjamin apparently does. He qualifies as a friend of the President, enjoying the President's confidence, and as being agreeable to the practical politicians of the party. He is one of their number.

One wonders how the rising of Mr. Benjamin to the place of chief adviser to the President in such an essential business as his campaign for reëlection will affect the other advisers. Postmaster General Walter Brown put Doctor Fess in the chairmanship so that he himself might presumably control the national committee through his figurehead. Now someone else is rising up to control the national committee, the most important power in a national campaign.

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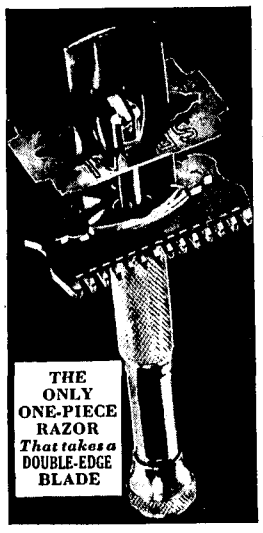

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The Cuban Lottery Racket

Continued from page 17

see, is very different. On each issue of 30,000 tickets the government at the wholesale rate takes in $510,000.

But the people pay out far more than $510,000 in each lottery; indeed they pay out between $800,000 and $850,000. The difference of approximately $325,000 on an estimated average between the sum that the Federal government charges and the sum that the people take out of their pockets for lottery tickets, is what makes the lottery a racket.

Three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in racket money, every drawing, with three regular drawings a month, together with two extra drawings yearly, means about twelve and a half million dollars a year of lottery money that goes somewhere else than into the Federal treasury.

"Racket Sugar"

That twelve and a half million is believed by Cubans to be "racket sugar." It's divided, they believe, among certain congressmen, senators, officials and political friends of the president.

Compare this twelve and a half million with about nine and a half million in lottery profits that goes into the government treasury yearly!

Or the nine and a half million that the government is supposed to pay out annually to winners!

"The lottery racketeers are taking more of the lottery money than anybody else," complain the Cubans.

Now, who are the lottery racketeers in Cuba?

"Congressmen, senators, political leaders and friends of President Machado," the Cubans tell you.

It is a strange favor that President Machado, through his directly appointed director of the lottery, has to hand out to certain Cubans. This favor is called a *colecturía*. A *colecturía* is a right. The man who is favored by President Machado's office with a *colecturía* has the right to buy fifteen lottery tickets, directly from the government, at seventeen dollars a ticket.

Thus, for every 30,000 tickets there are 2,000 *colecturías*. This may mean that 2,000 different men have each been given the right to buy fifteen tickets from the government or that a fewer number of men have each been given several *colecturía* rights.

It's a fine snap to have a *colecturía;* to be able to buy these tickets at seventeen dollars each when it's dead certain that they can be sold to ticket sellers for a much higher sum.

All you have to do, if you have a *colecturía*, is to tell a lottery ticket dealer that he has permission to collect your fifteen or thirty or forty-five tickets, depending upon the number of *colecturías* you have been able to wangle out of the government, and sell them to the public.

You paid seventeen dollars for each ticket. But tickets sell to the public at twenty-five or even thirty dollars, and the lower numbers, which are considered the most desirable, for thirty-five dollars and even forty dollars a ticket.

There's an estimated gross profit, the Cubans' calculation tells you, of little less than eleven dollars on every lottery ticket.

The president, as we have seen—or at least the director of the lottery, whom he personally names—controls two thousand of these *colecturías*.

There is no binding law that says who shall or who shall not possess the *colecturías*. It is all at the whim of the president or his lottery director. He can give or he can take away these rich money favors. Three times a month the lottery office can juggle these *colecturías* about as they please, and it is not money that comes out of the government treasury but only out of the individual pockets of hundreds of thousands of Cubans.

Well, how *does* the Cuban White House—or its lottery directors—distribute these golden *colecturías?* How does it use these to help itself and its policies?

Again we must go back to those who are enemies of President Machado; they express, however, a general belief of the Cuban public.

Seven hundred of these two thousand *colecturías*, they say, go to members of the House of Representatives and to the members of the Senate. This, they say, makes Machado master of Congress.

Of 128 representatives, it is claimed that about 100 accept five *colecturías* at each of the three-per-month drawings. This would mean that each of these members of the lower law-making body has the right to buy in every drawing seventy-five lottery tickets from the government at seventeen dollars each. Good reason they don't care to sell them directly to the public! They secretly turn over these tickets at a handsome profit to some public vender of lottery tickets.

Members of the congress, it is said, divide far more generously with the public venders than do other holders of *colecturías* because of their great desire for secrecy.

One thousand five hundred dollars a month is the estimated profit of each of such representatives. Eighteen thousand dollars a year!

And the senators! It is currently believed that about twenty of the twenty-eight of them each receive ten *colecturías* at each drawing. Almost three thousand dollars a month! That's what the Cubans tell you such senators receive from lottery sources.

In the Land of Plenty

After representatives and senators are cared for, in return for the care which they give on the floor to the welfare of the Machado administration, with seven hundred *colecturías*, there remain 1,300 of these strange favors for the president's appointees to distribute as seems best.

These 1,300 *colecturías*, say the Cuban estimators, give the favor-granting department of the Cuban White House about $425,000 a month in lottery profits to scatter about where it will do the most good for the government.

In other words, if these estimates be true, a president of the Republic of Cuba, whoever he may be, under the present lottery system has about five million dollars a year of lottery income to distribute among his friends or do with as he pleases. There is a tremendous driving power in such a sum. Not even the presidential elections in the United States, coming at four-year intervals, cost this sum of money.

It is only fair to say that these critics of the incumbent president, Señor Machado, admit that other presidents have done as they believe Machado is doing now—used this money to get themselves reëlected to a second term in the presidency, a downright violation of Cuban public opinion, and to secure the passage of such laws as the president desires.

In the latest election all three political parties agreed on Machado for the presidency. And in his case this was a reëlection. Cubans believe that lottery *colecturías* swayed leaders of the various parties and brought about this strange unanimity.

And now about the lottery itself.

It yields about $9,500,000 a year to the government treasury.

Does it yield an approximate sum, as it is supposed to do, to the lottery-playing public?

Who knows? At each of the thrice-a-month drawings, with the public looking on, two orphan children draw numbered balls from wire cages. One ball is the number of the ticket; the other ball designates the number of the prize the winner shall receive—first, second, third, etc.

It's all very modern. The children call out the numbers and microphones take their words to every home that has its radio set tuned in. Most of Cuba is listening for the results.

Even the Winners Lose

There is a $100,000 prize; one for $50,000; one for $25,000 and a group of lesser ones, down in the hundreds.

Who wins? No one knows. The government makes public the winning numbers. But it never makes known the names of the winners.

"Winners don't like to have their names made public," one prominent citizen of Havana explained to me. "They don't want beggars to get after them."

Rarely does a winner make public his good fortune. There is no such publicity as we have in the United States when a citizen wins a sweepstake prize in some European horse race.

Recently some of the winners have come to the surface. They are said to have complained that they did not receive much cash. Part of their pay from the government, they groan, was made in what is called *vales;* government bonds, of a sort; glorified I O U's. The winner cannot protest. Read this reminder of Cuban law from the Criminal Code:

"The value of our coin is guaranteed by the credit and responsibility of the nation.

"Any person refusing to accept same violates Paragraph First of Article 600 of the Criminal Code of Cuba."

Even the most newly arrived tourists in Cuba know of this law, for they find the above sentences printed on the government's admission cards to Cuba. And this advice is appended:

"Tourists having Cuban coin, upon returning to their respective countries, are cordially invited to exchange it for their own at any bank."

Cuba issues no paper money, but only the smaller metal coinage; it depends upon the United States for its paper money.

Wherefore a lottery winner, refusing to accept *vales*, would conceivably find himself in as difficult a situation as some tourist who refused to accept Cuban coin.

The lottery is Cuba's own business, of course.

But, under the Platt Amendment, the United States government is responsible for maintaining the decency, safety, and liberty of the Cuban people.

If the lottery *racket* affects these, through a lottery-influenced Congress, then the racket part of the lottery is truly some of Uncle Sam's business, even if he has not yet disposed of the rackets that are pestering him at home.

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CASLON BOND

Easy, Son, Easy

Continued from page 13

He threw off a felt hat that had all but hidden his eyes. I worried his overcoat off. And there he stood—ninety-four years old, nearly blind, almost deaf, but (and you got this almost immediately) still packed with the charm and wit that made him, Henri Mouquin, as sought after as the wines and food he used to serve in the two famous restaurants he conducted in New York before prohibition. You who lived in New York before 1920, or you who visited, cannot have forgotten Mouquin's.

When prohibition came old Henri quit. Perhaps, he says, people would have continued to come to eat.

The Baptismal Grape

"But what of me who would have been there to watch them?" he demanded. "It is not beautiful—eating. Ah, yes, cooking is the art and there is beauty in the saucepan. But for a man to sit at a table and eat, eat, eat—to smack his lips and move his jaws—that, my friend, is not beautiful. Observe a man or a woman in a restaurant eating but not drinking too. What do you see in the eyes of that person? Then I will tell you. It is the ugliest, the cruelest of our sins. It is greed. But no, no; it cannot be helped. It comes and you do not know—into the eyes. But, my friend, with a bottle of the Chablis, perhaps, beside the plate, or the Hermitage or the good St. Emilion—

"So!" he concluded, flinging wide his short, thick arms. "I did not care to see. I came down here to my farm. I shall die here and be buried in my cemetery and they will not forget me because, my friend, I am already forgotten."

And then, suddenly, he tore himself loose from this sorrowful prospect and indulged in a tremendous groan—"Ahhhh-gaaaaar, gaaaaarooooooo"—and shivered the windows with a bellow for Mary, John and Tadd. Mary appeared, fetching lunch—oysters, a ham knuckle, four or five slabs of cheese, fried apples, mashed potatoes and boiled greens. John appeared with a little packet of letters and newspapers. Tadd came in with nothing but a look of deep concern.

"So," cried the old man, taking the letters. "Take these and read them to me. My faith! Everybody may be dead and gone and how am I to know it? My eyes are not kind to me now."

So I read his letters to him, being halted frequently because I was reading too fast.

"Easy, my son, easy," he groaned. "Don't hurry. Friction kills faster than rust."

And we ate lunch, which took a long time because every mouthful had to be chewed very deliberately and salted with much philosophy and precept.

"Can you cook?" he demanded. "Some things? Hah! Better than nothing. Before a man marries he must make sure that his wife can cook. Perhaps she says 'yes.' How is he to know? When they are married he must say to her: 'Cook me a dinner.' She cooks it. It is good? *Bien.* It is not good? *Diable.* Then he rises and goes into the kitchen. He tells her to wait and behold. He cooks her a dinner and it is good. And then, my friend, what? She is ashamed, that girl. She becomes a cook."

I didn't contest it. He had made it clear that he wanted no arguments, just answers. And those, brief. He had told me during the oysters that he knew precisely how things would be with us:

"Do not show me how wise you are," he commanded. "You will think I am an old fool, perhaps. But also you will make me think of what a jackass I was when I was young. We will be friends, so.

"You like the wine the old man has kept from the old days, hey? Attend, then. I was born in October, 1837, at the time of the grape harvest. When I was four days old it was time to baptize me. My father took me in his arms to the vats and—so—he put my head under the first of the juice that ran out of the pressing. The grape, she ran into my face, my eyes, my mouth.

"And then, my son, what? He carries me out—so—permitting no one to wipe my face. He holds me so that the sun that warmed the grape will be my towel. You understand? And he is quiet. He says nothing. He holds his breath. The wine dries on my face beneath the sun. But, understand, I have not gasped. I have not protested. I have not sputtered. My eyes, they do not close. And then:

"'Come, come,' cries my father. 'Come and see my son. He has not wept. He has not choked. He does not try to shun the grape. He will go far, this son of mine. He will go far, this Henri.'

"And who, my friend, will say I have not? Thank the good God who gave us the sun to warm the grape. *Hélas!* What is that you do?"

I had put a dab of butter on one of Mary's superior biscuits. The old fellow looked at the biscuit sternly and at me with compassion.

"Butter," said he, "must be in the food, not on it. Have nothing to do with butter after breakfast—nothing. After breakfast the butter is for the cook to use. If the cook does not, then she does not understand cooking. Cooking. Cooking. What is it? To treat food like a felon? To punish it? But no. Cook gently—gently as the sun browns the body. So. Would you incinerate good food—burn it at the stake? That is brutal, my friend, brutal. And what is brutal to the food is brutal to the stomach. Gently.

"You Are a Fool"

"Eat gently, not gluttonously, not ravenously, not brutally. Drink gently, not like the swine. A man strikes you on the head with his cane and what is it? You call for the police—no?—and you tell them to take this criminal to prison. And pouf! That is finished. But what when you strike yourself on the head with intemperance—in the stomach with food you have killed with fire, what would you? Are you honest and demand that the police take you off to prison to be protected against yourself? No. You send for the doctor. You are, my friend, a fool. You ask the doctor to cure you of the injury you do to yourself in your ignorance."

I admitted that this was indeed the truth. I would have said more but was silenced with a gesture.

"I am not finished," he stormed. "It is worse. You pass a law for fools like that. You write the law and call the fool in and tell him to observe. 'You,' you say, 'are a fool of intemperance. I have made a law which will make you not to be a fool any longer. I have made you wise with a law. Go and be wise.'"

He was in quite a state by now. He had knocked one plate, several knives and forks and two slabs of cheese off

(Continued on page 56)

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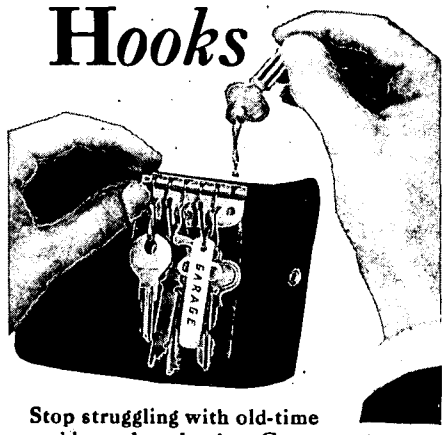

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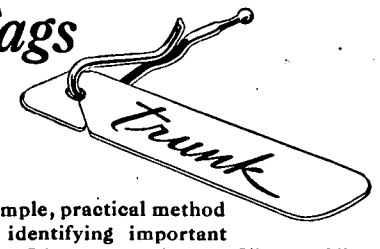

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(*Continued from page 55*)

the table. Tadd was under the table retrieving them. He had also torn up one of the letters in his passion. I awaited the customary groans, all of the foregoing having been punctuated with them; but instead he emitted a series of rumbling chuckles. Also he dug a comb out of his pocket and began luxuriously to curry his fine whiskers.

"*Hein!*" he exploded. "You would legislate temperance into the glutton. You would legislate the fool away from folly. By law you will put wisdom into the cracked head. Perhaps (who knows?) you will not stop there. By this miraculous process you will by law empty the insane asylums, legislate sanity into that empty head. And then.

"And then. What? *Hélas!* Your fool will be a fool for all your laws. He will drink too much. He will be the swine. He will eat too much. He will be a cow. My friend, there are but two kinds of fools who are not always fools. One is the youth who is so because he does not know life. The other is the old, old man because he has forgotten youth. Between youth and age he is not a fool unless, understand, the good God ordained that he should be forever one of his mad children."

This, apparently, was all that the subject merited, because thereafter he was relatively calm, speaking with gentleness and grace of food-preparing, wines (they wash the soul, he said), friends and France.

"Tell me, then. How do you choose a fish? You do not know. Attend then. Choose the fish whose gills are red. You go for the fillet to the market. See to it that the fat is well marbled—so—and that it is from the young animal. You do not know this. No. Two sweetbreads from the same animal—one is superior and one is not. Perhaps inferior. Tell your butcher to cut them apart and take only the two large, superior heart breads. Reject the thin throat breads.

"You are attending? Good! To the chicken. You tell its age not by the tongue of the butcher on his oath to heaven but by the feet of the fowl. How? My friend, you must find out. It is bad for you that I should tell you everything. You must do part. Here is a fowl whose fat is yellow. And why? Because, understand, he is nurtured on corn. But here is one whose fat is white. So. He dined on rice.

"A saddle of mutton, perhaps. Very well, then—look for the short-legged mutton with the meat coming down well on the leg, almost, perhaps, to the foot. Choose him. But who would do all this? Who will take the time? Who will cook a ham with me? Attend. We simmer him for hours until with the fingers we can turn the bone. So. Then we set him aside until he is cool—perhaps six hours. Then into the oven and baste him with a pint of cider. Ah, very good. You eat a little and after days you put him back in the oven. This time he is better. The more you put him in the oven the more delicious until, alas, he is no more."

To Make a Lady Happy

At this point, too, our lunch was no more. The old man hoisted himself out of his chair with horrible groans. Tadd and I wrapped him up in his muffler and overcoat. He refused the hat he had been wearing and called to Mary for "that prince of hats." He would wear that one because he was going to take me for a ride and the ride would take us through Duke of Gloucester Street, Williamsburg, where, the last time he wore it there, a young lady had laughed.

"When with so little effort I can make a lady happy," said he, "why not?"

We had scarcely reached the York River Road, one of the boundaries of the twelve hundred acres of Arcachon, when a motor car roared past us.

"Ahhhh-garrrr," he protested. "That American disease of ours. Zzzzzzzzz. Pouffff. They are gone. Perhaps in that motor car there are friends of mine. But how am I to know? How am I to see—they go so fast?

"I have no telephone in my house. I will not have. I will speak to no man when I cannot see his face. I have not electric lights in my house because I cannot turn them low. I could have all of these. But no. Attend. I will show you a letter from people who wonder that I have no telephone."

Paid in Silver

We were trundling down Duke of Gloucester Street, John in a cross one-sided argument with Marshal Ney, the carriage screaming in agony at every turn of its wheels, old Henri's groans mounting in volume and number as he explored pocket after pocket. Then suddenly he withdrew his hand from a pocket. In it was a silver dollar. Instantly he became highly agitated.

"John," he cried. "You see? By Gar, I am getting feeble. My memory—she is dying. You see this, then? Stop at the bank. Stop at the bank."

Without halting his harangue to Marshal Ney, John pulled up at the bank and he and I hoisted and lowered the master of Arcachon to the pavement. Solemnly the old man tottered into the bank, deposited that dollar and returned, looking vastly relieved. He explained that dollar. He pays off the Negroes at Arcachon every week, going to the bank that day and drawing just enough in silver to meet their wages, and not a penny more. Then, as he used to do with the waiters in his early restaurant, he drags forth a table and on it in a box puts their money. Then they file past and have their wages counted out into their hands. But on the most recent pay day he had found a dollar over after paying them.

"You would not, perhaps, imagine what had happened," he said. "No, it is not possible. I, Henri Mouquin, adding up the pay roll, was in error. I, who cast sums on order slips in my restaurant for years, and without a pencil, but merely with the flick of an eye, I have made an error. What, my friend, would you? I paid them off. I called them back. I took the money. I paid out again. And still there was that dollar. And then I found him—that error. For two days now I have carried it in my pocket. I had forgotten. My son, I am getting old."

We drove through Williamsburg and the old man was desolated because the young lady for whom he had worn that prince of hats was not about to laugh at it. We jogged through Jamestown where, at the gate of the park, another lady—an older one—tried to draw him into conversation. But he would not.

"Why do I not permit her to engage me?" he whispered to me slyly. "Because I am afraid she will ask me something that will anger me, and when a man is angry he should not speak to a woman. Tell me, my son, do you know why there are no more great men in politics?"

"No."

"It is the woman who is to blame," he confided. "Attend now. Once none but the men voted and held office. Then men got together in a room and talked. The talk was as it should be. They swore. They drank. They spoke freely and, perhaps, mentioned this and that which cannot be said before a woman. It was hard. It was not soft. Only a hard man whose heart was great and whose brain was cold survived. Good or bad, honest or knave, the men who came to the top were big. They endured. They ruled.

"But now. . . ."

He left it to one's imagination. For a long time he dozed. Now and then he would awaken, stung to consciousness by a memory revived after many years.

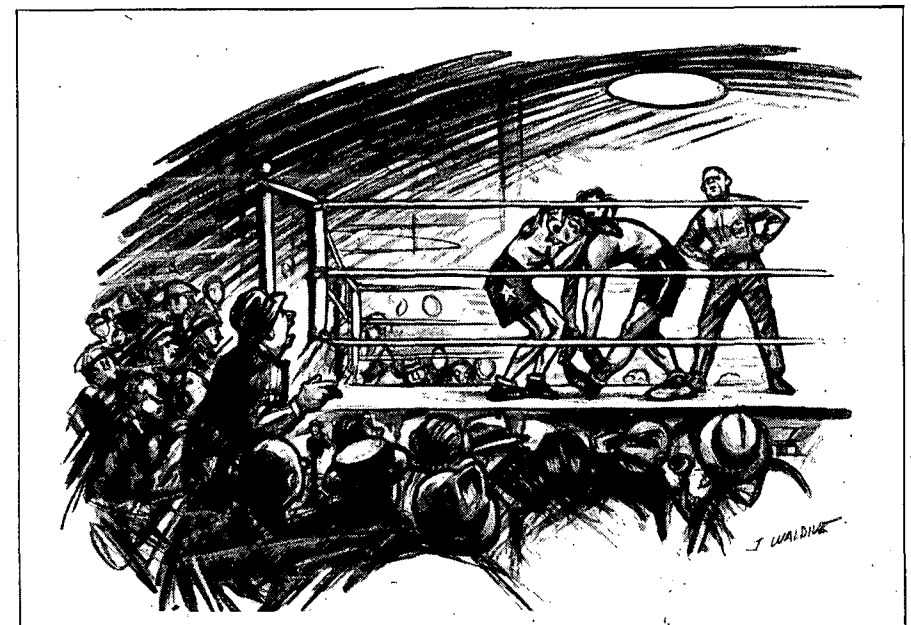
With His Blessing

In the late afternoon, creeping back toward Arcachon, he told me a dozen scraps of stories, none complete. He could not remember. And for the life of him he could not recall the names. He was asleep when John, talking more gently now to Marshal Ney, pulled the ancient nag to a halt at the door.

But we had to arouse him to help him out of the carriage. He awakened with a groan that was half roar. He was in a ruddy rage because, by the most beautiful of saints, he had fallen asleep before his guest. And such was his anger that he would not let me help him back into his house. No! By the stars of God, no! He would stand there in the dusk and see me off. With his blessing, too.

And he did it. In the twilight, rocking gently on his old legs, he looked even more like the great-grandfather of all the gnomes in the mountains.

"Go home," he bellowed, "go home. Go home slowly. Let the fools hurry by. Let them break their necks in their youth. Go slow. Go slow. Even a blind man who does not hurry sees more than live eyes that rush past."



"Go on, Mike—you've got him groggy now!"

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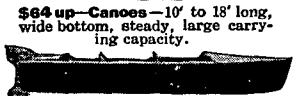

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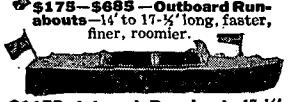

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Protection

Continued from page 23

straight. Why all of these questions?"

"You'll find out."

"I'll find out before I answer 'em. This was a perfectly legitimate business deal."

"Well," said Hafey, glancing at Stein, then at Harworth, "if you want to get tough about it, here it is: I'm building a case against Joe Molina. I looked up your record and it's O. K., so I'm figuring you for straight till I hear different. All right. Joe Molina's away off on his income tax, see? That's the idea."

Hafey laughed.

"Course," he went on, "he's off on a lot of things, but it's tough to pin it on him. All I want to know is, what did you get for them restaurants?"

"That," said Harworth, "is my business. But I'll give you a tip. You got bad information. Molina didn't have anything to do with this deal. A man named Huntingdon bought my restaurants. Is that right, August?" Stein nodded. "Stein," said Harworth, "is my manager."

Hafey, who sat with his head lowered, glanced up at Harworth and smiled.

"Yeah," he said, "I know all about Huntingdon. He's Molina's ghost. That's Joe's way."

Harworth looked at Stein in mock surprise.

"What do you think of that, August? Do you know anything about this?"

"No," said Stein; "all I know is, I got the money from Huntingdon and he did all the signing."

Harworth turned to Hafey.

"See?"

Hafey grinned.

"Now you're going to tell me you don't even know Joe Molina, ain't you?"

"No," said Harworth, "why should I? I met him at a prize fight. He dropped down here to see me one day about buying my interest in Red Cannon, the middleweight."

"Oh," said Hafey, grinning, "is Red your boy? Damn' good scrapper. I won fifty bucks on him the other night."

"He's a comer."

There was a short silence. Then Stein said:

"Hafey, let me see that badge."

Hafey started and got red in the face. Harworth looked at Stein in amazement.

"Hey," said Hafey, "are you trying to kid me?"

"No," said Stein. "Who do you work for anyway?"

"Why, the city."

"Well," said Stein, "what's the city got to do with Molina's income tax?"

"Never mind. Are you looking for a pinch?"

"Yes," said Stein, "pinch me."

THERE was another silence. Then Harworth said:

"All right, Hafey, say your piece."

Hafey got up.

"I'm on my way. You guys'll hear from me later, see? Not a dick, ain't I? Just wait."

"I'd still like to take a look at that badge," said Stein.

"You'll get a good look at it in a couple of days."

He went out, banging the door. Harworth sat staring at Stein.

Finally Stein said:

"Frank, we've made a bad move. We never ought to've took Molina's money."

"Money is money."

"All right. But you see what's happening? That guy wasn't any more a dick than you are. I don't know what his game is, but I'm none too comfortable about it."

"You spotted him all right."

"Sure. I've seen too many dicks in my time. He wasn't right."

The phone rang and Harworth answered it. It was Canovi.

"Boss," he said, "did Tom Corson come in to see you?"

"Tom Corson? Never heard of him."

"Don't hold out on me. We trailed him to your place."

"Wait a minute. What does he look like?"

Canovi described him to his shoes and hat.

"Yes. He was here. Said his name was Hafey."

"Did he pose as a dick?"

"Yes."

"Did he get any information?"

"No. Stein had his number."

"Good. I'll call later."

"Wait a minute. What's his game?"

"Let it lay, Boss, let it lay. You don't know a thing, see? It's healthier."

"All right."

Harworth hung up the receiver and sat looking at Stein.

"It was Canovi," he said finally. "He's on to Hafey."

Stein sat shaking his head and tapping with his cane.

"I don't like this a little bit. Not a little bit."

Harworth said nothing, but he began to feel very uneasy.

"THIS," said Magnussen, "is my last fifty. And I'll be damned if I'll write any more checks."

"Suits me," said Harworth. "You suggested it."

"I always do."

Jo was standing with her hand on Magnussen's shoulder; Louise and Helen were sitting on the bed, and Richman and Larsen were sitting on the floor with their drinks beside them.

"I'll pass the dice if you want to handle 'em," said Harworth.

"Thank you," said Magnussen, reaching for the dice. "I'll take advantage of your kindness once. People," he went on, looking up, "it's a pleasure to lose money to Harworth. He lets you shoot with your own dice. He never argues. I'll bet you he'd give me back what I've lost if I asked him, wouldn't you, Harworth?"

"Certainly."

"It's almost too good to be true," said Richman.

"No sarcasm, please," called Magnussen. "Put that stuff in your articles at so much a line."

"Don't be rude, Dick," Jo put in.

Magnussen looked up.

"Was I rude, Berg?"

"No," said Richman, "insulting."

"Well," said Magnussen, "that's all right then." He raised the dice over his head and began to shake them.

Harworth faded his fifty, and said: "I'm pulling for you."

"Oh, dice! Be good to me," cried Magnussen.

He rolled them; they came double four.

"That's a decent sort of point," said Magnussen. "If I can't make that, I'd better take up ping-pong."

Talking to the dice at every roll, he threw ten, five, six, five again and, finally, after a great deal of talking and coaxing, seven.

Harworth said:

"Too bad."

Magnussen nodded.

"Well, that's that."

Then he got to his feet and threw the dice into the wastebasket. Harworth picked up the money.

(*Continued on page 58*)

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(Continued from page 57)

"Now let's dance," said Jo.

They all went into the living-room and Jo turned on the radio. Magnussen and Jo began to dance, then Richman and Helen. Louise went over to talk to Larsen. Harworth was left alone and sat in a corner watching the others.

He thought Louise looked ill. Her face was pale and drawn under her rouge. He could see that she was under some sort of tension; she couldn't sit still. She kept biting her lips and when she talked she would leave sentences unfinished and stare at nothing. He wanted to talk with her, ask her what was the matter, tell her that she could depend on him, but he didn't have the courage.

She had been avoiding him; he could see that. She scarcely ever addressed a word to him, and when he talked, she listened but offered no comment. She had changed: at first she had seemed slightly insolent to him, sure of herself, superior. Now there was something apologetic about her attitude.

The phone rang and the maid came in and called Louise. Harworth thought she looked worried as she crossed the room.

In a moment she reappeared; her face was white.

"Helen," she called.

Helen turned, saw how pale she was, and hurried over to her. They left the room together.

Jo and Magnussen went on dancing. Richman went out to help the maid with the drinks. Larsen came over to Harworth.

"Poor girl," he said.

"What made her so pale?" asked Harworth.

"It's Arthur," said Larsen; then he bent down and said in a low voice, "He's a fool. He's so crazy about Louise he doesn't know what to do! She won't marry him. How can she? He can't get along as it is."

Harworth said:

"She's a wonderful girl."

Larsen looked at him.

"Are you telling me?"

Harworth felt a sudden wave of anger. He didn't like people to scowl at him.

"Yes," he said, looking hard at Larsen.

Larsen's face softened.

"You're right. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm upset. He won't give her a minute's peace. He was to come tonight. But he wouldn't. Now he calls up. What can she do?"

HARWORTH turned and saw Louise and Helen in the hall. Louise had her coat and hat on; she had been crying. He got up hastily and went out. Larsen followed.

"Can I do anything?" asked Harworth.

Louise kept her eyes lowered but said:

"Yes. May I use your car? I'll send it right back."

"Certainly."

"Louise," said Larsen, "let me go with you."

"Let me alone, Olaf," she said sharply. "You stay here."

"Will you be back?"

"No."

Louise turned and went out hastily, followed by Harworth. Helen shrugged and said to Larsen:

"She ought to tell him not to bother her. She takes things too seriously."

"She ought to, she ought to, yes. But she won't."

Harworth went down in the elevator with Louise and, taking her arm, guided her to his car.

Helen met him in the hall when he came back.

"Too bad, isn't it?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"Arthur's acting up again. He told her he was going to kill himself. He's been drinking. Poor girl. She thinks he means it."

"Doesn't he?"

"Of course not. Want to dance?"

"Yes."

Jo had the radio going full blast. They danced in the hall. Harworth was abstracted, but became alert quickly when he realized that Helen was dancing much closer to him than usual. Her body touched his with an insistence that could not be accidental. He looked down at her. Her face was flushed and she avoided his eyes at first, then stared steadily. He hesitated, then put his cheek against hers. Her face was hot.

Magnussen called from the doorway:

"Helen, let's go take a ride or something. All of us, I mean."

"Shall we?" Helen demanded.

But Richman and Larsen came out into the hall.

"We're going," said Richman.

Larsen looked very glum.

THE streets were empty. It was after three o'clock. Harworth had sent Sandy for the big roadster. The top was down and the night air was cold on their faces. Harworth was at the wheel and Helen sat beside him. Magnussen and Jo were in the rumble seat. From time to time Magnussen called:

"Say, is this a funeral procession?"

And when Harworth stepped on the accelerator and the roadster shot away, and the speedometer whirled from thirty-five to sixty, Jo stood up and yelled:

"Whoopee!"

They were going south on the lake drive. At their left was the lake, dark and silent; on their right twenty-story apartment houses, with a few lighted windows, towered above the trees of Lincoln Park. They passed a couple of taxis going north.

Helen said:

"What a lovely night!"

"Yes," said Harworth.

The wind was blowing her dress up and in the light from the dash he saw her legs far above her knees. Remembering how she had danced with him, he felt a sudden fierce desire for her. He glanced at her. Smiling, she leaned toward him and put her head on his shoulder.

He took them to Stromberg's. The usual crowd was there and Magnussen said:

"Oh, what an education this is."

Helen was holding Harworth's hand under the table and said nothing.

"It's pretty tough," said Harworth; "but the food's good."

He felt triumphant. He had lost his timidity with Helen; she was easy, easy. He turned. She was looking at him. He smiled and she lowered her eyes, then looked up quickly with an unambiguous glance. It said: Have patience; wait!

They ordered and Jo began to tell about a place in Berlin where the man with her had got so tight that he lay down on the floor and another man had put a bunch of celery in his hand.

Helen interrupted:

"Jo, I don't think I'll go up to Lake Winnebago after all. Are you going?"

"If Dick can get away."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Magnussen.

"I do mind you," said Jo, "even if you criticize me all the time."

"Don't get maudlin."

While they were finishing their coffee they heard a distant voice shouting down the street. They paid no attention until the voice came nearer. Then Magnussen said:

"It's an extra."

"I love extras," said Jo, "they're exciting. I always buy an extra."

"You lovely child," said Magnussen.

A newsboy came in the door, shouting:

"Extra! Extra! Big gangster murdered."

The cashier took him by the shoulder and pointed to the door, but men began to stand up at the tables, calling:

"Back here. Back here."

The boy had only a couple of papers left when he got to Harworth's table. Magnussen bought one and opened it.

"Well," he said, "it's a nice murder."

Harworth was shaking; he was stunned by a premonition.

"Listen," said Magnussen. "Monahan's lieutenant taken for ride . . . found riddled with bullets in abandoned car on North Side. . . . Tom Corson, labor racketeer and North Side gunman. . . ."

Helen looked at Harworth. He was deathly pale.

"What's the matter, Frank?"

"I don't know," he said, avoiding her eyes. "I feel sick. It must be the lobster I just ate."

Magnussen went on reading, glancing at Harworth from time to time when he was sure Harworth wasn't looking.

"Oh," said Jo, shuddering, "isn't that awful!" Then she turned to the waiter:

"A chocolate éclair, please."

"Where are you going?" asked Helen, when Harworth turned down her street.

"I'll take you home first," said Harworth, hastily. "It'll be more convenient."

"Suit yourself," said Helen.

Harworth hesitated for a long time. Then he said:

"I'll tell you the truth. I'm terribly sick."

"Oh," said Helen, putting her hand on his arm, "I'm sorry. Call me tomorrow. I'm not going up to Wisconsin."

"Fine," said Harworth with an effort.

Jo called:

"I won't sleep a wink tonight. Wasn't that the awfulest thing?"

HARWORTH sat in the library trying to compose his mind. Stein was in bed. The place was quiet.

It was a disagreeable morning and, although it was five o'clock, the window-panes were but faintly gray. A hard, steady wind was blowing in from the lake.

Harworth finally got to his feet, selected a book, fixed a reading light above his chair and began to read. But he hadn't been reading fifteen minutes when he closed the book and sat looking off across the room. The book was a little life of Cæsar which had been recommended to him by his bookseller.

As a rule the reading of history eased him, but tonight war disgusted him; the rôle of conqueror seemed criminal. He wanted relief from the bitter lust of living; he wanted something beyond life, something he could hold at a distance and admire.

Getting up, he put the book back on its shelf and walked to the window. The sun was just coming up in a gray, cloudy sky. The lake was very dark, nearly black in the gray light, and covered with whitecaps. He saw a freighter toiling in past the pier.

A few lines began to run through his head:

"Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe. . . ."

He walked hastily away from the window and stood looking at himself in a mirror. He saw a pale, determined face with a heavy jaw. What was wrong with him? Why had his mind veered suddenly from Cæsar's career to nursery rhymes?

(To be continued next week)

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Fighting City

Continued from page 21

saucer out of which no drainage can flow. Neither can the moisture sink into a supersaturated earth. Every gallon of water must be lifted over the saucer's rim and discharged outside.

To comprehend this difficulty you must try to imagine the tropical cloudbursts, sometimes as much as three inches per hour, a yearly average of five feet. On the black night of April 15-16, 1927—the month of catastrophe throughout the Valley—the sky itself seemed to open, the bottom dropped out, and a deluge came from above. Thirteen inches of rain in thirteen hours. Streets became navigable rivers, with the mighty Mississippi attacking the levee.

New Orleans handled every drop of that inside water by means of its pumping system.

The city was saved by blasting the levee at Poydras, about 15 miles below the city, on April 29th, sacrificing the parishes of St. Bernard and Plaquemines at a cost to the city of $5,000,000.

The Scourge of Fever

To guard against such contingencies and throw off the ordinary rainfall, New Orleans has laid down 700 miles of drains and sewers, equipped with pumps of sufficient capacity to *maintain the flow of the River Thames.* Despite every obstacle, surface water and sewage are promptly taken care of.

Old Creole cemeteries with streets of stuccoed tombs bear quaint witness to New Orleans as it was. A grave could not be dug because at eighteen inches depth the pit would fill with seepage. Until 1884, perhaps, there were no cellars. A system of subsoil drainage has lowered the water level about ten feet, so that the New Orleanians may now dig cellars like other folks.

Yellow Jack came to New Orleans almost contemporaneously with the Spaniards. For thirty years he took unnoted toll, like a sniper that picked off a man here, a woman there, but did not make himself a public nuisance until the outbreak of 1796. Since that time the Fighting City has been scourged by thirteen terrible epidemics, and by twenty-six that the natives describe as "mild." From 1822 to 1861 Jack came every year, if indeed he ever went away. In 1853, the Year of Yellow Death, Jack carried off 7,434 victims.

The final triumph over Yellow Jack makes a human thriller of more consequence to New Orleans than the winning of any war, for sanitation and cleanliness came hand in hand.

Men now alive may remember standing at the door of America's finest hotel and smelling the stench of its sewage that meandered lazily along an open gutter. Offal could not go elsewhere. There were no underground pipes, and no chance to lay them. Odors from disease-breeding filth suffocated a town of ten thousand separate smells. No wonder that the death rate there climbed to 180 per thousand. No wonder that in 1889 malaria alone killed 156 people per 100,000. Contrast this frightful mortality with the present death rate from the same cause, *one* in 100,000 from malaria, and you may in part realize what the Fighting City has accomplished.

Returning to yellow fever: the effect of annual outbreaks and rigid quarantines was to strangle the trade of New Orleans. Every spring near-by communities began to watch for the first symptom of Jack's arrival, usually from his hotbed of propagation at Havana. Soon, too, the country folks came to suspect that city authorities were not acting fairly but failing to give warning for fear it might "hurt the town."

Let me illustrate by telling what happened at Vicksburg during the "scare" of 1899. Early that summer we got news of fever in New Orleans and immediately organized our quarantine, with or without formality of law. A cordon of pickets was flung around the town, as if it were in a state of siege. No human being was permitted to enter. Boats were shooed away from the landing place and north-bound trains rushed through at full speed.

I remember one lad who stepped on board a train, expecting to ride for five miles, and wasn't allowed to get off until he reached Chicago. The whole country went crazy, not from yellow fever but from quarantine, and formed itself into a succession of camps where each man's hand was set against his neighbor.

In the trade territory of New Orleans no travel went or came; not a commodity was moved. Wholesalers called in their drummers from the road if the drummers had not already been chased home. Business houses locked their doors and everybody waited for a frost to lift the quarantine. Remember, too, that this occurred in the busiest autumn season, when New Orleans should have been receiving thousands of bales of cotton.

Meantime American investigators were patiently following the trail and studying the phenomena of Yellow Jack. Heroes sacrificed their lives to demonstrate that infection was carried solely by a mosquito. Not only that, they narrowed down their research to a single kind of mosquito, the female of the species *Stegomyia fasciata.*

When our investigators caught Mrs. Stegomyia with the goods, they screened every yellow-fever patient so that she could stick her weapon into no more poison. Squads of determined officers cleaned out pestholes in Havana, fumigated the Caribbean ports and purified things generally along the west coast of South America. They made a thorough job and Yellow Jack was routed. Since 1906 *not a single case of yellow fever has developed on our continent.*

A Capricious River

In 1913 the bubonic plague appeared. This time there was no gumshoe campaign nor whispers of "hurting the town." With full publicity the officials met the crisis by rat-proofing the entire city, wharves, warehouses, homes, everything, and destroying millions of rodents which might have carried the deadly germs. That experience cost eleven million dollars, as much as they had spent on levees; but it nipped that plague in the bud. *Fini.*

As the winding river runs, wriggling and twisting along its unstable bed, New Orleans lies 110 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Or 70 miles as the crow flies. Too far away for its harbor to be affected by tides. At its front the Mississippi River is about thirty feet deep next to the bank, with from 90 to 180 feet depth in midstream. Three quarters of a mile wide. This gives abundant water for the largest vessels, and plenty of space to maneuver. The trouble has always been to hold that depth in the same place, instead of having it deep today and shallow tomorrow, caving here and filling yonder, as the capricious river makes a habit of doing.

A wharf should be at the water's

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Ontario people are friendly, prosperous folk—different in habits but similar in language. Ontario climate is agreeably adapted for tourists—and in its hinterlands the hunting and fishing are great. Our attractive book will appeal to you. It is free for the asking. Write for it to-day.
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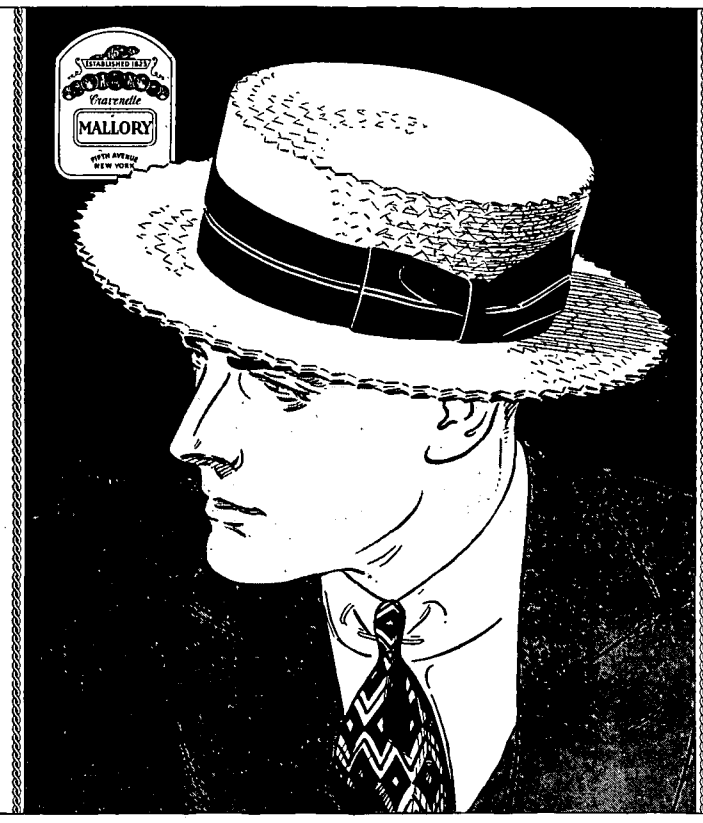
MALLORY HATS



Buy Style That Won't Wear Off

¶Sun and rain beat down upon the ordinary straw hat; dim its lustre; warp its shape. The Mallory Straw is made wear-and-weather proof by the world-known "Cravenette" Process. The style won't wear off.

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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RADIO'S first and oldest magazine feature—yet always the newest because it is made from the current issue of Collier's.

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TUNING TABLE

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Every Sunday Evening

East . . . 8:15 P.M.
WHAM Rochester
WJZ NewYork WLW Cincinnati
WBZ Springfield, Mass.
WBZA Boston WJR Detroit
WBAL Baltimore
KDKA Pittsburgh

West . . . 7:15 P.M. Central Time
6:15 P.M. Mountain Time
WREN Kansas City, Kan.
KYW Chicago KOA Denver
KWK St. Louis
KSL Salt Lake City

Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P.M.
KHQ Spokane KFI Los Angeles
KOMO Seattle KGW Portland
KPO San Francisco

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

ALL STAR — ALL ACTION — ALL AMERICA

(Continued from page 59)

edge, just as a railroad station should be located near a railroad; but without revetments no permanent wharves, docks or warehouses could be placed at the water's edge. Currents would gnaw at the soft banks until they undermined a warehouse and dumped a million tons of mud in front of the dock next door.

To erect substantial wharves upon a foundation of rock is no unparalleled achievement; any rich seaport may duplicate it. But where a devouring monster like the Mississippi goes biting its way through banks of soft brown silt, it becomes an exploit to brag about. By a liberal use of wooden piling, which lasts indefinitely, the Fighting City has constructed a continuous quay for ten miles, where vessels from every nation now lie moored at warehouses to discharge or take on cargoes. Freight trains run to the ships' sides, and a fruit steamer may pour, by mechanical conveyors, her uninterrupted stream of bananas directly into a box car.

Engineering Triumphs

Leading away from the main river at right angles, the Inner Harbor Navigation Canal runs for five and one-half miles to Lake Pontchartrain, a tidewater arm of the Mexican Gulf. This splendid work was planned to overcome the handicap of industrial plants on the river front, where an erratic rise and fall of the river interferes with their operation. It provides a channel thirty feet deep, with ample space on either shore for factory sites. The Mississippi may be in flood or may drop to extreme low stages, yet this canal, by its lock, will maintain a constant tidewater level.

Those of us who loved the old steamboat days now feel a sense of vacancy when we miss the packets that used to crowd this levee at New Orleans. Merchant ships are drably prosaic and mechanical devices for handling freight can never fill the place of picturesque roustabouts.

With the vanishing of the packet, river tonnage did not disappear. It began on barges, and went back to barges. *C'est la guerre!* Everything is blamed on the World War, or on prohibition, and the war had a lot to do with reviving the barge trade. During the years 1917-18 our nation was straining every muscle to aid the Allies, as well as to provide for American lads that went to France. Because of frenzied production and amateur soldiers blundering in one another's way, our transportation got jammed. Side tracks overflowed with cars that could not be budged. Freight must move, so our government hauled much of its heaviest freight along the river in barges. One steamboat did the work of ten. It cost less in coal and human labor. Great "tows" now traverse the river, bringing to New Orleans a heavier tonnage than was formerly carried by all the steamboats combined.

A Pullman sleeper, uproarious with merrymakers for the Mardi Gras, will glide into New Orleans over the smoothest of roadbeds. Certainly. Why not? Competition forces every railroad to make its passengers comfortable. But only a few of those passengers will think what it means to have any sort of railroad running into New Orleans, across a trembling prairie dotted by stagnant pools, where the terrain is too thick for a catfish to navigate, too thin for a bullfrog to stand up and croak. A buzzard can scarcely fly over it without bogging his shadow. Nevertheless that bottomless slush must hold up a well-ballasted track and carry loaded trains. How? Amphibious section gangs first convert the entire length of the right of way into a deep canal, which hydraulic dredges pump full of sand from Lake Pontchartrain. Upon that they raise an embankment and lay their cross-ties, then the rails.

De la Tour, as will be remembered, planned the prospective town, and colonists jeered at his sixty-six squares as "islets." Islands they were in fact, for each Venetian block was surrounded by flowing canals, misnamed Rue Bourbon, Rue St. Pierre or Rue du Maine. The town's pioneer three-story house, erected by a burgher of small intelligence, caused a panic in the neighborhood. Folks moved away because the folly was bound to fall.

Look at the sky line of New Orleans today; it does not show such ponderous masses as those of lower Manhattan, but it represents more fight and more persistence than New York ever dreamed of. To erect an Empire State Building, the New York architect needs only to cement his foundations to unshakable rock, while in New Orleans he must excavate some thirty feet through silt and gumbo mud to a layer of long-buried cypress stumps. This indestructible wood he chips away so as to drive his piling. In a mess of watery slush the long, long pilings rest upon nothing, nothing, but sustain the structure's weight by friction at their sides. I am not sufficiently well-informed to explain it; anyhow, somehow, contrary to all previous belief, the building stands. Most of them have sprung up within the past ten years.

New Orleans had battled upward to her greatest pinnacle of prosperity in 1861, at the moment when her own General Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter and young Louisianians rushed to the front. The town suffered in common with other Southern towns, but did not complain. Twelve months after Sumter she found herself blockaded. One day, late in April, 1862, fire bells rang out their harsh alarm, a preconcerted signal that the forts below had fallen. Admiral Farragut was coming up the river and New Orleans had resolved to commit suicide if that calamity befell.

Tight-lipped citizens rolled out their cotton and burned it on the levee. They wrecked their own factories and sunk their own ships. Warehouse doors were flung open for the mob to help themselves; and what provisions could not be carried away went up in smoke. Streets ran sticky with trampled sugar. Blazing derelicts of ships and packets drifted southward to welcome the victor. New Orleans was gutted. Done.

The Indomitable City

The Fighting City is like a rubber ball; it stays crushed as long as you keep your foot on it. Then it bounces up as round and lively as ever. After the Civil War it came back again, even under the heel of a conqueror, even under the far worse oppression and stealing of plundering carpetbaggers. Her commerce was utterly annihilated, not a packet in any trade. An empty river. No port facilities. No money. No credit.

Yet, within less than five years, the New Orleans Picayune of January 8, 1870, devoted a full page to announcements of the arrival and departure of boats, packets for all the tributaries, steamships to England, Germany, South America, everywhere. A marvelous comeback.

New Orleans has survived the garrote of foreign despots; has lived through fires and floods and famine. She has fought all enemies of whatever size from rat fleas and mosquitoes to the colossal Mississippi. Most of her shackles are now struck off, so with lighter limbs and lighter heart she may turn her face toward the future.

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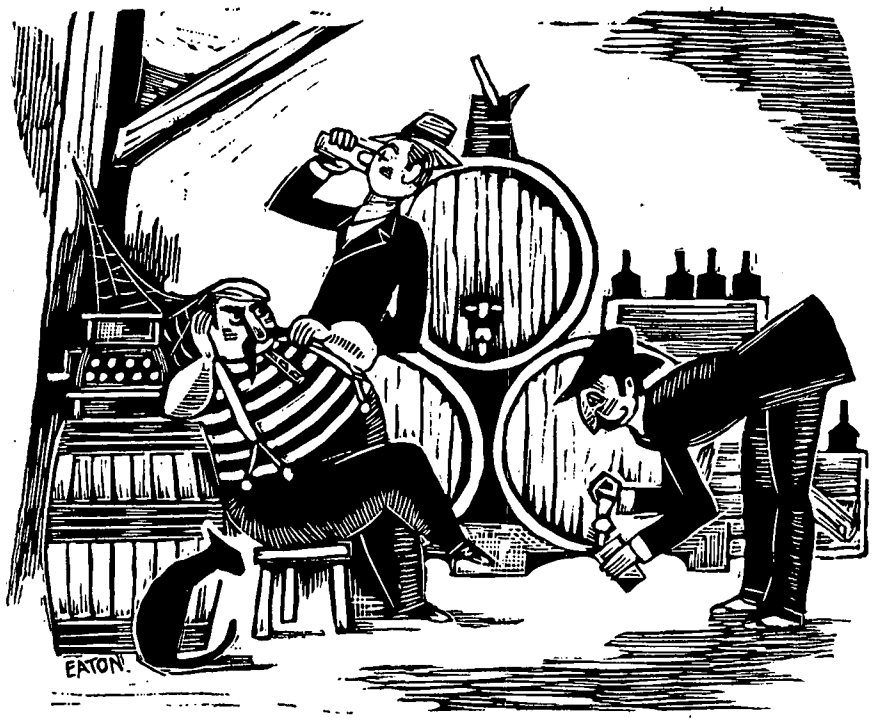


Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

El Baturro, a wine-shop in Havana, is very popular with those who can develop a hard-to-please complex, as it has 60 barrels of different wines which you may sample free before you decide to buy—if you find that is necessary!

The "teletypesetter," a new electric machine now being perfected in Chicago, will make it possible for news telegraph operators in key cities, and on the New York Stock Exchange, to set type automatically and simultaneously in the composing rooms of our 2,500 daily newspapers from coast to coast.

Of the 150,000 active physicians in the United States, about 100,000 are connected with hospitals, a much higher percentage than ever before in medical history.

The average sale of the popular fiction books published in America today is only 3,500 copies, an astonishingly low figure. —*By Hazel B. Strahan, Bronxville, N. Y.*

One pound of fuel oil produces as much heat as 2 pounds of coal, one of the chief reasons for its growing popularity.

Again traveling is safe in Arabia, for Ibn Saud, King of Hedjaz, has revived the old but effectual "butcher-knife" law which demands your head for murder, your left hand for theft, and your right hand and right foot for robbery.

Today 7 out of 10 American Negroes have some "white" blood in their veins.—*By S. A. Switzer, Oxford, Ohio.*

Advertising space now is available on English railroad tickets and moving cards in New York taxicabs.

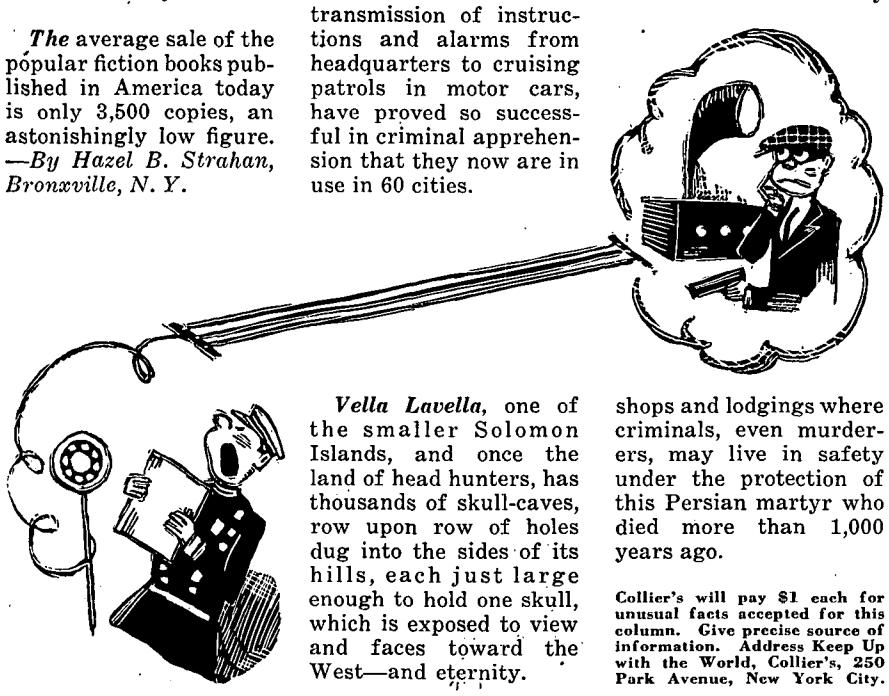
Police broadcasting systems, which make possible the instantaneous transmission of instructions and alarms from headquarters to cruising patrols in motor cars, have proved so successful in criminal apprehension that they now are in use in 60 cities.

Laws have been passed in 25 states authorizing the sterilization of the feeble-minded before they are released from institutions.—*By L. D. Bartlett, Fredericktown, Ohio.*

Recent predictions: That daylight-saving laws will be repealed soon because of the general confusion they cause, and that television will be seen on home sets within two years and in television theaters in about five years.

Vincent Astor is the largest individual owner of urban income-producing real estate in the United States today, as far as known by realty authorities.

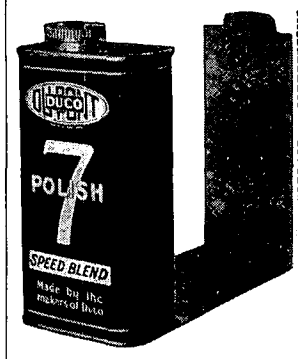
All land within 300 feet of the walls of the Shrine of Imam Reza in Meshed, Persia, is sacred ground, but it contains many shops and lodgings where criminals, even murderers, may live in safety under the protection of this Persian martyr who died more than 1,000 years ago.



Vella Lavella, one of the smaller Solomon Islands, and once the land of head hunters, has thousands of skull-caves, row upon row of holes dug into the sides of its hills, each just large enough to hold one skull, which is exposed to view and faces toward the West—and eternity.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Send coupon ▼



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Desk C4, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan
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Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

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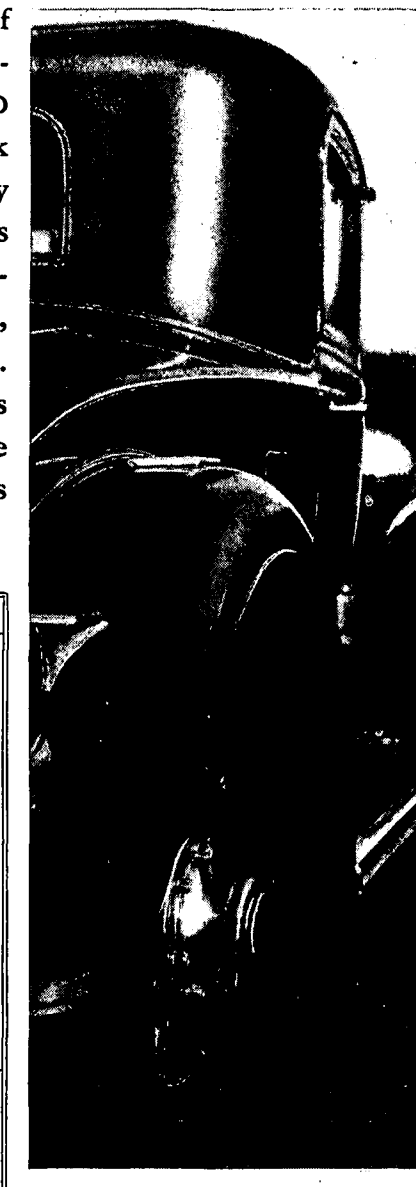
BEAUTY KIT—Contains not only a generous sample of *No. 7 Duco Polish,* but samples of *No. 7 Nickel Polish* and *No. 7 Auto Top Finish.* Send 10 cents to help pay the postage.

for sample can of *SPEED BLEND*

Bring back that "new-car look" with this new, fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

ALREADY millions of cars have been rejuvenated with SPEED BLEND, the new, quick cleaner and polish developed by du Pont, maker of Duco. It works amazingly fast, yet it's safe—containing no acids or grit. Rub it on, wipe it off. Traffic Film* is gone. The finish is bright and smooth as when new...You paid a good price for car beauty—enjoy it. Try this NEW No. 7 Duco Polish.



CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

STOP RUST CHOKE!
Clean out rust and scale with No. 7 Radiator Cleaner. More power, better engine performance.

QUICK CURE FOR WORN SPOTS!
Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.

SAVE THE TOP!
Restore the lustre, waterproof the top with No. 7 Auto Top Finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight. No. 7 is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials.

KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT!

with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware. Made by du Pont.

WAX THE FINISH!
After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to preserve gloss and protect finish against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

***TRAFFIC FILM**—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

The Workman must go to Market

Ewing Galloway

Modern tractor-drawn combines harvesting wheat on a 14,000-acre farm in Washington

TAKE a long look at this present agitation in favor of wage cutting. Lately a number of bankers, among others, have been talking about wage reduction as a way to stimulate prosperity. The main trouble with their remedy is that it is based on outmoded economic thinking.

Wages must, of course, always rest on the worth of what labor produces. You couldn't have a high wage scale resting on low production. China lives meanly because most of China has only primitive machinery. With unlimited production, however, good living is reasonable.

Cyrus McCormick, grandson of Cyrus Hall McCormick, the Virginia farm boy who a hundred years ago invented the reaper, has lately collected, in a book written to celebrate that famous invention, some facts which recall the startling changes in our productive capacities.

A hundred years ago one man could at most cultivate a two-acre patch of wheat. Today, with power machinery and much less physical effort, a man can take care of two hundred acres. If earning power is measured in wheat, labor is clearly worth much more than could have been paid in a simpler age.

This is just one phase of the stupendous story of modern machinery. It is, however, a phase enormously significant in the consideration of a lot of important matters, among which are wage rates.

When the producing energies of a man are multiplied tenfold, or a hundredfold, by power machinery, it is absurd to say that labor does not produce enough to make high wages practicable.

The reverse is true. Without high wages and a high standard of general consumption it is in fact impracticable to continue mass production or, in other words, to continue cheap labor costs.

The motor-car industry tells the story. We have 23,000,000 motor cars in this country. Who owns these motor cars? Not just the rich and favored. Every wage-earning American is a potential automobile buyer.

Could the automobile industry have attained its great eminence if American workmen had not earned enough to buy and to use motor cars? Would the telephone industry exist on anything like its present scale if workmen could not have telephones? Could the radio business have been built upon the buying power of an aristocracy of users?

"Cradling," the universal method of harvesting grain before the machine age

The answers are obvious. Our marvelous development is built on a high wage scale. Every American industry looks to a domestic market of millions of consumers.

A cut in wages would strike a heavy blow at American industry. No business can prosper without customers. To the extent that it is necessary to lower wages, to that extent buying and consuming power is diminished and customers are lost.

Henry Ford, who had the genius to perceive these facts and the courage to act upon them seventeen years ago, blazed the trail for progressive business men everywhere.

Today the most intelligent leaders of industry generally understand the public necessity for high wages. Governmental leaders, headed by President Hoover, have urged business not to lower pay rates. Very widely the principle has been accepted.

In the long run wages will not only have to be kept up but increased if we are to continue to enjoy the kind of expansive prosperity which developed so rapidly after the close of the World War. In no other way can the full fruits of present-day mass production be harvested and enjoyed.

The real problem which industrial leaders face is how to keep their markets large enough to absorb their products.

Mass production can prosper only with mass consumption. Factories capable of turning out millions of motor cars or bathtubs or any other of the multifarious items of our civilization must sell to the millions and not to the thousands or hundreds of thousands. Machine-power necessitates high consuming capacity.

Individuals and particular corporations have of course to meet their temporary problems by temporary measures. Wages can't be higher than revenues warrant. But concerning the long-time policy there can be no question. Wages must not only be high but higher. Working hours unquestionably will be shorter. As a nation we must not only have money to spend but leisure to enjoy the commodities and the services we buy.

Everything considered, both business men and governmental leaders have acted wisely during this period of falling prices. We shall, however, retrieve our fortunes most quickly and most surely as we continue the modern policy of high wages and as we take the other necessary steps to bring order and regularity into a productive system which actually knows no limits.

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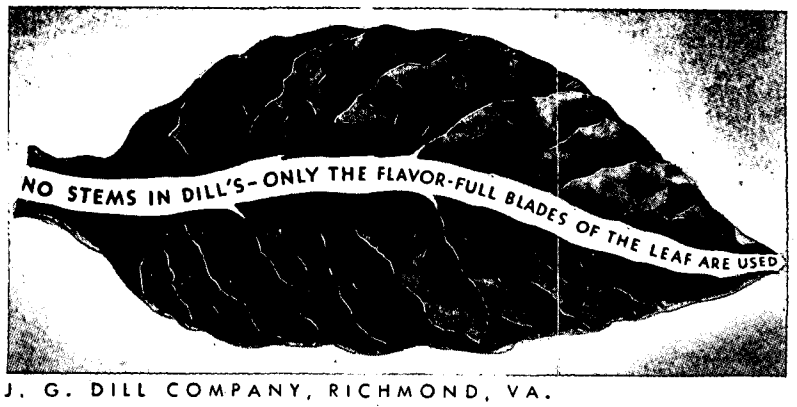

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It had to be good to get where it is

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Annual Kentucky Derby at Louisville. Tens of thousands attend. Tens of thousands of ice-cold Coca-Colas are served

AFTER ALL *the pause that refreshes* is the favorite

AFTER the strain and the thrill of the finish, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is the favorite. When the race has been run, you cheer up your rest period. You relax. You enjoy a pure and wholesome drink, and are ready for a fresh start » » » More than that, *the pause that refreshes* serves the same great purpose along busy streets, in offices, in workshops. It is a national custom—a part of the lives of the people who are going places and getting somewhere. It is a little minute that's long enough for a big rest. Because Coca-Cola gives you a tingling, delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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